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CONVERSATIONS,

&c.

Fac Simile of the Hand Writing of Lord Byron

Genoa. –

May 5th 1823.

My dear Hobhouse –

This will be presented to you by my friend Capt. J. McInnis – who at my request – will in=troduce himself to you, as Member of the Greek Committee, and explain some plans that he has formed with regard to offering his services to the Greeks – a subject in which we are all in=terested. – I need not say more – than that any attention to him will be appreciated by me as an additional obligation due to you on the part of

yours ever

N. B.

To J. C. Hobhouse Esqre.
M. P. –

Published by Henry Colburn, London, Octr. 28, 1824.

Serfojee Rajah 1830

CONVERSATIONS

OF

LORD BYRON:

NOTED

DURING A RESIDENCE WITH HIS LORDSHIP

AT PISA,

IN THE YEARS 1821 AND 1822.

BY THOMAS MEDWIN, ESQ.

OF THE 24th LIGHT DRAGOONS,

AUTHOR OF "AHASUERUS THE WANDERER."

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR HENRY COLBURN,

NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1824.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Publisher of this Work thinks it proper to state, that he felt desirous of suggesting to the Author, who is abroad, the omission of certain passages; but, finding that these, among others, had been extracted, with the Author's permission, from the original manuscript, before it came into his possession, and that they have appeared in print, he has no longer considered it necessary to urge their suppression in the present Volume.

PREFACE.

"A great poet belongs to no country; his works are public property, and his Memoirs the inheritance of the public." Such were the sentiments of Lord Byron; and have they been attended to? Has not a manifest injustice been done to the world, and an injury to his memory, by the destruction of his Memoirs? These are questions which it is now late, perhaps needless, to ask; but I will endeavour to lessen, if not to remedy, the evil.

I am aware that in publishing these reminiscences I shall have to contend with much obloquy from some parts of his

family,—that I shall incur the animosity of many of his friends. There are authors, too, who will not be pleased to find their names in print,—to hear his real opinion of themselves, or of their works. There are others——But I have the satisfaction of feeling that I have set about executing the task I have undertaken, conscientiously: I mean neither to throw a veil over his errors, nor a gloss over his virtues.

My sketch will be an imperfect and a rough one, it is true, but it will be from the life; and slight as it is, may prove more valuable, perhaps, than a finished drawing from memory. It will be any thing but a panegyric: my aim is to paint him as he was. That his passions were violent and impetuous, cannot be denied; but his feelings and affections were equally

strong. Both demanded continual employment; and he had an impatience of repose, a "restlessness of rest," that kept them in constant activity. It is satisfactory too, at least it is some consolation, to reflect, that the last energies of his nature were consumed in the cause of liberty, and for the benefit of mankind.

How I became acquainted with so many particulars of his history, so many incidents of his life, so many of his opinions, is easily explained. They were communicated during a period of many months' familiar intercourse, without any injunctions to secrecy, and committed to paper for the sake of reference only. They have not been shewn to any one individual, and but for the fate of his MS. would never have appeared before the public.

I despise mere writing for the sake of book-making, and have disdained to swell out my materials into volumes. I have given his ideas as I noted them down at the time,—in his own words, as far as my recollection served.

They are however, in many cases, the substance without the form. The brilliancy of his wit, the flow of his eloquence, the sallies of his imagination, who could do justice to? His voice, his manner, which gave a charm to the whole, who could forget?

"His subtle talk would cheer the winter night,
And make me know myself; and the fire-light
Would flash upon our faces, till the day
Might dawn, and make me wonder at my stay."

Shelley's *Julian and Maddalo*.

Geneva, 1st August, 1824.

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CONVERSATIONS,

&c.

I WENT to Italy late in the autumn of 1821, for the benefit of my health. Lord Byron, accompanied by Mr. Rogers as far as Florence, had passed on a few days before me, and was already at Pisa when I arrived.

His travelling equipage was rather a singular one, and afforded a strange cata-

logue for the *Dogana:* seven servants, five carriages, nine horses, a monkey, a bull-dog and a mastiff, two cats, three pea-fowls and some hens, (I do not know whether I have classed them in order of rank,) formed part of his live stock; and all his books, consisting of a very large library of modern works, (for he bought all the best that came out,) together with a vast quantity of furniture, might well be termed, with Cæsar, "impediments."

I had long formed a wish to see and be acquainted with Lord Byron; but his known refusal at that time to receive the visits of strangers, even of some who had brought him letters of introduction from the most intimate friend he had, and a prejudice excited against his own countrymen by a late insult, would have

deterred me from seeking an interview with him, had not the proposal come from himself, in consequence of his hearing Shelley speak of me.

20th November.—"This is the Lung' Arno: he has hired the Lanfranchi palace for a year. It is one of those marble piles that seem built for eternity, whilst the family whose name it bears no longer exists," said Shelley, as we entered a hall that seemed built for giants. "I remember the lines in the Inferno," said I: "a Lanfranchi was one of the persecutors of Ugolino." "The same," answered Shelley; "you will see a picture of Ugolino and his sons in his room. Fletcher, his valet, is as superstitious as his master, and says the house is haunted, so that he cannot sleep for

rumbling noises overhead, which he compares to the rolling of bowls. No wonder; old Lanfranchi's ghost is unquiet, and walks at night."

The palace was of such size, that Lord Byron only occupied the first floor; and at the top of the staircase leading to it was the English bull-dog, whose chain was long enough to guard the door, and prevent the entrance of strangers; he, however, knew Shelley, growled, and let us pass. In the anti-room we found several servants in livery, and Fletcher, (whom Shelley mentioned, and of whom I shall have occasion to speak,) who had been in his service from the time he left Harrow. "Like many old servants, he is a privileged person," whispered Shelley. "Don Juan had not a better Leporello, for imitating his master. He says

that he is a Laurel struck by a *Metre*, and when in Greece remarked upon one of the bas-reliefs of the Parthenon, 'La! what mantel-pieces these would make, my Lord!'" When we were announced, we found his Lordship writing. His reception was frank and kind; he took me cordially by the hand, and said:

"You are a relation and schoolfellow
"of Shelley's—we do not meet as stran-
"gers—you must allow me to continue my
"letter on account of the post. Here's
"something for you to read, Shelley,
"(giving him part of his MS. of 'Heaven
"and Earth;') tell me what you think
"of it."

During the few minutes that Lord Byron was finishing his letter, I took an

opportunity of narrowly observing him, and drawing his portrait in my mind.* Thorwaldsen's bust is too thin-necked and

---

* Being with him, day after day, some time afterwards, whilst he was sitting to Bertolini, the Florentine sculptor, for his bust, I had an opportunity of analyzing his features more critically, but found nothing to alter in my portrait. Bertolini's is an admirable likeness, at least was so in the clay model. I have not seen it since it was copied in marble, nor have I got a cast; he promised Bertolini should send me one. Lord Byron prided himself on his neck; and it must be confessed that his head was worthy of being placed on it. Bertolini destroyed his *ébauches* more than once before he could please himself. When he had finished, Lord Byron said,

"It is the last time I sit to sculptor or painter."

This was on the 4th of January, 1822.

young for Lord Byron. None of the engravings gave me the least idea of him. I saw a man of about five feet seven or eight, apparently forty years of age: as was said of Milton, he barely escaped being short and thick. His face was fine, and the lower part symmetrically moulded; for the lips and chin had that curved and definite outline that distinguishes Grecian beauty. His forehead was high, and his temples broad; and he had a paleness in his complexion, almost to wanness. His hair, thin and fine, had almost become grey, and waved in natural and graceful curls over his head, that was assimilating itself fast to the "bald first Cæsar's." He allowed it to grow longer behind than it is accustomed to be worn, and at that time had mustachios, which were not sufficiently dark to be becoming. In criticising his features it

might, perhaps, be said that his eyes were placed too near his nose, and that one was rather smaller than the other; they were of a greyish brown, but of a peculiar clearness, and when animated possessed a fire which seemed to look through and penetrate the thoughts of others, while they marked the inspirations of his own. His teeth were small, regular, and white; these, I afterwards found, he took great pains to preserve.*

I expected to discover that he had a club, perhaps a *cloven* foot; but it would have been difficult to have distinguished

* For this purpose he used tobacco when he first went into the open air; and he told me he was in the habit of grinding his teeth in his sleep, to prevent which he was forced to put a napkin between them.

one from the other, either in size or in form.

On the whole, his figure was manly, and his countenance handsome and prepossessing, and very expressive; and the familiar ease of his conversation soon made me perfectly at home in his society. Our first interview was marked with a cordiality and confidence that flattered while it delighted me; and I felt anxious for the next day, in order that I might repeat my visit.

When I called on his Lordship at two o'clock, he had just left his bed-room, and was at breakfast, if it can be called one. It consisted of a cup of strong green tea, without milk or sugar, and an egg, of which he ate the yolk raw. I observed the abstemiousness of his meal.

" My digestion is weak; I am too bi-
" lious," said he, " to eat more than once
" a-day, and generally live on vegetables.
" To be sure, I drink two bottles of
" wine at dinner, but they form only a
" vegetable diet. Just now I live on
" claret and soda-water. You are just
" come from Geneva, Shelley tells me. I
" passed the best part of the summer of
" 1816 at the Campagna Diodati, and was
" very nearly passing this last there. I
" went so far as to write to Hentsh the
" banker; but Shelley, when he came to
" visit me at Ravenna, gave me such a
" flattering account of Pisa that I changed
" my mind. Then it is troublesome to
" travel so far with so much live and dead
" stock as I do; and I don't like to leave
" behind me any of my pets that have
" been accumulating since I came on the

"Continent.* One cannot trust to strangers to take care of them. You will see at the farmer's some of my pea-fowls *en pension*. Fletcher tells me that they are almost as bad fellow-travellers as the monkey †, which I will shew you."

Here he led the way to a room, where, after playing with and caressing the creature for some time, he proposed a game of billiards.

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* He says afterwards in "Don Juan," canto X, stanza L.:

———"He had a kind of inclination, or
Weakness, for what most people deem mere
vermin,
Live animals."

† He afterwards bought another monkey in Pisa, in the street, because he saw it ill-used.

I brought the conversation back on Switzerland and his travels, and asked him if he had been in Germany?

"No," said he, "not even at Trieste. "I hate despotism and the Goths too "much. I have travelled little on the "Continent, at least never gone out of "my way. This is partly owing to the "indolence of my disposition, partly "owing to my incumbrances. I had "some idea, when at Rome, of visiting "Naples, but was at that time anxious "to get back to Venice. But Pæstum "cannot surpass the ruins of Agrigen-"tum, which I saw by moonlight; nor "Naples, Constantinople. You have no "conception of the beauty of the twelve "islands where the Turks have their "country-houses, or of the blue Symple-

" gades against which the Bosphorus beats
" with such resistless violence.

" Switzerland is a country I have been " satisfied with seeing once; Turkey I " could live in for ever. I never forget " my predilections. I was in a wretched " state of health, and worse spirits when I " was at Geneva; but quiet and the lake, " physicians better than Polidori, soon set " me up. I never led so moral a life as " during my residence in that country; " but I gained no credit by it. Where " there is a mortification, there ought to " be reward. On the contrary, there is " no story so absurd that they did not " invent at my cost. I was watched by " glasses on the opposite side of the Lake, " and by glasses too that must have had " very distorted optics. I was waylaid in

"my evening drives—I was accused of "corrupting all the *grisettes* in the Rue "Basse. I believe that they looked upon "me as a man-monster, worse than the "*piqueur*.

"Somebody possessed Madame de Staël "with an opinion of my immorality. I "used occasionally to visit her at *Coppet;* "and once she invited me to a family-"dinner, and I found the room full of "strangers, who had come to stare at me "as at some outlandish beast in a raree-"show. One of the ladies fainted, and "the rest looked as if his Satanic Ma-"jesty had been among them. Madame "de Staël took the liberty to read me a "lecture before this crowd; to which I "only made her a low bow.

"I knew very few of the Genevese. "Hentsh was very civil to me; and I have "a great respect for Sismondi. I was "forced to return the civilities of one of "their Professors by asking him, and an "old gentleman, a friend of Gray's, to "dine with me. I had gone out to sail "early in the morning, and the wind pre- "vented me from returning in time for "dinner. I understand that I offended "them mortally. Polidori did the honours. "Among our countrymen I made no new "acquaintances; Shelley, Monk Lewis, "and Hobhouse were almost the only "English people I saw. No wonder; I "shewed a distaste for society at that "time, and went little among the Ge- "nevese; besides, I could not speak "French. What is become of my boat-

"man and boat? I suppose she is rotten;
"she was never worth much. When I
"went the tour of the Lake in her with
"Shelley and Hobhouse, she was nearly
"wrecked near the very spot where St.
"Preux and Julia were in danger of being
"drowned. It would have been classical
"to have been lost there, but not so
"agreeable. Shelley was on the Lake
"much oftener than I, at all hours of the
"night and day: he almost lived on it;
"his great rage is a boat. We are both
"building now at Genoa, I a yacht, and
"he an open boat."

We played at billiards till the carriage was announced, and I accompanied him in his drive. Soon after we got off the stones, we mounted our horses, which were waiting for us. Lord Byron is an

admirable horseman, combining grace with the security of his seat. He prides himself much on this exercise. He conducted us for some miles till we came to a farm-house, where he practises pistol-firing every evening. This is his favourite amusement, and may indeed be called almost a pursuit. He always has pistols in his holster, and eight or ten pair by the first makers in London carried by his courier. We had each twelve rounds of ammunition, and in a diameter of four inches he put eleven out of twelve shots. I observed his hand shook exceedingly. He said that when he first began at Manton's he was the worst shot in the world, and Manton was perhaps the best. The subject turned upon duelling, and he contended for its necessity, and quoted some strong arguments in favour of it.

" I have been concerned," said he, " in " many duels as second, but only in two " as principal; one was with Hobhouse be- " fore I became intimate with him. The " best marksmen at a target are not the " surest in the field. Cecil's and Stack- " poole's affair proved this. They fought " after a quarrel of three years, during " which they were practising daily. Stack- " poole was so good a shot that he used " to cut off the heads of the fowls for din- " ner as they drank out of the coops " about. He had every wish to kill his " antagonist, but he received his death- " blow from Cecil, who fired rather fine, " or rather was the quickest shot of the " two. All he said when falling was, " 'D——n it, have I missed him?' Shel- " ley is a much better shot than I am, but " he is thinking of metaphysics rather " than of firing."

I understand that Lord Byron is always in better spirits after having *culped* (as he calls it) the targe often, or hit a five-franc piece, the counterpart of which is always given to the farmer, who is making a little fortune. All the pieces struck, Lord Byron keeps to put, as he says, in his museum.

We now continued our ride, and returned to Pisa by the Lucca gate.

" Pisa with its hanging tower and So-" phia-like dome reminds me," said Lord Byron, " of an eastern place."

He then remarked the heavy smoke that rolled away from the city, spreading in the distance a vale of mist, through which the golden clouds of evening appeared.

"It is fine," said Lord Byron, "but no "sunsets are to be compared with those "of Venice. They are too gorgeous for "any painter, and defy any poet. My "rides, indeed, would have been no-"thing without the Venetian sunsets. "Ask Shelley."

"Stand on the marble bridge," said Shelley, "cast your eye, if you are not dazzled, on its river glowing as with fire, then follow the graceful curve of the palaces on the Lung' Arno till the arch is naved by the massy dungeon-tower (erroneously called Ugolino's), forming in dark relief, and tell me if any thing can surpass a sunset at Pisa."

The history of one, is that of almost every day. It is impossible to conceive a

more unvaried life than Lord Byron led at this period. I continued to visit him at the same hour daily. Billiards, conversation, or reading, filled up the intervals till it was time to take our evening drive, ride, and pistol-practice. On our return, which was always in the same direction, we frequently met the Countess Guiccioli, with whom he stopped to converse a few minutes.

He dined at half an hour after sunset, (at twenty-four o'clock); then drove to Count Gamba's, the Countess Guiccioli's father, passed several hours in her society, returned to his palace, and either read or wrote till two or three in the morning; occasionally drinking spirits diluted with water as a medicine, from a dread of a nephritic complaint, to which he was, or

fancied himself, subject. Such was his life at Pisa.

The Countess Guiccioli is twenty-three years of age, though she appears no more than seventeen or eighteen. Unlike most of the Italian women, her complexion is delicately fair. Her eyes, large, dark, and languishing, are shaded by the longest eye-lashes in the world; and her hair, which is ungathered on her head, plays over her falling shoulders in a profusion of natural ringlets of the darkest auburn. Her figure is, perhaps, too much *embonpoint* for her height, but her bust is perfect; her features want little of possessing a Grecian regularity of outline; and she has the most beautiful mouth and teeth imaginable. It is impossible to see without admiring—to hear the Guiccioli speak without being

fascinated. Her amiability and gentleness shew themselves in every intonation of her voice, which, and the music of her perfect Italian, give a peculiar charm to every thing she utters. Grace and elegance seem component parts of her nature. Notwithstanding that she adores Lord Byron, it is evident that the exile and poverty of her aged father sometimes affect her spirits, and throw a shade of melancholy on her countenance, which adds to the deep interest this lovely girl creates.

"Extraordinary pains," said Lord Byron one day, "were taken with the education "of Teresa. Her conversation is lively, "without being frivolous; without being "learned, she has read all the best au-"thors of her own and the French lan-"guage. She often conceals what she

"knows, from the fear of being thought
"to know too much; possibly because she
"knows I am not fond of blues. To use
"an expression of Jeffrey's, 'If she has
"blue stockings, she contrives that her
"petticoat shall hide them.'"

Lord Byron is certainly very much attached to her, without being actually in love. His description of the Georgioni in the Manfrini palace at Venice is meant for the Countess. The beautiful sonnet prefixed to the Prophecy of Dante was addressed to her; and I cannot resist copying some stanzas written when he was about to quit Venice to join her at Ravenna, which will describe the state of his feelings at that time.

" River* that rollest by the ancient walls
" Where dwells the lady of my love, when she
" Walks by the brink, and there perchance recalls
" A faint and fleeting memory of me:

" What if thy deep and ample stream should be
" A mirror of my heart, where she may read
" The thousand thoughts I now betray to thee,
" Wild as thy wave, and headlong as thy speed?

" What do I say—a mirror of my heart?
" Are not thy waters sweeping, dark and strong?
" Such as my feelings were and are, thou art;
" And such as thou art, were my passions long.

" Time may have somewhat tamed them, not for
ever;
" Thou overflow'st thy banks, and not for aye;
" Thy bosom overboils, congenial river!
" Thy floods subside; and mine have sunk away—

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* The Po.

" But left long wrecks behind them, and again
" Borne on our old unchanged career, we move;
" Thou tendest wildly onward to the main,
" And I to loving *one* I should not love.

" The current I behold will sweep beneath
" Her native walls, and murmur at her feet;
" Her eyes will look on thee, when she shall breathe
" The twilight air, unharm'd by summer's heat.

" She will look on thee; I have look'd on thee,
" Full of that thought, and from that moment ne'er
" Thy waters could I dream of, name or see,
" Without the inseparable sigh for her.

" Her bright eyes will be imaged in thy stream;
" Yes, they will meet the wave I gaze on now:
" Mine cannot witness, even in a dream,
" That happy wave repass me in its flow.

" The wave that bears my tears returns no more:
" Will she return by whom that wave shall sweep?
" Both tread thy banks, both wander on thy shore;
" I near thy source, she by the dark-blue deep.

" But that which keepeth us apart is not
" Distance, nor depth of wave, nor space of earth,
" But the distraction of a various lot,
" As various as the climates of our birth.

" A stranger loves a lady of the land,
" Born far beyond the mountains, but his blood
" Is all meridian, as if never fann'd
" By the bleak wind that chills the polar flood.

" My blood is all meridian ; were it not,
" I had not left my clime ;—I shall not be,
" In spite of tortures ne'er to be forgot,
" A slave again of love, at least of thee.

" 'Tis vain to struggle—let me perish young—
" Live as I lived, and love as I have loved:
" To dust if I return, from dust I sprung,
" And then at least my heart can ne'er be moved."

Calling on Lord Byron one evening after the opera, we happened to talk of *Cavalieri Serventi,* and Italian women; and he contended that much was to be said in excuse for them, and in defence of the system.

"We will put out of the question," "said he, "a *Cavalier Serventecism;* that "is only another term for prostitution, "where the women get all the money "they can, and have (as is the case in "all such contracts) no love to give in "exchange.—I speak of another, and of a "different service."

"Do you know how a girl is brought "up here?" continued he. "Almost from "infancy she is deprived of the endear- "ments of home, and shut up in a con- "vent till she has attained a marriageable "or marketable age. The father now "looks out for a suitable son-in-law. As "a certain portion of his fortune is fixed "by law for the dower of his children, "his object is to find some needy man "of equal rank, or a very rich one, the "older the better, who will consent to "take his daughter off his hands, under "the market price. This, if she happen "to be handsome, is not difficult of ac- "complishment. Objections are seldom "made on the part of the young lady to "the age, and personal or other defects "of the intended, who perhaps visits her "once in the parlour as a matter of form

"or curiosity. She is too happy to get
"her liberty on any terms, and he her
"money or her person. There is no love
"on either side. What happiness is to
"be expected, or constancy, from such a
"*liaison?* Is it not natural, that in her
"intercourse with a world, of which she
"knows and has seen nothing, and unre-
"strained mistress of her own time and
"actions, she should find somebody to
"like better, and who likes her better,
"than her husband? The Count Guic-
"cioli, for instance, who is the richest man
"in Romagna, was sixty when he married
"Teresa; she sixteen. From the first
"they had separate apartments, and she
"always used to call him *Sir*. What
"could be expected from such a prepos-
"terous connexion? For some time she
"was an Angiolina, and he a Marino

"Faliero, a good old man; but young
"women, and your Italian ones too, are
"not satisfied with your good old men.
"Love is not the same dull, cold, calcu-
"lating feeling here as in the North. It
"is the business, the serious occupation
"of their lives; it is a want, a necessity.
"Somebody properly defines a woman, 'a
"creature that loves.' They die of love;
"particularly the Romans: they begin to
"love earlier, and feel the passion later
"than the Northern people. When I
"was at Venice, two dowagers of sixty
"made love to me.—But to return to
"the Guiccioli. The old Count did not
"object to her availing herself of the
"privileges of her country; an *Italian*
"would have reconciled him to the thing:
"indeed for some time he winked at our
"intimacy, but at length made an excep-

" tion against me, as a foreigner, a heretic, " an Englishman, and, what was worse " than all, a liberal.

" He insisted—the Guiccioli was as ob- " stinate; her family took her part. Ca- " tholics cannot get divorces. But, to the " scandal of all Romagna, the matter was " at length referred to the Pope, who or- " dered her a separate maintenance, on " condition that she should reside under " her father's roof. All this was not " agreeable, and at length I was forced to " smuggle her out of Ravenna, having dis- " closed a plot laid with the sanction of " the Legate for shutting her up in a con- " vent for life, which she narrowly escaped. " —Except Greece, I was never so attach- " ed to any place in my life as to Ravenna, " and but for the failure of the Constitu-

"tionalists and this fracas, should pro-
"bably never have left it. The peasan-
"try are the best people in the world,
"and the beauty of their women is ex-
"traordinary. Those at Tivoli and Fres-
"cati, who are so much vaunted, are
"mere Sabines, coarse creatures, com-
"pared to the Romagnese. You may
"talk of your English women, and it is
"true that out of one hundred Italians
"and English you will find thirty of the
"latter handsome; but then there will be
"one Italian on the other side of the
"scale, who will more than balance the
"deficit in numbers—one who, like the
"Florence Venus, has no rival, and can
"have none in the North. I have learnt
"more from the peasantry of the coun-
"tries I have travelled in than from any

" other source, especially from the wo-
" men*: they are more intelligent, as
" well as communicative, than the men.
" I found also at Ravenna much educa-
" tion and liberality of thinking among
" the higher classes. The climate is de-
" lightful. I was unbroken in upon by
" society. It lies out of the way of tra-
" vellers. I was never tired of my rides
" in the pine-forest: it breathes of the
" Decameron; it is poetical ground.
" Francesca lived, and Dante was exiled

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* ——" Female hearts are such a genial soil
" For kinder feeling, whatsoe'er their nation,
" They generally pour the wine and oil,
" Samaritans in every situation."

Don Juan, Canto V. Stanza 122.

" and died at Ravenna. There is some-
" thing inspiring in such an air. *

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* The following lines will shew the attachment Lord Byron had to the tranquil life he led at Ravenna:

" Sweet hour of twilight, in the solitude
" Of the pine-forest and the silent shore
" Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
" Rooted where once the Adrian wave flow'd o'er
" To where the last Cæsarean fortress stood,
" Evergreen forest! which Boccaccio's lore
" And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,
" How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!
" The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,
" Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,
" Were the sole echoes save my steed's and mine,
" And vesper bell's that rose the boughs among."

Don Juan, Canto III. Stanza 105.

"The people liked me, as much as "they hated the Government. It is not "a little to say, I was popular with all "the leaders of the Constitutional party. "They knew that I came from a land of "liberty, and wished well to their cause. "I would have espoused it too, and as- "sisted them to shake off their fetters. "They knew my character, for I had been "living two years at Venice, where many "of the Ravennese have houses. I did "not, however, take part in their intrigues, "nor join in their political coteries; but "I had a magazine of one hundred stand "of arms in the house, when every thing "was ripe for revolt. A curse on Carig- "nan's imbecility! I could have pardon- "ed him that too, if he had not impeached "his partisans. The proscription was im- "mense in Romagna, and embraced many

" of the first nobles: almost all my friends,
" among the rest the Gambas, were in-
" cluded in it. They were exiled, and
" their possessions confiscated. They
" knew that this must eventually drive
" me out of the country. I did not fol-
" low them immediately; I was not to be
" bullied. I had myself fallen under the
" eye of the Government. If they could
" have got sufficient proof, they would
" have arrested me: but no one betrayed
" me; indeed there was nothing to be-
" tray. I had received a very high de-
" gree, without passing through the inter-
" mediate ranks. In that corner you see
" papers of one of their societies. Shortly
" after the plot was discovered, I received
" several anonymous letters, advising me
" to discontinue my forest rides; but I
" entertained no apprehensions of treach-

"ery, and was more on horseback than "ever. I never stir out without being "well armed, and sleep with pistols. "They knew that I never missed my aim; "perhaps this saved me. An event oc-"curred at this time at Ravenna that "made a deep impression on me; I al-"luded to it in 'Don Juan.' The mili-"tary Commandant of the place, who, "though suspected of being secretly a "Carbonaro, was too powerful a man to "be arrested, was assassinated opposite "to my palace; a spot perhaps selected "by choice for the commission of the "crime. The measures which were "adopted to screen the murderer prove "the assassination to have taken place by "order of the police. I had my foot in "the stirrup at my usual hour of exer-"cise, when my horse started at the

"report of a gun. On looking up I "perceived a man throw down a carbine "and run away at full speed, and ano-"ther stretched upon the pavement a few "yards from me. On hastening towards "him, I found that it was the unhappy "Commandant. A crowd was soon col-"lected, but no one ventured to offer the "least assistance. I soon directed my "servant to lift up the bleeding body and "carry it into my palace; but it was re-"presented to me that by so doing I "should confirm the suspicion of being "of his party, and incur the displeasure of "the Government. However, it was no "time to calculate between humanity and "danger. I assisted in bearing him into "the house, and putting him on a bed. "He was already dead from several "wounds; he appeared to have breathed

" his last without a struggle. I never saw " a countenance so calm. His adjutant " followed the corpse into the house. I " remember his lamentation over him:— " 'Povero diavolo! non aveva fatto male, " anchè ad un cane.'"

" I am sorry," said he, " not to have " a copy of my Memoirs to shew you; " I gave them to Moore, or rather to " Moore's little boy, at Venice. I re- " member saying, 'Here are 2000*l.* for " you, my young friend.' I made one " reservation in the gift,—that they were " not to be published till after my death.

" I have not the least objection to " their being circulated; in fact they have " been read by some of mine, and several

"of Moore's friends and acquaintances; "among others, they were lent to Lady "Burghersh. On returning the MS. her "Ladyship told Moore that she had tran-"scribed the whole work. This was *un* "*peu fort*, and he suggested the propriety "of her destroying the copy. She did "so, by putting it into the fire in his "presence. Ever since this happened, "Douglas Kinnaird has been recommend-"ing me to resume possession of the MS., "thinking to frighten me by saying that "a spurious or a real copy, surreptitiously "obtained, may go forth to the world. "I am quite indifferent about the world "knowing all that they contain. There "are very few licentious adventures of "my own, or scandalous anecdotes that "will affect others, in the book. It is "taken up from my earliest recollections,

"almost from childhood,—very incohe-"rent, written in a very loose and fami-"liar style. The second part will prove "a good lesson to young men; for it "treats of the irregular life I led at one "period, and the fatal consequences of "dissipation. There are few parts that "may not, and none that will not, be "read by women."

Another time he said:

"A very full account of my marriage "and separation is contained in my Me-"moirs. After they were completed, I "wrote to Lady Byron, proposing to send "them for her inspection, in order that "any mistatements or inaccuracy (if any "such existed, which I was not aware of,) "might be pointed out and corrected. In

"her answer she declined the offer, with-"out assigning any reason; but desiring, "if not on her account, for the sake of "her daughter, that they might never "appear, and finishing with a threat. My "reply was the severest thing I ever "wrote, and contained two quotations, "one from Shakspeare, and another from "Dante.* I told her that she knew all "I had written was incontrovertible truth, "and that she did not wish to sanction "the truth. I ended by saying, that she "might depend on their being published. "It was not till after this correspondence "that I made Moore the depositary of "the MS.

"The first time of my seeing Miss

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* I could not retain them.

" Millbank was at Lady ———'s. It
" was a fatal day; and I remember that
" in going upstairs I stumbled, and re-
" marked to Moore, who accompanied me,
" that it was a bad omen. I ought to
" have taken the warning. On entering
" the room I observed a young lady, more
" simply dressed than the rest of the as-
" sembly, sitting alone upon a sofa. I
" took her for a humble companion, and
" asked if I was right in my conjecture?
" 'She is a great heiress,' said he in a
" whisper that became lower as he pro-
" ceeded; 'you had better marry her,
" and repair the old place, Newstead.'

" There was something piquant, and
" what we term pretty, in Miss Millbank.
" Her features were small and feminine,
" though not regular. She had the fairest

"skin imaginable. Her figure was per-
"fect for her height, and there was a sim-
"plicity, a retired modesty about her,
"which was very characteristic, and form-
"ed a happy contrast to the cold artificial
"formality, and studied stiffness, which is
"called fashion. She interested me ex-
"ceedingly. It is unnecessary to detail
"the progress of our acquaintance. I
"became daily more attached to her, and
"it ended in my making her a proposal
"that was rejected. Her refusal was
"couched in terms that could not offend
"me. I was besides persuaded that, in
"declining my offer, she was governed by
"the influence of her mother; and was
"the more confirmed in this opinion by
"her reviving our correspondence herself
"twelve months after. The tenor of her
"letter was, that although she could not

"love me, she desired my friendship. "Friendship is a dangerous word for "young ladies; it is Love full-fledged, "and waiting for a fine day to fly.

"It had been predicted by Mrs. Wil- "liams, that twenty-seven was to be a "dangerous age for me. The fortune- "telling witch was right; it was destined "to prove so. I shall never forget the "2d of January! Lady Byron (Byrn, he "pronounced it) was the only uncon- "cerned person present; Lady Noel, her "mother, cried; I trembled like a leaf, "made the wrong responses, and after the "ceremony called her Miss Millbank.

"There is a singular history attached "to the ring. The very day the match "was concluded, a ring of my mother's,

"that had been lost, was dug up by the "gardener at Newstead. I thought it "was sent on purpose for the wedding; "but my mother's marriage had not been "a fortunate one, and this ring was doom-"ed to be the seal of an unhappier union "still.*

"After the ordeal was over, we set "off for a country-seat of Sir Ralph's; "and I was surprised at the arrangements "for the journey, and somewhat out of "humour to find a lady's-maid stuck be-"tween me and my bride. It was rather "too early to assume the husband; so

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* ——— "Save the *ring*,
"Which, being the damned'st part of matrimony—"

Don Juan, Canto IX. Stanza 70.

"I was forced to submit, but it was not "with a very good grace. Put yourself "in a similar situation, and tell me if I "had not some reason to be in the sulks. "I have been accused of saying, on get-"ting into the carriage, that I had mar-"ried Lady Byron out of spite, and "because she had refused me twice. "Though I was for a moment vexed at "her prudery, or whatever you may "choose to call it, if I had made so "uncavalier, not to say brutal a speech, "I am convinced Lady Byron would in-"stantly have left the carriage to me "and the maid (I mean the lady's). "She had spirit enough to have done "so, and would properly have resented "the affront.

"Our honeymoon was not all sun-"shine; it had its clouds: and Hob-

"house has some letters which would "serve to explain the rise and fall in the "barometer,—but it was never down at "zero.

"You tell me the world says I married "Miss Millbank for her fortune, because "she was a great heiress. All I have "ever received, or am likely to receive, "(and that has been twice paid back too,) "was 10,000*l.* My own income at this "period was small, and somewhat be-"spoke. Newstead was a very unprofit-"able estate, and brought me in a bare "1500*l.* a-year; the Lancashire property "was hampered with a law-suit, which "has cost me 14,000*l.*, and is not yet "finished.

"We had a house in town, gave din-"ner-parties, had separate carriages, and

"launched into every sort of extrava-
"gance. This could not last long. My
"wife's 10,000*l.* soon melted away. I
"was beset by duns, and at length an
"execution was levied, and the bailiffs
"put in possession of the very beds we
"had to sleep on. This was no very
"agreeable state of affairs, no very plea-
"sant scene for Lady Byron to witness;
"and it was agreed she should pay her
"father a visit till the storm had blown
"over, and some arrangements had been
"made with my creditors. You may
"suppose on what terms we parted, from
"the style of a letter she wrote me on
"the road: you will think it began ridi-
"culously enough,—'Dear Duck!'*

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* Shelley, who knew this story, used to say these two words would look odd in an Italian translation, *Anitra carissima.*

"Imagine my astonishment to receive, "immediately on her arrival in London, "a few lines from her father, of a very "dry and unaffectionate nature, beginning 'Sir,' and ending with saying "that his daughter should never see me "again.

"In my reply I disclaimed his authority, as a parent, over my wife, and "told him I was convinced the sentiments expressed were his, not hers. "Another post, however, brought me a "confirmation (under her own hand and "seal) of her father's sentence. I afterwards learnt from Fletcher's (my valet's) "wife, who was at that time *femme-de-chambre* to Lady Byron, that after her "definite resolution was taken, and the "fatal letter consigned to the post-office,

" she sent to withdraw it, and was in " hysterics of joy that it was not too late. " It seems, however, that they did not " last long, or that she was afterwards " over-persuaded to forward it. There " can be no doubt that the influence of " her enemies prevailed over her affection " for me. You ask me if no cause was " assigned for this sudden resolution ?— " if I formed no conjecture about the " cause ? I will tell you.

" I have prejudices about women: I " do not like to see them eat. Rousseau " makes Julie *un peu gourmande ;* but that " is not at all according to my taste. I " do not like to be interrupted when I am " writing. Lady Byron did not attend to " these whims of mine. The only harsh " thing I ever remember saying to her

"was one evening shortly before our "parting. I was standing before the fire, "ruminating upon the embarrassment of "my affairs, and other annoyances, when "Lady Byron came up to me and said, "'Byron, am I in your way?' to which "I replied, 'Damnably!' I was after-"wards sorry, and reproached myself for "the expression: but it escaped me "unconsciously—involuntarily; I hardly "knew what I said.

"I heard afterwards that Mrs. Charl-"ment had been the means of poisoning "Lady Noel's mind against me;—that she "had employed herself and others in "watching me in London, and had re-"ported having traced me into a house "in Portland-place. There was one act "of which I might justly have complain-

"ed, and which was unworthy of any "one but such a confidante: I allude to "the breaking open my writing-desk. A "book was found in it that did not do "much credit to my taste in literature, "and some letters from a married woman "with whom I had been intimate before "my marriage. The use that was made "of the latter was most unjustifiable, "whatever may be thought of the breach "of confidence that led to their dis-"covery. Lady Byron sent them to the "husband of the lady, who had the good "sense to take no notice of their con-"tents. The gravest accusation that has "been made against me is that of having "intrigued with Mrs. Mardyn in my own "house, introduced her to my own table, "&c. There never was a more un-"founded calumny. Being on the Com-

"mittee of Drury-lane Theatre, I have "no doubt that several actresses called "on me: but as to Mrs. Mardyn, who was "a beautiful woman, and might have been "a dangerous visitress, I was scarcely ac- "quainted (to speak) with her. I might "even make a more serious charge against "——— than employing spies to watch "suspected amours, * * *

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"I had been shut up in a dark street "in London, writing (I think he said) "'The Siege of Corinth,' and had refused "myself to every one till it was finished. "I was surprised one day by a Doctor "and a Lawyer almost forcing themselves "at the same time into my room. I did "not know till afterwards the real ob-

"ject of their visit. I thought their "questions singular, frivolous, and some-"what importunate, if not impertinent: "but what should I have thought, if I "had known that they were sent to "provide proofs of my insanity? *

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* * * * * (†)

(†) "For Inez call'd some druggists and physicians,
"And tried to prove her loving lord was *mad*;
"But as he had some lucid intermissions,
"She next decided he was only *bad*.
"Yet when they ask'd her for her depositions,
"No sort of explanation could be had,
"Save that her duty both to man and God
"Required this conduct,—which seem'd very odd.

"She

"I have no doubt that my answers "to these emissaries' interrogations were "not very rational or consistent, for my "imagination was heated by other things. "But Dr. Bailey could not conscien-"tiously make me out a certificate for "Bedlam; and perhaps the Lawyer gave "a more favourable report to his employ-"ers. The Doctor said afterwards, he "had been told that I always looked

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"She kept a journal where his faults were noted,
"And opened certain trunks of books and letters,
"All which might, if occasion served, be quoted:
"And then she had all Seville for abettors,
"Besides her good old grandmother———."

Don Juan, Canto I. Stanzas 27 and 28.

"down when Lady Byron bent her eyes "on me, and exhibited other symptoms "equally infallible, particularly those that "marked the late King's case so strongly. "I do not, however, tax Lady Byron "with this transaction; probably she was "not privy to it. She was the tool of "others. Her mother always detested "me; she had not even the decency to "conceal it in her own house. Dining "one day at Sir Ralph's, (who was a good "sort of man, and of whom you may form "some idea, when I tell you that a leg "of mutton was always served at his "table, that he might cut the same joke "upon it,) I broke a tooth, and was in "great pain, which I could not avoid "shewing. 'It will do you good,' said "Lady Noel; 'I am glad of it!' I gave "her a look!

" You ask if Lady Byron were ever in " love with me—I have answered that " question already—No! I was the fashion " when she first came out: I had the " character of being a great rake, and was " a great dandy—both of which young " ladies like. She married me from va- " nity, and the hope of reforming and " fixing me. She was a spoiled child, " and naturally of a jealous disposition; " and this was increased by the infernal " machinations of those in her confi- " dence.

" She was easily made the dupe of " the designing, for she thought her " knowledge of mankind infallible: she " had got some foolish idea of Madame " de Staël's into her head, that a per- " son may be better known in the first

" hour than in ten years. She had the
" habit of drawing people's characters
" after she had seen them once or twice.
" She wrote pages on pages about my
" character, but it was as unlike as pos-
" sible.

" Lady Byron had good ideas, but
" could never express them; wrote poe-
" try too, but it was only good by accident.
" Her letters were always enigmatical,
" often unintelligible. She was governed
" by what she called fixed rules and prin-
" ciples, squared mathematically.* She
" would have made an excellent wrangler

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* " I think that Dante's more abstruse ecstatics
" Meant to personify the mathematics."

Don Juan, Canto III. Stanza 11.

"at Cambridge. It must be confess-
"ed, however, that she gave no proof
"of her boasted consistency. First, she
"refused me, then she accepted me, then
"she separated herself from me:—so
"much for consistency. I need not tell
"you of the obloquy and opprobrium
"that were cast upon my name when
"our separation was made public. I
"once made a list from the Journals
"of the day, of the different worthies,
"ancient and modern, to whom I was
"compared. I remember a few: Nero,
"Apicius, Epicurus, Caligula, Helioga-
"balus, Henry the Eighth, and lastly
"the ——. All my former friends, even
"my cousin George Byron, who had
"been brought up with me, and whom I
"loved as a brother, took my wife's part.
"He followed the stream when it was

"strongest against me, and can never
"expect any thing from me: he shall
"never touch a sixpence of mine. I was
"looked upon as the worst of husbands,
"the most abandoned and wicked of men,
"and my wife as a suffering angel—an
"incarnation of all the virtues and per-
"fections of the sex. I was abused in
"the public prints, made the common
"talk of private companies, hissed as I
"went to the House of Lords, insulted
"in the streets, afraid to go to the thea-
"tre, whence the unfortunate Mrs. Mar-
"dyn had been driven with insult. The
"Examiner was the only paper that
"dared say a word in my defence, and
"Lady Jersey the only person in the
"fashionable world that did not look
"upon me as a monster.

"I once addressed some lines to her "that made her my friend ever after. "The subject of them was suggested by "her being excluded from a certain ca- "binet of the beauties of the day. I "have the lines somewhere, and will "shew them to you.

"In addition to all these mortifications "my affairs were irretrievably involved, "and almost so as to make me what they "wished. I was compelled to part with "Newstead, which I never could have "ventured to sell in my mother's life- "time. As it is, I shall never forgive "myself for having done so; though I "am told that the estate would not now "bring half as much as I got for it. "This does not at all reconcile me to

"having parted with the old abbey.* I "did not make up my mind to this "step, but from the last necessity. I "had my wife's portion to repay, and "was determined to add 10,000*l.* more "of my own to it; which I did. I always "hated being in debt, and do not owe "a guinea. The moment I had put "my affairs in train, and in little more "than eighteen months after my marri-"age, I left England, an involuntary "exile, intending it should be for ever †."

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* The regard which he entertained for it is proved by the passage in *Don Juan,* Canto XIII. Stanza 55, beginning thus:

"To Norman Abbey whirl'd the noble pair," &c.

† His feelings may be conceived by the two following passages:

"I can't

THE TARJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI

Speaking of the multitude of strangers, whose visits of curiosity or impertinence he was harassed by for some years after he came abroad, particularly at Venice, he said:

"Who would wish to make a show-" bear of himself, and dance to any tune "any fool likes to play? Madame de "Staël said, I think of Goëthe, that "people who did not wish to be judged "by what they said, did not deserve that

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"I can't but say it is an awkward sight,
"To see one's native land receding through
"The growing waters—it unmans one quite."—
Don Juan, Canto II. Stanza 12.

"Self-exiled Harold wanders forth again,
"With nought of hope left."
Childe Harold, Canto III. Stanza 16.

" the world should trouble itself about
" what they thought. She had herself
" a most unconscionable insatiability of
" talking and shining. If she had talked
" less, it would have given her time to
" have written more, and would have
" been better. For my part, it is indif-
" ferent to me what the world says or
" thinks of me. Let them know me in
" my books. My conversation is never
" brilliant.

" Americans are the only people to
" whom I never refused to shew myself.
" The Yankees are great friends of mine.
" I wish to be well thought of on the
" other side of the Atlantic; not that I
" am better appreciated there, than on
" this; perhaps worse. Some American
" Reviewer has been persevering in his

"abuse and personality, but he should "have minded his ledger; he never ex-"cited my spleen.* I was confirmed in "my resolution of shutting my door "against all the travelling English by the "impertinence of an anonymous scrib-

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* The taste and critical acumen of the American magazine will appear from the following extract:

"The verses (it is of 'The Prisoner of Chillon' "that it speaks) are in the eight syllable mea-"sure, and occasionally display some pretty "poetry; at all events, there is little in them "to offend.

"We do not find any passage of sufficient "beauty or originality to warrant extract."

Am. Critical Review, 1817.

" bler, who said he might have known me,
" but would not."

I interrupted him by telling him he need not have been so angry on that occasion,—that it was an authoress who had been guilty of that remark. "I don't wonder," added I, " that a spinster should have avoided associating with so dangerous an acquaintance as you had the character of being at Venice."

" Well, I did not know that these
" 'Sketches of Italy' were the produc-
" tion of a woman; but whether it was
" a Mr., Mrs., or Miss, the remark was
" equally uncalled for. To be sure, the
" life I led at Venice was not the most
" saintlike in the world."

"Yes," said I, "if you were to be canonized, it must be as San Ciappelletto."

"Not so bad as that either," said he somewhat seriously.

"Venice," resumed he, "is a melan-
"choly place to reside in:—to see a city
"die daily as she does, is a sad contem-
"plation. I sought to distract my mind
"from a sense of her desolation, and my
"own solitude, by plunging into a vortex
"that was any thing but pleasure. When
"one gets into a mill-stream, it is difficult
"to swim against it, and keep out of the
"wheels. The consequences of being
"carried down by it would furnish an ex-
"cellent lesson for youth. You are too
"old to profit by it. But, who ever pro-

"fited by the experience of others, or his "own? When you read my Memoirs, you "will learn the evils, moral and physical, "of true dissipation. I assure you my "life is very entertaining, and very in-"structive."

I said, "I suppose, when you left England, you were a Childe Harold, and at Venice a Don Giovanni, and Fletcher your Leporello." He laughed at the remark. I asked him, in what way his life would prove a good lesson? and he gave me several anecdotes of himself, which I have thrown into a sort of narrative.

"Almost all the friends of my youth "are dead; either shot in duels, ruined,

"or in the galleys:" (mentioning the names of several.)

"Among those I lost in the early part "of my career, was Lord Falkland,—poor "fellow! our fathers' fathers were friends. "He lost his life for a joke, and one "too he did not make himself. The pre- "sent race is more steady than the last. "They have less constitution and not so "much money—that accounts for the "change in their morals.

"I am now tamed; but before I mar- "ried, shewed some of the blood of "my ancestors. It is ridiculous to say "that we do not inherit our passions, "as well as the gout, or any other dis- "order.

"I was not so young when my father "died, but that I perfectly remember "him; and had very early a horror of "matrimony, from the sight of domestic "broils: this feeling came over me very "strongly at my wedding. Something "whispered me that I was sealing my own "death-warrant. I am a great believer "in presentiments. Socrates' dæmon was "no fiction. Monk Lewis had his mo-"nitor, and Napoleon many warnings. "At the last moment I would have re-"treated, if I could have done so. I "called to mind a friend of mine, who "had married a young, beautiful, and "rich girl, and yet was miserable. He "had strongly urged me against putting "my neck in the same yoke: and to "shew you how firmly I was resolved to "attend to his advice, I betted Hay

"fifty guineas to one, that I should always "remain single. Six years afterwards I "sent him the money. The day before "I proposed to Lady Byron, I had no "idea of doing so."

After this digression he continued :—

"I lost my father when I was only "six years of age. My mother, when "she was in a rage with me, (and I gave "her cause enough,) used to say, 'Ah, "you little dog, you are a Byron all "over; you are as bad as your father!' "It was very different from Mrs. Mal-"aprop's saying, 'Ah! good dear Mr. "Malaprop, I never loved him till he "was dead.' But, in fact, my father was, "in his youth, any thing but a 'Cælebs "in search of a wife.' He would have

"made a bad hero for Hannah More. "He ran out three fortunes, and married or ran away with three women, "and once wanted a guinea, that he "wrote for; I have the note. He seemed born for his own ruin, and that of "the other sex. He began by seducing "Lady Carmarthen, and spent for her "4000*l*. a-year; and not content with "one adventure of this kind, afterwards "eloped with Miss Gordon. His marriage "was not destined to be a very fortunate "one either, and I don't wonder at her "differing from Sheridan's widow in the "play. They certainly could not have "claimed the flitch.

"The phrenologists tell me that other "lines besides that of thought" (the middle of three horizontal lines on his

forehead, on which he prided himself,) "are strongly developed in the hinder "part of my cranium; particularly that "called philoprogenitiveness *. I sup-"pose, too, the pugnacious bump might "be found somewhere, because my uncle "had it.

"You have heard the unfortunate "story of his duel with his relation and "neighbour. After that melancholy event, "he shut himself up at Newstead, and "was in the habit of feeding crickets, "which were his only companions. He "had made them so tame as to crawl "over him, and used to whip them with

* He appears to have mistaken the meaning of this word in the vocabulary of the Craniologists, as in *Don Juan*.

" a whisp of straw, if too familiar.
" When he died, tradition says that they
" left the house in a body. I suppose
" I derive my superstition from this
" branch of the family; but though I
" attend to none of these new-fangled
" theories, I am inclined to think that
" there is more in a chart of the skull
" than the Edinburgh Reviewers sup-
" pose*. However that may be, I was
" a wayward youth, and gave my mother
" a world of trouble,—as I fear Ada will
" hers, for I am told she is a little ter-
" magant. I had an ancestor too that
" expired laughing, (I suppose that my
" good spirits came from him,) and two
" whose affection was such for each

* He had probably been reading the article on Gall and Spurzheim.

"other, that they died almost at the "same moment. There seems to have "been a flaw in my escutcheon there, "or that loving couple have monopolized "all the connubial bliss of the family.

"I passed my boyhood at Marlodge "near Aberdeen, occasionally visiting the "Highlands; and long retained an affec- "tion for Scotland;—that, I suppose, I "imbibed from my mother. My love for "it, however, was at one time much "shaken by the critique in 'The Edin- "burgh Review' on 'The Hours of Idle-

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Note.—He wrote about this time 'The Curse of Minerva;' in which he seems very closely to have followed Churchill.

He came to England in 1798.

" ness,' and I transferred a portion of my " dislike to the country; but my affection " for it soon flowed back into its old " channel.

" I don't know from whom I inherited " verse-making; probably the wild scenery " of Morven and Loch-na-garr, and the " banks of the Dee, were the parents of " my poetical vein, and the developers of " my poetical *boss*. If it was so, it was " dormant; at least, I never wrote any " thing worth mentioning till I was in " love. Dante dates his passion for " Beatrice at twelve. I was almost as " young when I fell over head and ears in " love; but I anticipate. I was sent to " Harrow at twelve, and spent my vaca- " tions at Newstead. It was there that I

"first saw Mary C——*. She was se-"veral years older than myself: but, at "my age, boys like something older than "themselves, as they do younger, later "in life. Our estates adjoined: but, "owing to the unhappy circumstance of

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* ——" It was a name
"Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not;—
and why?
"Time taught him a deep answer"

The Dream.

"I have a passion for the name of 'Mary,'
"For once it was a magic sound to me;
"And still it half calls up the realms of fairy,
"Where I beheld what never was to be.
"All feelings changed, but this was last to vary—
"A spell from which even yet I am not quite free.
"But I grow sad——!"

Don Juan, Canto V. Stanza 4.

—" Yet

"the feud to which I before alluded, our "families (as is generally the case with "neighbours who happen to be relations,) "were never on terms of more than com- "mon civility,—scarcely those. I passed "the summer vacation of this year among "the Malvern hills: those were days of "romance! She was the *beau idéal* of "all that my youthful fancy could paint

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——"Yet still, to pay my court, I
"Gave what I had—a heart:—as the world
went, I
"Gave what was worth a world,—for worlds
could never
"Restore me the pure feelings gone for ever!
"'Twas the boy's 'mite,' and, like the 'widow's,'
may,
"Perhaps, be weighed hereafter, if not now."

Don Juan, Canto VI. Stanza 5, &c.

" of beautiful; and I have taken all my " fables about the celestial nature of wo- " men from the perfection my imagina- " tion created in her—I say created, for " I found her, like the rest of the sex, " any thing but angelic.

" I returned to Harrow, after my trip " to Cheltenham, more deeply enamoured " than ever, and passed the next holidays " at Newstead. I now began to fancy " myself a man, and to make love in " earnest. Our meetings were stolen " ones, and my letters passed through the " medium of a confidante. A gate lead- " ing from Mr. C———'s grounds to those " of my mother, was the place of our " interviews. But the ardour was all on " my side. I was serious; she was vola- " tile. She liked me as a younger brother,

"and treated and laughed at me as a "boy. She, however, gave me her pic- "ture, and that was something to make "verses upon.*

"During the last year that I was at "Harrow, all my thoughts were occupied "on this love-affair. I had, besides, a "spirit that ill brooked the restraints of "school-discipline; for I had been en- "couraged by servants in all my violence

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* He had always a black ribbon round his neck, to which was attached a locket containing hair and a picture. We had been playing at billiards one night till the balls appeared double, when all at once he searched hastily for something under his waistcoat, and said, in great alarm, "Good God! I have lost my ——!" but before he had finished the sentence, he discovered the hidden treasure.

"of temper, and was used to command. "Every thing like a task was repugnant "to my nature; and I came away a very "indifferent classic, and read in nothing "that was useful. That subordination, "which is the soul of all discipline, I "submitted to with great difficulty; yet I "did submit to it: and I have always "retained a sense of Drury's* kindness, "which enabled me to bear it and fagging "too. The Duke of Dorset was my fag. "I was not a very hard task-master. "There were times in which, if I had "not considered it as a school, I should "have been happy at Harrow. There is "one spot I should like to see again: I "was particularly delighted with the view

* See Lines addressed to him in 'The Hours of Idleness.'

" from the Church-yard, and used to sit
" for hours on the stile leading into the
" fields ;—even then I formed a wish to be
" buried there. Of all my schoolfellows,
" I know no one for whom I have retained
" so much friendship as for Lord Clare.
" I have been constantly corresponding
" with him ever since I knew he was in
" Italy; and look forward to seeing him,
" and talking over with him our old Harrow stories, with infinite delight. There
" is no pleasure in life equal to that of
" meeting an old friend. You know how
" glad I was to see Hay. Why did not
" Scroope Davies come to see me ? Some
" one told me that he was at Florence, but
" it is impossible.

" There are two things that strike me
" at this moment, which I did at Harrow:

"I fought Lord Calthorpe for writing "'D—d Atheist!' under my name; and "prevented the school-room from being "burnt during a rebellion, by pointing "out to the boys the names of their fa- "thers and grandfathers on the walls.

"Had I married Miss C——, perhaps "the whole tenor of my life would have "been different.* She jilted me, how- "ever, but her marriage proved any thing "but a happy one.† She was at length

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* Perhaps in his lyrical pieces, even those 'To Thyrza,' he never surpassed those exquisitely feeling Stanzas, beginning—

"O had my fate been join'd to thine," &c.

† ——"the one
"To end in madness; both in misery."

The Dream.

" separated from Mr. M——, and pro-
" posed an interview with me, but by
" the advice of my sister I declined it.
" I remember meeting her after my re-
" turn from Greece, but pride had con-
" quered my love; and yet it was not
" with perfect indifference I saw her.*

" For a man to become a poet (wit-
" ness Petrarch and Dante) he must be
" in love, or miserable. I was both when
" I wrote 'The Hours of Idleness:' some
" of those poems, in spite of what the
" reviewers say, are as good as any I ever
" produced.

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* Yet I was calm. I knew the time
My heart would swell but at thy look;
But now to tremble were a crime.
We met, and not a nerve was shook!

"For some years after the event that
"had so much influence on my fate, I
"tried to drown the remembrance of it
"and her in the most depraving dissi-
"pation; † but the poison was in the cup.

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"There had been found by the gar-
"dener, in digging, a skull that had pro-
"bably belonged to some jolly friar or
"monk of the Abbey about the time it
"was dis-monasteried."

"I heard at the Countess S——'s

---

† "And monks might deem their time was come agen,
"If ancient tales say true, nor wrong the holy men."

Childe Harold, Canto I. Stanza 7.

the other evening," said I, interrupting him, "that you drink out of a skull now." He took no notice of my observation, but continued:

"Observing it to be of giant size, and "in a perfect state of preservation, a "strange fancy seized me of having it "set and mounted as a drinking-cup. I "accordingly sent it to town, and it re- "turned with a very high polish, and of "a mottled colour like tortoise-shell; "(Colonel Wildman now has it.) I re- "member scribbling some lines about it; "but that was not all: I afterwards esta- "blished at the Abbey a new order. "The members consisted of twelve, and "I elected myself grand master, or Ab- "bot of the Skull, a grand heraldic title. "A set of black gowns, mine distin-

"guished from the rest, was ordered, and "from time to time, when a particular "hard day was expected, a chapter was "held; the crane was filled with claret, "and, in imitation of the Goths of old, "passed about to the gods of the Con-"sistory, whilst many a prime joke was "cut at its expense."

"You seem," said I, "to have had a particular predilection for skulls and cross-bones; a friend of mine, Mr. ——, told me he took some home for you from Switzerland."

"They were from the field of Morat," said he; "a single bone of one of those "heroes is worth all the skulls of all "the priests that ever existed."

"Talking of Morat," said I, "where did you find the story of Julia Alpinula? M—— and I searched among its archives in vain."

"I took the inscription," said he, "from "an old chronicle; the stone has no "existence.—But to continue. You know "the story of the bear that I brought up "for a degree when I was at Trinity. I "had a great hatred of College rules, "and contempt for academical honours. "How many of their wranglers have "ever distinguished themselves in the "world? There was, by the bye, rather "a witty satire founded on my bear. A "friend of Shelley's made an Ourang "Outang (Oran Hanton, Esq.) the hero "of a novel, had him created a baronet, "and returned for the borough of One

"Vote—I forget the name of the novel *. "I believe they were as glad to get rid "of me at Cambridge † as they were at "Harrow.

"Another of the wild freaks I played "during my mother's life-time, was to "dress up Mrs. ———, and to pass her "off as my brother Gordon, in order "that my mother might not hear of my "having such a female acquaintance. "You would not think me a Scipio in "those days, but I can safely say I never "seduced any woman. I will give you "an instance of great forbearance:—Mrs. "L. G—— wrote and offered to let me "have her daughter for 100*l*. Can you "fancy such depravity? The old lady's

* Melincourt.

† He remained at Cambridge till nineteen.

" *P. S.* was excellent. 'With *dilicaci* " every thing may be made *asy*.' But " the same post brought me a letter from " the young one deprecating my taking " advantage of their necessities, and end- " ing with saying that she prized her " virtue. I respected it too, and sent her " some money. There are few Josephs in " the world, and many Potiphar's wives.

" A curious thing happened to me " shortly after the honey-moon, which was " very awkward at the time, but has " since amused me much. It so hap- " pened that three married women were " on a wedding visit to my wife, (and " in the same room, at the same time,) " whom I had known to be all birds of " the same nest. Fancy the scene of " confusion that ensued!

"I have seen a great deal of Italian "society, and swum in a gondola, but "nothing could equal the profligacy of "high life in England, especially that of "—— when I knew it.

"There was a lady at that time, dou-"ble my own age, the mother of several "children who were perfect angels, with "whom I had formed a *liaison* that conti-"nued without interruption for eight "months. The autumn of a beauty like "her's is preferable to the spring in "others. She told me she was never in "love till she was thirty; and I thought "myself so with her when she was forty. "I never felt a stronger passion; which "she returned with equal ardour. I was "as fond of, indeed more attached than "I ought to have been, to one who had

“ bestowed her favours on many; but I “ was flattered at a preference that had “ led her to discard another, who in “ personal attractions and fashion was far “ my superior. She had been sacrificed, “ almost before she was a woman, to one “ whose mind and body were equally con- “ temptible in the scale of creation; and “ on whom she bestowed a numerous fa- “ mily, to which the law gave him the “ right to be called father. Strange as “ it may seem, she gained (as all women “ do) an influence over me so strong, “ that I had great difficulty in breaking “ with her, even when I knew she had “ been inconstant to me; and once was “ on the point of going abroad with her, “ —and narrowly escaped this folly. I “ was at this time a mere Bond-street

"lounger—a great man at lobbies, coffee, "and gambling-houses: my afternoons "were passed in visits, luncheons, lounging and boxing—not to mention drinking! If I had known you in early life, "you would not have been alive now. I "remember Scroope Davies, H——, and "myself, clubbing 19*l.*, all we had in "our pockets, and losing it at a hell in "St. James's-street, at chicken-hazard, "which may be called *fowl;* and afterwards getting drunk together till H. "and S. D. quarrelled. Scroope afterwards wrote to me for my pistols to "shoot himself; but I declined lending "them, on the plea that they would be "forfeited as a deodand. I knew my answer would have more effect than four "sides of prosing.

"Don't suppose, however, that I took
"any pleasure in all these excesses, or
"that parson A. K. or W— were associ-
"ates to my taste. The miserable conse-
"quences of such a life are detailed at
"length in my Memoirs. My own master
"at an age when I most required a guide,
"and left to the dominion of my passions
"when they were the strongest, with a
"fortune anticipated before I came into
"possession of it, and a constitution im-
"paired by early excesses, I commenced
"my travels in 1809, with a joyless indif-
"ference to a world that was all before
"me*.

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* "I wish they knew the life of a young noble;

*   *   *   *   *   *

"They 're young, but know not youth: it is
anticipated;

"Well might you say, speaking feelingly," said I:—

"There is no sterner moralist than pleasure *."

I asked him about Venice:

"Venice!" said he, "I detest every "recollection of the place, the people, "and my pursuits. I there mixed again "in society, trod again the old round "of conversaziones, balls, and concerts,

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"Handsome but wasted, rich without a sou;
"Their vigour in a thousand arms is dissipated,
"Their cash comes *from*, their wealth goes *to* a
Jew."

Don Juan, Canto XI. Stanzas 74 and 75.

* He used to say there were three great men ruined in one year, Brummel, himself, and Napoleon!

" was every night at the opera, a constant " frequenter of the Ridotta during the " Carnival, and, in short, entered into all " the dissipation of that luxurious place. " Every thing in a Venetian life,—its gon- " dolas, its effeminating indolence, its " Siroccos,—tend to enervate the mind " and body. My rides were a resource " and a stimulus; but the deep sands of " Lido broke my horses down, and I got " tired of that monotonous sea-shore;—to " be sure, I passed the Villagiatura on the " Brenta.*

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* To give the reader an idea of the stories circulated and believed about Lord Byron, I will state one as a specimen of the rest, which I heard the other day:—

" Lord Byron, who is an execrably bad horseman, was riding one evening in the Brenta,

" I wrote little at Venice, and was forced " into the search of pleasure,—an employ- " ment I was soon jaded with the pur- " suit of.

" Women were there, as they have ever " been fated to be, my bane. Like Na- " poleon, I have always had a great con-

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spouting 'Metastasio.' A Venetian, passing in a close carriage at the time, laughed at his bad Italian; upon which his Lordship horsewhipped him, and threw a card in at the window. The nobleman took no notice of the insult." — ANSWER. Lord Byron was an excellent horseman, never read a line of 'Metastasio,' and pronounced Italian like a native. He must have been remarkably ingenious to horsewhip in a *close carriage*, and find a nobleman who pocketed the affront! But " *ex uno disce omnes.*"

"tempt for women; and formed this "opinion of them not hastily, but from "my own fatal experience. My writings, "indeed, tend to exalt the sex; and my "imagination has always delighted in giv- "ing them a *beau idéal* likeness, but I only "drew them as a painter or statuary "would do,—as they should be.* Per- "haps my prejudices, and keeping them "at a distance, contributed to prevent the

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* His 'Medora, Gulnare (Kaled), Zuleika, Thyrza, Angiolina, Myrrha, Adah,—and Haidee,' in Don Juan, are beautiful creations of gentleness, sensibility, firmness, and constancy. If, as a reviewer has sagely discovered, all his male characters, from Childe Harold down to Lucifer, are the same, he cannot be denied the dramatic faculty in his women,—in whom there is little family likeness.

"illusion from altogether being worn out "and destroyed as to their celestial "qualities.

"They are in an unnatural state of so-"ciety. The Turks and Eastern people "manage these matters better than we do. "They lock them up, and they are much "happier. Give a woman a looking-glass "and a few sugar-plums, and she will be "satisfied.

"I have suffered from the other sex "ever since I can remember any thing. "I began by being jilted, and ended by "being unwived. Those are wisest who "make no connexion of wife or mistress. "The *k*night-service of the Continent, "with or without the *k*, is perhaps a sla-"very as bad, or worse, than either. An

"intrigue with a married woman at home, "though more secret, is equally difficult "to break. I had no tie of any kind at "Venice, yet I was not without my an-"noyances. You may remember seeing "the portrait of a female which Murray "got engraved, and dubbed my 'For-"narina.'

"Harlowe, the poor fellow who died "soon after his return from Rome, and "who used to copy pictures from memory, "took my likeness when he was at Venice: "and one day this frail one, who was a "casual acquaintance of mine, happened "to be at my palace, and to be seen by "the painter, who was struck with her, "and begged she might sit to him. She "did so, and I sent the drawing home as a "specimen of the Venetians, and not a bad

" one either; for the jade was handsome, " though the most troublesome shrew and " termagant I ever met with. To give " you an idea of the lady, she used to " call me the *Gran Cane della Madonna.* " When once she obtained a footing inside " my door, she took a dislike to the out- " side of it, and I had great difficulty in " uncolonizing her. She forced her way " back one day when I was at dinner, and " snatching a knife from the table, offered " to stab herself if I did not consent to her " stay. Seeing I took no notice of her " threat, as knowing it to be only a feint, " she ran into the balcony and threw her- " self into the canal. As it was only " knee-deep and there were plenty of " gondolas, one of them picked her up. " This affair made a great noise at the " time. Some said that I had thrown her

"into the water, others that she had "drowned herself for love; but this is "the real story.

"I got into nearly as great a scrape by "making my court to a spinster. As "many Dowagers as you please at Venice, "but beware of flirting with *Raggazzas*. "I had been one night under her window "serenading, and the next morning who "should be announced at the same time "but a priest and a police-officer, come, as "I thought, either to shoot or marry me "again,—I did not care which. I was "disgusted and tired with the life I led at "Venice, and was glad to turn my back "on it. The Austrian Government, too, "partly contributed to drive me away. "They intercepted my books and papers, "opened my letters, and proscribed my

"works. I was not sorry for this last "arbitrary act, as a very bad translation "of 'Childe Harold' had just appeared, "which I was not at all pleased with. I "did not like my old friend in his new "loose dress; it was a dishabille that did "not at all become him,—those *sciolti versi* "that they put him into."

It is difficult to judge, from the contradictory nature of his writings, what the religious opinions of Lord Byron really were. Perhaps the conversations I held with him may throw some light upon a subject that cannot fail to excite curiosity. On the whole, I am inclined to think that if he were occasionally sceptical, and thought it, as he says,

——— "A pleasant voyage, perhaps, to float,
"Like Pyrrho, on a sea of speculation," *

yet his wavering never amounted to a disbelief in the divine Founder of Christianity.

"I always took great delight," observed he, "in the English Cathedral ser- "vice. It cannot fail to inspire every "man, who feels at all, with devotion. "Notwithstanding which, Christianity is "not the best source of inspiration for a "poet. No poet should be tied down to "a direct profession of faith. Metaphysics "open a vast field; Nature, and anti-Mo- "saical speculations on the origin of the "world, a wide range, and sources of

* *Don Juan*, Canto IX. Stanza 18.

"poetry that are shut out by Chris-
"tianity."

I advanced Tasso and Milton.

"Tasso and Milton," replied he, "wrote "on Christian subjects, it is true; but "how did they treat them? The 'Jeru-"salem Delivered' deals little in Christian "doctrines, and the 'Paradise Lost' makes "use of the heathen mythology, which is "surely scarcely allowable. Milton dis-"carded papacy, and adopted no creed "in its room; he never attended divine "worship.

"His great epics, that nobody reads, "prove nothing. He took his text from "the Old and New Testaments. He "shocks the severe apprehensions of the

"Catholics, as he did those of the "Divines of his day, by too great a "familiarity with Heaven, and the in-"troduction of the Divinity himself; and, "more than all, by making the Devil "his hero, and deifying the dæmons.

"He certainly excites compassion for "Satan, and endeavours to make him "out an injured personage—he gives him "human passions too, makes him pity "Adam and Eve, and justify himself "much as Prometheus does. Yet Mil-"ton was never blamed for all this. "I should be very curious to know what "his real belief was.* The 'Paradise "Lost' and 'Regained' do not satisfy

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* A religious work of Milton's has since been discovered, and will throw light on this interesting subject.

“ me on this point. One might as well “ say that Moore is a fire-worshipper, or “ a follower of Mokanna, because he “ chose those subjects from the East; or “ that I am a Cainist.”

Another time he said:

“ One mode of worship yields to an- “ other; no religion has lasted more than “ two thousand years. Out of the eight “ hundred millions that the globe con- “ tains, only two hundred millions are “ Christians. Query,—What is to be- “ come of the six hundred millions that “ do not believe, and of those incalcu- “ lable millions that lived before Christ?

“ People at home are mad about Mis- “ sionary Societies, and missions to the

" East. I have been applied to, to sub-
" scribe, several times since, and once
" before I left England. The Catholic
" priests have been labouring hard for
" nearly a century; but what have they
" done? Out of eighty millions of Hin-
" doos, how many proselytes have been
" made? Sir J. Malcolm said at Mur-
" ray's before several persons, that the
" Padres, as he called them, had only
" made six converts at Bombay during
" his time, and that even this black little
" flock forsook their shepherds when the
" rum was out. Their faith evaporated
" with the fumes of the arrack. Besides,
" the Hindoos believe that they have
" had nine incarnations: the Missionaries
" preach, that a people whom the In-
" dians only know to despise, have had
" one. It is nine to one against them,
" by their own shewing.

"Another doctrine can never be in "repute among the Solomons of the East. "It cannot be easy to persuade men who "have had as many wives as they pleased, "to be content with one; besides, a wo- "man is old at twenty in that country. "What are men to do? They are not "all St. Anthonies.—I will tell you a "story. A certain Signior Antonio of "my acquaintance married a very little "round fat wife, very fond of waltzing, "who went by the name of the *Tenta- "zione di Sant' Antonio.* There is a pic- "ture, a celebrated one, in which a little "woman not unresembling my description "plays the principal *rôle,* and is most "troublesome to the Saint, most trying "to his virtue. Very few of the modern "saints will have his forbearance, though "they may imitate him in his mar- "tyrdom.

" I have been reading," said he one day, " Tacitus' account of the siege of Jeru- " salem, under Titus. What a sovereign " contempt the Romans had for the Jews! " Their country seems to have been little " better than themselves.

" Priestley denied the original sin, and " that any would be damned. Wesley, the " object of Southey's panegyric, preached " the doctrines of election and faith, and, " like all the sectarians, does not want " texts to prove both.

" The best Christians can never be sa- " tisfied of their own salvation. Dr. John- " son died like a coward, and Cowper " was near shooting himself; Hume went " off the stage like a brave man, and Vol- " taire's last moments do not seem to have

"been clouded by any fears of what was "to come. A man may study any thing "till he believes in it. Creech died a "Lucretian, Burckhardt and Browne were "Mohammedans. Sale, the translator of "the Koran, was suspected of being an "Islamite, but a very different one from "you, Shiloh *, (as he sometimes used to "call Shelley.)

"You are a Protestant—you protest "against all religions. There is T—— "will traduce Dante till he becomes a "Dantist. I am called a Manichæan: I "may rather be called an Any-chæan, or "an Anything-arian. How do you like "my sect? The sect of Anything-arians "sounds well, does it not?"

* Alluding to the 'Revolt of Islam.'

Calling on him the next day, we found him, as was sometimes the case, silent, dull, and sombre. At length he said :

" Here is a little book somebody has " sent me about Christianity, that has " made me very uncomfortable : the rea- " soning seems to me very strong, the " proofs are very staggering. I don't " think you can answer it, Shelley ; at " least I am sure I can't, and, what is " more, I don't wish it."

Speaking of Gibbon, he said :—

" L— B——— thought the question " set at rest in the 'History of the De- " cline and Fall,' but I am not so easily " convinced. It is not a matter of volition " to unbelieve. Who likes to own that

"he has been a fool all his life,—to un-
"learn all that he has been taught in
"his youth? or can think that some of
"the best men that ever lived have been
"fools? I have often wished I had been
"born a Catholic. That purgatory of
"theirs is a comfortable doctrine; I won-
"der the reformers gave it up, or did
"not substitute something as consolatory
"in its room. It is an improvement on
"the transmigration, Shelley, which all
"your wiseacre philosophers taught.

"You believe in Plato's three princi-
"ples;—why not in the Trinity? One
"is not more mystical than the other.
"I don't know why I am considered an
"enemy to religion, and an unbeliever.
"I disowned the other day that I was
"of Shelley's school in metaphysics,

"though I admired his poetry; not but "what he has changed his mode of think- "ing very much since he wrote the Notes "to 'Queen Mab,' which I was accused of "having a hand in. I know, however, "that I am considered an infidel. My "wife and sister, when they joined par- "ties, sent me prayer-books. There was "a Mr. Mulock, who went about the Con- "tinent preaching orthodoxy in politics "and religion, a writer of bad sonnets, "and a lecturer in worse prose,—he tried "to convert me to some new sect of "Christianity. He was a great anti-ma- "terialist, and abused Locke."

On another occasion he said:

"I am always getting new correspond- "ents. Here are three letters just ar-

" rived, from strangers all of them. One " is from a French woman, who has been " writing to me off and on for the last " three years. She is not only a blue- " bottle, but a poetess, I suspect. Her " object in addressing me now, she says, " is to get me to write on the loss of a " slave-ship, the particulars of which she " details.

" The second epistle is short, and in " a hand I know very well: it is ano- " nymous too. Hear what she says: 'I " cannot longer exist without acknow- " ledging the tumultuous and agonizing " delight with which my soul burns at " the glowing beauties of yours.'

" A third is of a very different charac- " ter from the last; it is from a Mr.

"Sheppard, inclosing a prayer made for "my welfare by his wife a few days be- "fore her death. The letter states that "he has had the misfortune to lose this "amiable woman, who had seen me at "Ramsgate, many years ago, rambling "among the cliffs; that she had been "impressed with a sense of my irreligion "from the tenor of my works, and had "often prayed fervently for my conver- "sion, particularly in her last moments. "The prayer is beautifully written. I "like devotion in women. She must have "been a divine creature. I pity the man "who has lost her! I shall write to him "by return of the courier, to console with "him, and tell him that Mrs. S—— "need not have entertained any concern "for my spiritual affairs, for that no man "is more of a Christian than I am, what-

"ever my writings may have led her and "others to suspect."

JANUARY.

"A circumstance took place in Greece "that impressed itself lastingly on my "memory. I had once thought of found-"ing a tale on it; but the subject is too "harrowing for any nerves,—too terrible "for any pen! An order was issued at "Zanina by its sanguinary Rajah, that "any Turkish woman convicted of inconti-"nence with a Christian should be stoned "to death! Love is slow at calculat-"ing dangers, and defies tyrants and their "edicts; and many were the victims to "the savage barbarity of this of Ali's. "Among others a girl of sixteen, of a "beauty such as that country only pro-"duces, fell under the vigilant eye of the

" police. She was suspected, and not " without reason, of carrying on a secret " intrigue with a Neapolitan of some rank, " whose long stay in the city could be " attributed to no other cause than this " attachment. Her crime (if crime it be " to love as they loved) was too fully " proved; they were torn from each " other's arms, never to meet again: and " yet both might have escaped,—she by " abjuring her religion, or he by adopting " hers. They resolutely refused to be- " come apostates to their faith. Ali Pa- " cha was never known to pardon. She " was stoned by those dæmons, although " in the fourth month of her pregnancy! " He was sent to a town where the plague " was raging, and died, happy in not hav- " ing long outlived the object of his affec- " tions!

"One of the principal incidents in 'The "Giaour' is derived from a real occur- "rence, and one too in which I myself "was nearly and deeply interested; but "an unwillingness to have it considered a "traveller's tale made me suppress the "fact of its genuineness. The Marquis "of Sligo, who knew the particulars of "the story, reminded me of them in Eng- "land, and wondered I had not authen- "ticated them in the Preface :—

"When I was at Athens, there was an "edict in force similar to that of Ali's, "except that the mode of punishment "was different. It was necessary, there- "fore, that all love-affairs should be car- "ried on with the greatest privacy. I "was very fond at that time of a Turkish "girl,—ay, fond of her as I have been

" of few women. All went on very well " till the Ramazan for forty days, which " is rather a long fast for lovers: all in- " tercourse between the sexes is forbid- " den by law, as well as by religion. " During this Lent of the Musselmans, " the women are not allowed to quit their " apartments. I was in despair, and could " hardly contrive to get a cinder, or a to- " ken-flower sent to express it. We had " not met for several days, and all my " thoughts were occupied in planning an " assignation, when, as ill fate would have " it, the means I took to effect it led to " the discovery of our secret. The penalty " was death,—death without reprieve,—a " horrible death, at which one cannot think " without shuddering! An order was is- " sued for the law being put into imme- " diate effect. In the mean time I knew

"nothing of what had happened, and it "was determined that I should be kept "in ignorance of the whole affair till it "was too late to interfere. A mere acci-"dent only enabled me to prevent the "completion of the sentence. I was tak-"ing one of my usual evening rides by "the sea-side, when I observed a crowd "of people moving down to the shore, "and the arms of the soldiers glittering "among them. They were not so far off, "but that I thought I could now and then "distinguish a faint and stifled shriek. "My curiosity was forcibly excited, and I "dispatched one of my followers to en-"quire the cause of the procession. What "was my horror to learn that they were "carrying an unfortunate girl, sewn up in "a sack, to be thrown into the sea! I "did not hesitate as to what was to be

"done. I knew I could depend on my "faithful Albanians, and rode up to the "officer commanding the party, threaten-"ing, in case of his refusal to give up his "prisoner, that I would adopt means to "compel him. He did not like the bu-"siness he was on, or perhaps the deter-"mined look of my body-guard, and con-"sented to accompany me back to the "city with the girl, whom I soon disco-"vered to be my Turkish favourite. Suf-"fice it to say, that my interference with "the chief magistrate, backed by a heavy "bribe, saved her; but it was only on "condition that I should break off all "intercourse with her, and that she should "immediately quit Athens, and be sent to "her friends in Thebes. There she died, "a few days after her arrival, of a fever "—perhaps of love."

“ The severest fever I ever had was at
“ Patras. I had left Fletcher at Constan-
“ tinople — convalescent, but unable to
“ move from weakness, and had no at-
“ tendants but my Albanians, to whom I
“ owe my life.

“ They were devotedly attached to me,
“ and watched me day and night. I am
“ more indebted to a good constitution
“ for having got over this attack, than to
“ the drugs of an ignorant Turk, who
“ called himself a physician. He would
“ have been glad to have disowned the
“ name, and resigned his profession too,
“ if he could have escaped from the re-
“ sponsibility of attending me; for my
“ Albanians came the Grand Signior over
“ him, and threatened that if I were not
“ entirely recovered at a certain hour on

"a certain day, they would take his life. "They are not people to make idle "threats, and would have carried them "into execution had any thing happened "to me. You may imagine the fright the "poor devil of a Doctor was in; and I "could not help smiling at the ludicrous "way in which his fears shewed them-"selves. I believe he was more pleased "at my recovery than either my faithful "nurses, or myself. I had no intention "of dying at that time; but if I had died, "the same story would have been told of "me as was related to have happened to "Colonel Sherbrooke in America. On the "very day my fever was at the highest, a "friend of mine declared that he saw me "in St. James's Street; and somebody put "my name down in the book at the Pa-"lace, as having enquired after the King's "health!

" Every body would have said that my " ghost had appeared."

" But how were they to have reconciled a ghost's writing?" asked I.

" I should most likely have passed the " remainder of my life in Turkey, if I had " not been called home by my mother's " death and my affairs," said he. " I mean " to return to Greece, and shall in all pro- " bability die there."

Little did I think, at the time he was pronouncing these words, that they were prophetic!

" I became a member of Drury-lane " Committee, at the request of my friend

"Douglas Kinnaird, who made over to "me a share of 500*l*. for the purpose of "qualifying me to vote. One need have "other qualifications besides money for "that office. I found the employment "not over pleasant, and not a little dan- "gerous, what with Irish authors and "pretty poetesses. Five hundred plays "were offered to the Theatre during the "year I was Literary Manager. You may "conceive that it was no small task to "read all this trash, and to satisfy the "bards that it was so.

"When I first entered upon theatrical "affairs, I had some idea of writing for "the house myself, but soon became a "convert to Pope's opinion on that sub- "ject. Who would condescend to the "drudgery of the stage, and enslave him-

" self to the humours, the caprices, the " taste or tastelessness, of the age ? Be- " sides, one must write for particular ac- " tors, have them continually in one's eye, " sacrifice character to the personating of " it, cringe to some favourite of the pub- " lic, neither give him too many nor too " few lines to spout, think how he would " mouth such and such a sentence, look " such and such a passion, strut such and " such a scene. Who, I say, would sub- " mit to all this ? Shakspeare had many " advantages : he was an actor by profes- " sion, and knew all the tricks of the trade. " Yet he had but little fame in his day : " see what Jonson and his contemporaries " said of him. Besides, how few of what " are called Shakspeare's plays are exclu- " sively so !—and how, at this distance of " time, and lost as so many works of that

"period are, can we separate what really "is from what is not his own?

"The players retrenched, transposed, "and even altered the text, to suit the "audience or please themselves. Who "knows how much rust they rubbed off? "I am sure there is rust and base metal "to spare left in the old plays. When "Leigh Hunt comes we shall have battles "enough about those old *ruffiani*, the old "dramatists, with their tiresome conceits, "their jingling rhymes, and endless play "upon words. It is but lately that people "have been satisfied that Shakspeare was "not a god, nor stood alone in the age "in which he lived; and yet how few of "the plays, even of that boasted time, "have survived! and fewer still are now "acted. Let us count them. Only one

THE ... MAHAR...

"of Massinger's (New Way to pay Old "Debts), one of Ford's,* one of Ben Jon- "son's,* and half-a-dozen of Shakspeare's; "and of these last, 'The Two Gentlemen "of Verona' and 'The Tempest' have been "turned into operas. You cannot call that "having a theatre. Now that Kemble has "left the stage, who will endure Coriola- "nus? Lady Macbeth died with Mrs. "Siddons, and Polonius will with Mun- "den. Shakspeare's Comedies are quite "out of date; many of them are insuffer- "able to read, much more to see. They "are gross food, only fit for an English or "German palate; they are indigestible to "the French and Italians, the politest "people in the world. One can hardly "find ten lines together without some

* Of which I have forgot the name he mentioned.

"gross violation of taste or decency.
"What do you think of Bottom in the
"'Midsummer Night's Dream?' or of
"Troilus' and Cressida's passion?"

Here I could not help interrupting him by saying, "You have named the two plays that, with all their faults, contain, perhaps, some of the finest poetry."

"Yes," said he, "in 'Troilus and Cres-
"sida:'

"——'Prophet may you be!
"If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth.
"When Time is old, and hath forgot itself,
"When water-drops have worn the stones of Troy,
"And blind Oblivion swallow'd cities up,
"And mighty states characterless are grated
"To dusty nothing,—yet let memory
"From false to false, among false maids in love,

"Upbraid my falsehood! when they 've said,—As
false
"As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
"As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
"Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;
"Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of false-
hood—
"As false as Cressid!'"

These lines he pronounced with great emphasis and effect, and continued:

"But what has poetry to do with a "play, or in a play? There is not one "passage in Alfieri strictly poetical; "hardly one in Racine."

Here he handed me a prospectus of a new translation of Shakspeare into French prose, and read part of the first scene in

'The Tempest,' laughing inwardly, as he was used to do; and afterwards produced a passage from Chateaubriand, contending that we have no theatre.

"The French very properly ridicule "our bringing in '*enfant au premier acte,* "*barbon au dernier.*' I was always a "friend to the unities, and believe that "subjects are not wanting which may be "treated in strict conformity to their "rules. No one can be absurd enough "to contend, that the preservation of the "unities is a defect,—at least a fault. "Look at Alfieri's plays, and tell me what "is wanting in them. Does he ever de-"viate from the rules prescribed by the "ancients, from the classical simplicity of "the old models? It is very difficult, "almost impossible, to write any thing to

"please a modern audience. I was in-
"strumental in getting up 'Bertram,' and
"it was said that I wrote part of it myself.
"That was not the case. I knew Maturin
"to be a needy man, and interested my-
"self in his success: but its life was
"very feeble and ricketty. I once thought
"of getting Joanna Baillie's 'De Mont-
"fort' revived; but the winding-up was
"faulty. She was herself aware of this,
"and wrote the last act over again; and
"yet, after all, it failed. She must have
"been dreadfully annoyed, even more than
"Lady —— was. When it was bringing
"out, I was applied to, to write a pro-
"logue; but as the request did not come
"from Kean, who was to speak it, I de-
"clined. There are fine things in all the
"Plays on the Passions: an idea in 'De
"Montfort' struck me particularly; one of

"the characters said that he knew the "footsteps of another.*

"There are four words in Alfieri that "speak volumes. They are in 'Don "Carlos.' The King and his Minister "are secreted during an interview of the "Infant with the Queen Consort: the "following dialogue passes, which ends "the scene:—'*Vedesti? Vedi. Udisti?* "*Udi.*' All the dramatic beauty would "be lost in translation—the nominative "cases would kill it. Nothing provokes

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* "*De Montfort.*—'Tis Rezenvelt: I heard his well-known foot!
"From the first staircase, mounting step by step.
"*Freberg.*—How quick an ear thou hast for distant sound!
"I heard him not." Act II. Scene 2.

"me so much as the squeamishness that "excludes the exhibition of many such "subjects from the stage;—a squeamish-"ness, the produce, as I firmly believe, "of a lower tone of the moral sense, "and foreign to the majestic and confi-"dent virtue of the golden age of our "country. All is now cant—methodisti-"cal cant. Shame flies from the heart, "and takes refuge in the lips; or, our "senses and nerves are much more re-"fined than those of our neighbours.

"We should not endure the Œdipus "story, nor 'Phèdre.' 'Myrrha,' the best "worked-up, perhaps, of all Alfieri's tra-"gedies, and a favourite in Italy, would "not be tolerated. 'The Mysterious "Mother' has never been acted, nor "Massinger's 'Brother and Sister.' Web-

"ster's 'Duchess of Malfy' would be too "harrowing: her madness, the dungeon-"scene, and her grim talk with her keep-"ers and coffin-bearers, could not be "borne: nor Lillo's 'Fatal Marriage.' "The 'Cenci' is equally horrible, though "perhaps the best tragedy modern times "have produced. It is a play,—not a "poem, like 'Remorse' and 'Fazio;' and "the best proof of its merit is, that peo-"ple are continually quoting it. What "may not be expected from such a "beginning?

"The Germans are colder and more "phlegmatic than we are, and bear even "to see 'Werner.'

"To write any thing to please, at the "present day, is the despair of authors."

It was easy to be perceived that during this tirade upon the stage, and against Shakspeare, he was smarting under the ill-reception 'Marino Faliero' had met with, and indignant at the critics, who had denied him the dramatic faculty. This, however, was not the only occasion of his abusing the old dramatists.

Some days after I revived the subject of the drama, and led him into speaking of his own plays.

"I have just got a letter," said he, "from Murray. What do you think he "has enclosed me? A long dull extract "from that long dull Latin epic of Pe-"trarch's, *Africa*, which he has the mo-"desty to ask me to translate for Ugo "Foscolo, who is writing some Memoirs

" of Petrarch, and has got Moore, Lady
" Dacre, &c. to contribute to. What am
" I to do with the death of Mago? I wish
" to God, Medwin, you would take it home
" with you, and translate it; and I will
" send it to Murray. We will say nothing
" about its being yours, or mine; and it
" will be curious to hear Foscolo's opinion
" upon it. Depend upon it, it will not
" be an unfavourable one."

In the course of the day I turned it into couplets, (and lame enough they were,) which he forwarded by the next courier to England.

Almost by return of post arrived a furiously complimentary epistle in acknowledgment, which made us laugh very heartily.

" There are three good lines*," said Lord Byron, " in Mago's speech, which " may be thus translated :

" ' Yet, thing of dust!
" Man strives to climb the earth in his ambition,
" Till death, the monitor that flatters not,
" Points to the grave, where all his hopes are laid.'"

" What do you think of Ada?" said he, looking earnestly at his daughter's miniature, that hung by the side of his writing-table. " They tell me she is like me—but " she has her mother's eyes.

" It is very odd that my mother was an " only child; — I am an only child; my

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* Ugo Foscolo afterwards took them for his motto.

"wife is an only child; and Ada is an "only child. It is a singular coincidence; "that is the least that can be said of it. "I can't help thinking it was destined to "be so; and perhaps it is best. I was once "anxious for a son; but, after our separa-"tion, was glad to have had a daughter; "for it would have distressed me too "much to have taken him away from "Lady Byron, and I could not have trust-"ed her with a son's education. I have "no idea of boys being brought up by "mothers. I suffered too much from "that myself: and then, wandering about "the world as I do, I could not take pro-"per care of a child; otherwise I should "not have left Allegra, poor little thing!*

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* She appears to be the Leila of his Don Juan:

"Poor

"at Ravenna. She has been a great re-
"source to me, though I am not so fond
"of her as of Ada; and yet I mean to
"make their fortunes equal—there will be
"enough for them both. I have desired
"in my will that Allegra shall not marry
"an Englishman. The Irish and Scotch
"make better husbands than we do. You
"will think it was an odd fancy, but I was
"not in the best of humours with my
"countrymen at that moment—you know
"the reason. I am told that Ada is a
"little termagant; I hope not. I shall
"write to my sister to know if this is the
"case: perhaps I am wrong in letting
"Lady Byron have entirely her own way

"Poor little thing! She was as fair as docile,
"And with that gentle, serious character——"
Don Juan, Canto X. Stanza 52.

"in her education. I hear that my name "is not mentioned in her presence; that "a green curtain is always kept over my "portrait, as over something forbidden; "and that she is not to know that she "has a father, till she comes of age. Of "course she will be taught to hate me; "she will be brought up to it. Lady "Byron is conscious of all this, and is "afraid that I shall some day carry off "her daughter by stealth or force. I "might claim her of the Chancellor, with-"out having recourse to either one or the "other. But I had rather be unhappy "myself, than make her mother so; pro-"bably I shall never see her again."

Here he opened his writing-desk, and shewed me some hair, which he told me was his child's.

During our drive and ride this evening he declined our usual amusement of pistol-firing, without assigning a cause. He hardly spoke a word during the first half-hour, and it was evident that something weighed heavily on his mind. There was a sacredness in his melancholy that I dared not interrupt. At length he said:

"This is Ada's birthday, and might "have been the happiest day of my life: "as it is ——— !" He stopped, seemingly ashamed of having betrayed his feelings. He tried in vain to rally his spirits by turning the conversation; but he created a laugh in which he could not join, and soon relapsed into his former reverie. It lasted till we came within a mile of the Argive gate. There our

silence was all at once interrupted by shrieks that seemed to proceed from a cottage by the side of the road. We pulled up our horses, to enquire of a *contadino* standing at the little garden-wicket. He told us that a widow had just lost her only child, and that the sounds proceeded from the wailings of some women over the corpse. Lord Byron was much affected; and his superstition, acted upon by a sadness that seemed to be presentiment, led him to augur some disaster.

" I shall not be happy," said he, " till
" I hear that my daughter is well. I
" have a great horror of anniversaries:
" people only laugh at, who have never
" kept a register of them. I always write
" to my sister on Ada's birthday. I did so

" last year; and, what was very remarka-
" ble, my letter reached her on my wed-
" ding-day, and her answer reached me at
" Ravenna on my birthday! Several ex-
" traordinary things have happened to
" me on my birthday; so they did to Na-
" poleon; and a more wonderful circum-
" stance still occurred to Marie Antoi-
" nette."

The next morning's courier brought him a letter from England. He gave it me as I entered, and said:

" I was convinced something very un-
" pleasant hung over me last night: I ex-
" pected to hear that somebody I knew
" was dead;—so it turns out! Poor Poli-
" dori is gone! When he was my physi-
" cian, he was always talking of Prussic

" acid, oil of amber, blowing into veins, " suffocating by charcoal, and compound- " ing poisons; but for a different purpose " to what the Pontic Monarch did, for he " has prescribed a dose for himself that " would have killed fifty Miltiades',—a " dose whose effect, Murray says, was so " instantaneous that he went off without " a spasm or struggle. It seems that dis- " appointment was the cause of this rash " act. He had entertained too sanguine " hopes of literary fame, owing to the suc- " cess of his 'Vampyre,' which, in conse- " quence of its being attributed to me, " was got up as a melo-drame at Paris. " The foundation of the story *was* mine; " but I was forced to disown the publica- " tion, lest the world should suppose that " I had vanity enough, or was egotist " enough, to write in that ridiculous man-

" ner about myself.* Notwithstanding
" which, the French editions still perse-
" vere in including it with my works. My
" real 'Vampyre' I gave at the end of
" 'Mazeppa,' something in the same way
" that I told it one night at Diodati, when
" Monk Lewis, and Shelley and his wife,
" were present. The latter sketched on
" that occasion the outline of her Pygma-
" lion story, 'The Modern Prometheus,'
" the making of a man (which a lady who
" had read it afterwards asked Sir Hum-
" phrey Davy, to his great astonishment,
" if he could do, and was told a story
" something like Alonzo and Imogene);
" and Shelley himself, or 'The Snake,' (as

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* He alluded to the Preface and the Postscript, containing accounts of his residence at Geneva and in the Isle of Mitylene.

" he used sometimes to call him,) conjured " up some frightful woman of an acquaint- " ance of his at home, a kind of Medusa, " who was suspected of having eyes in " her breasts.

" Perhaps Polidori had strictly no right " to appropriate my story to himself; but " it was hardly worth it: and when my " letter, disclaiming the narrative part, " was written, I dismissed the matter from " my memory. It was Polidori's own fault " that we did not agree. I was sorry when " we parted, for I soon get attached to " people; and was more sorry still for the " scrape he afterwards got into at Milan. " He quarrelled with one of the guards " at the Scala, and was ordered to leave " the Lombard States twenty-four hours " after; which put an end to all his Con-

" tinental schemes, that I had forwarded
" by recommending him to Lord ——;
" and it is difficult for a young physician
" to get into practice at home, however
" clever, particularly a foreigner, or one
" with a foreigner's name. From that
" time, instead of making out prescrip-
" tions, he took to writing romances; a
" very unprofitable and fatal exchange, as
" it turned out.

"I told you I was not oppressed in
" spirits last night without a reason. Who
" can help being superstitious? Scott be-
" lieves in second-sight. Rousseau tried
" whether he was to be d—d or not, by
" aiming at a tree with a stone: I forget
" whether he hit or missed. Goëthe
" trusted to the chance of a knife's striking
" the water, to determine whether he was

"to prosper in some undertaking. The "Italians think the dropping of oil very "unlucky. Pietro (Count Gamba) drop-"ped some the night before his exile, and "that of his family, from Ravenna. Have "you ever had your fortune told? Mrs. "Williams told mine. She predicted that "twenty-seven and thirty-seven were to "be dangerous ages in my life.* One has "come true."

"Yes," added I, "and did she not prophecy that you were to die a monk and a miser? I have been told so."

"I don't think these two last very "likely; but it was part of her prediction.

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* He was married in his twenty-seventh, and died in his thirty-seventh year.

"But there are lucky and unlucky days, "as well as years and numbers too. Lord "—— was dining at a party, where —— "observed that they were thirteen. 'Why "don't you make us twelve?' was the re- "ply; and an impudent one it was—but "he could say those things. You would "not visit on a Friday, would you? You "know you are to introduce me to Mrs. "——. It must not be to-morrow, for it "is a Friday."

"A fine day," said I, as I entered; "a day worth living for."

"An old wag of a world!" replied he, shaking me by the hand. "You should "have been here earlier. T—— has "been here with a most portentous and

" obstetrical countenance, and it seems he
" has been bringing forth an ode—a birth-
" day *ode*—not on Ada, but on a lady.
" An *odious* production it must have been!
" He threatened to inflict, as Shelley calls
" it; but I fought off. As I told him,
" Stellas are out of date now: it is a bad
" compliment to remind women of their
" age.

" Talking of days, this is the most
" wretched day of my existence; and I
" say and do all sorts of foolish things* to

* " So that it wean me from the weary dream
" Of selfish grief, or gladness!—so it fling
" Forgetfulness around me!"

Childe Harold, Canto III. Stanza 4.

" And if I laugh at any mortal thing,
" 'Tis that I may not weep;—and if I weep,

" drive away the memory of it, and make
" me forget.

" I will give you a specimen of some " epigrams I am in the habit of sending " Hobhouse, to whom I wrote on my first " wedding-day, and continue to write still:

" This day of ours has surely done
" Its worst for me and you!
" 'Tis now *five* years since we were *one*,
" And *four* since we were *two*.

" And another on his sending me the con- " gratulations of the season, which ended " in some foolish way like this:

" 'Tis that our nature cannot always bring
" Itself to apathy"—— &c.

Don Juan, Canto IV. Stanza 4.

"You may wish me returns of the season:
"Let us, prithee, have none of the day!"

I think I can give no stronger proof of the sociability of Lord Byron's disposition, than the festivity that presided over his dinners.

Wednesday being one of his fixed days: "You will dine with me," said he, "though "it is the 2d January."

His own table, when alone, was frugal, not to say abstemious *; but on the occa-

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* His dinner, when alone, cost five Pauls; and thinking he was overcharged, he gave his bills to a lady of my acquaintance to exa-

sion of these meetings every sort of wine, every luxury of the season, and English delicacy, were displayed. I never knew any man do the honours of his house with greater kindness and hospitality. On this eventful anniversary he was not, however, in his usual spirits, and evidently tried to drown the remembrance of the day by a levity that was forced and unnatural;—for it was clear, in spite of all his efforts, that

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mine †. At a Christmas-day dinner he had ordered a plum-pudding *à l'Anglaise*. Somebody afterwards told him it was not good. "Not "good!" said he: "why, it ought to be good; it "cost fifteen Pauls."

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† He ordered the remnants to be given away, lest his servants (as he said) should envy him every mouthful he eats.

something oppressed him, and he could not help continually recurring to the subject.

One of the party proposed Lady Byron's health, which he gave with evident pleasure, and we all drank in bumpers. The conversation turning on his separation, the probability of their being reconciled was canvassed.

"What!" said he, "after having lost the "five best years of our lives?—Never! "But," added he, "it was no fault of "mine that we quarrelled. I have made "advances enough. I had once an idea "that people are happiest in the marriage "state, after the impetuosity of the pas-"sions has subsided,—but that hope is all "over with me!"

Writing to a friend the day after our party, I finished my letter with the following remark :

" Notwithstanding the tone of raillery with which he sometimes speaks in ' Don Juan' of his separation from Lady Byron, and his saying, as he did to-day, that the only thing he thanks Lady Byron for is, that he cannot marry, &c., it is evident that it is the thorn in his side—the poison in his cup of life ! The veil is easily seen through. He endeavours to mask his griefs, and to fill up the void of his heart, by assuming a gaiety that does not belong to it. All the tender and endearing ties of social and domestic life rudely torn asunder, he has been wandering on from place to place, without finding any to rest in. Switzerland, Venice, Ravenna, and I

might even have added Tuscany, were doomed to be no asylum for him." &c.

I observed himself and all his servants in deep mourning. He did not wait for me to enquire the cause.

"I have just heard," said he, "of Lady "Noel's death. I am distressed for poor "Lady Byron! She must be in great af- "fliction, for she adored her mother! The "world will think I am pleased at this "event, but they are much mistaken. I "never wished for an accession of fortune; "I have enough without the Wentworth "property. I have written a letter of "condolence to Lady Byron,—you may "suppose in the kindest terms,—begin- "ning, 'My dear Lady Byron,—

" 'If we are not reconciled, it is not my " fault!' "

" I shall be delighted," I said, " to see you restored to her and to your country; which, notwithstanding all you say and write against it, I am sure you like. Do you remember a sentiment in the 'Two Foscari?' ——

" 'He who loves *not* his country, can love nothing.' "

" I am becoming more weaned from it " every day," said he after a pause, " and " have had enough to wean me from it!— " No! Lady Byron will not make it up " with me now, lest the world should say " that her mother only was to blame! " Lady Noel certainly identifies herself " very strongly in the quarrel, even by the " account of her last injunctions; for she

"directs in her will that my portrait, shut "up in a case by her orders, shall not be "opened till her grand-daughter be of "age, and then not given to her if Lady "Byron should be alive.

"I might have claimed all the fortune "for my life, if I had chosen to have done "so; but have agreed to leave the divi- "sion of it to Lord Dacre and Sir Francis "Burdett. The whole management of "the affair is confided to them; and I "shall not interfere, or make any sugges- "tion or objection, if they award Lady "Byron the whole."

I asked him how he became entitled?

"The late Lord Wentworth," said he, "bequeathed a life interest in his Lan-

"cashire estates to Lady Byron's mother, "and afterwards to her daughter: that is "the way I claim."

Some time after, when the equal partition had been settled, he said:

"I have offered Lady Byron the family "mansion in addition to the award, but "she has declined it: this is not kind."

The conversation turned after dinner on the lyrical poetry of the day, and a question arose as to which was the most perfect ode that had been produced. Shelley contended for Coleridge's on Switzerland, beginning, "Ye clouds," &c.; others named some of Moore's Irish Melodies, and Campbell's Hohenlinden; and, had

Lord Byron not been present, his own Invocation to Manfred, or Ode to Napoleon, or on Prometheus, might have been cited.

"Like Gray," said he, "Campbell smells "too much of the oil: he is never satis-"fied with what he does; his finest things "have been spoiled by over-polish—the "sharpness of the outline is worn off. "Like paintings, poems may be too highly "finished. The great art is effect, no "matter how produced.

"I will shew you an ode you have "never seen, that I consider little inferior "to the best which the present prolific "age has brought forth." With this he left the table, almost before the cloth was removed, and returned with a magazine, from which he read the following lines on

Sir John Moore's burial, which perhaps require no apology for finding a place here:

" Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
" As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;
" Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
" O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

" We buried him darkly at dead of night,
" The sods with our bayonets turning,—
" By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
" And the lantern dimly burning.

" No useless coffin confined his breast,
" Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him;
" But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
" With his martial cloak around him.

" Few and short were the prayers we said,
" And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
" But we stedfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
" And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

"We thought, as we heap'd his narrow bed,
"And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
"That the foe and the stranger would tread
"o'er his head,
"And we far away on the billow!

"Lightly they 'll talk of the spirit that 's gone,
"And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
"But nothing he 'll reck, if they let him sleep on
"In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

"But half of our heavy task was done,
"When the clock told the hour for retiring;
"And we heard by the distant and random gun,
"That the foe was suddenly firing.

"Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
"From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
"We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
"But we left him alone with his glory."

The feeling with which he recited these

admirable stanzas, I shall never forget. After he had come to an end, he repeated the third, and said it was perfect, particularly the lines

> " But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
> " With his martial cloak around him."

" I should have taken," said Shelley, " the whole for a rough sketch of Campbell's."

" No," replied Lord Byron: " Campbell " would have claimed it, if it had been " his."

I afterwards had reason to think that the ode was Lord Byron's; that he was piqued at none of his own being mentioned; and, after he had praised the

verses so highly, could not own them.* No other reason can be assigned for his not acknowledging himself the author, particularly as he was a great admirer of General Moore.

Talking after dinner of swimming, he said :—

" Murray published a letter I wrote to
" him from Venice, which might have
" seemed an idle display of vanity; but
" the object of my writing it, was to con-

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* I am corroborated in this opinion lately by a lady, whose brother received them many years ago from Lord Byron, in his Lordship's own handwriting.

" tradict what Turner had asserted about " the impossibility of crossing the Helles- " pont from the Abydos to the Sestos " side, in consequence of the tide.

" One is as easy as the other; we did " both." Here he turned round to Fletcher, to whom he occasionally referred, and said, " Fletcher, how far was it Mr. " Ekenhead and I swam?" Fletcher replied, " Three miles and a half, my Lord." (Of course he did not diminish the distance.) " The real width of the Helles- " pont," resumed Lord Byron, " is not " much above a mile; but the current is " prodigiously strong, and we were car- " ried down notwithstanding all our efforts. " I don't know how Leander contrived " to stem the stream, and steer straight " across; but nothing is impossible in love

" or religion. If I had had a Hero on the " other side, perhaps I should have worked " harder. We were to have undertaken " this feat some time before, but put it " off in consequence of the coldness of the " water; and it was chilly enough when " we performed it. I know I should have " made a bad Leander, for it gave me an " ague that I did not so easily get rid of. " There were some sailors in the fleet " who swam further than I did—I do not " say than I could have done, for it is the " only exercise I pride myself upon, being " almost amphibious.

" I remember being at Brighton many " years ago, and having great difficulty in " making the land,—the wind blowing off " the shore, and the tide setting out. " Crowds of people were collected on the

"beach to see us. Mr. —— (I think he "said Hobhouse) was with me; and," he "added, "I had great difficulty in saving "him—he nearly drowned me.

"When I was at Venice, there was an "Italian who knew no more of swimming "than a camel, but he had heard of my "prowess in the Dardanelles, and chal-"lenged me. Not wishing that any fo-"reigner at least should beat me at my "own arms, I consented to engage in the "contest. Alexander Scott proposed to "be of the party, and we started from "Lido. Our land-lubber was very soon "in the rear, and Scott saw him make for "a gondola. He rested himself first "against one, and then against another, "and gave in before we got half way to "St. Mark's Place. We saw no more of

" him, but continued our course through " the Grand Canal, landing at my palace- " stairs. The water of the Lagunes is " dull, and not very clear or agreeable to " bathe in. I can keep myself up for " hours in the sea: I delight in it, and " come out with a buoyancy of spirits I " never feel on any other occasion.

" If I believed in the transmigration of " your Hindoos, I should think I had been " a *Merman* in some former state of exist- " ence, or was going to be turned into " one in the next."

" When I published 'Marino Faliero' I " had not the most distant view to the " stage. My object in choosing that his- " torical subject was to record one of the

" most remarkable incidents in the annals
" of the Venetian Republic, embodying it
" in what I considered the most interest-
" ing form—dialogue, and giving my work
" the accompaniments of scenery and man-
" ners studied on the spot. That Fa-
" liero should, for a slight to a woman,
" become a traitor to his country, and con-
" spire to massacre all his fellow-nobles,
" and that the young Foscari should have
" a sickly affection for his native city, were
" no inventions of mine. I painted the
" men as I found them, as they were,—
" not as the critics would have them. I
" took the stories as they were handed
" down; and if human nature is not the
" same in one country as it is in others,
" am I to blame?—can I help it? But no
" painting, however highly coloured, can
" give an idea of the intensity of a Vene-

" tian's affection for his native city. Shel-
" ley, I remember, draws a very beautiful
" picture of the tranquil pleasures of Ve-
" nice in a poem* which he has not pub-

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* The lines to which Lord Byron referred are these:

" If I had been an unconnected man,
" I from this moment should have form'd the plan
" Never to leave fair Venice—for to me
" It was delight to ride by the lone sea;
" And then the town is silent—one may write
" Or read in gondolas by day or night,
" Having the little brazen lamp alight,
" Unseen, uninterrupted: books are there,
" Pictures, and casts from all those statues fair
" Which were twin-born with poetry,—and all
" We seek in towns, with little to recall
" Regrets for the green country. I might sit
" In Maddalo's great palace," &c.

Julian and Maddalo.

"lished, and in which he does not make "me cut a good figure. It describes an "evening we passed together.

"There was one mistake I committed: "I should have called 'Marino Faliero' "and 'The Two Foscari' dramas, historic "poems, or any thing, in short, but tra-"gedies or plays. In the first place, I "was ill-used in the extreme by the Doge "being brought on the stage at all, after "my Preface. Then it consists of 3500 "lines:* a good acting play should not "exceed 1500 or 1800; and, conformably "with my plan, the materials could not "have been compressed into so confined "a space.

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* He gave me the copy, with the number of lines marked with his own pencil. I have left it in England.

"I remember Hogg the Ettrick Shep-
"herd telling me, many years ago, that I
"should never be able to condense my
"powers of writing sufficiently for the
"stage, and that the fault of all my plays
"would be their being too long for act-
"ing. The remark occurred to me when
"I was about 'Marino Faliero;' but I
"thought it unnecessary to try and con-
"tradict his prediction, as I did not study
"stage-effect, and meant it solely for the
"closet. So much was I averse from its
"being acted, that, the moment I heard
"of the intention of the Managers, I ap-
"plied for an injunction; but the Chan-
"cellor refused to interfere, or issue an
"order for suspending the representation.
"It was a question of great importance in
"the literary world of property. He
"would neither protect me nor Murray.

"But the manner in which it was got up "was shameful!* All the declamatory "parts were left, all the dramatic ones "struck out; and Cooper, the new ac-"tor, was the murderer of the whole. "Lioni's soliloquy, which I wrote one "moonlight night after coming from the "Benyons', ought to have been omitted "altogether, or at all events much cur-"tailed. What audience will listen with "any patience to a mere tirade of poetry, "which stops the march of the actor? "No wonder, then, that the unhappy "Doge should have been damned! But it "was no very pleasant news for me; and "the letter containing it was accompanied "by another, to inform me that an old

* Acted at Drury Lane, April 25, 1821.

"lady, from whom I had great expecta-
"tions, was likely to live to an hundred.
"There is an autumnal shoot in some
"old people, as in trees; and I fancy
"her constitution has got some of the
"new sap. Well, on these two pleasant
"pieces of intelligence I wrote the fol-
"lowing epigram, or elegy it may be
"termed, from the melancholy nature of
"the subject:—

"Behold the blessings of a happy lot!
"My play is damn'd, and Lady ——— not!

"I understand that Louis Dix-huit, or
"*huitres,* as Moore spells it, has made a
"traduction of poor 'Faliero;' but I
"should hope it will not be attempted
"on the *Théatre François.* It is quite
"enough for a man to be damned once.

"I was satisfied with Jeffrey's critique* "on the play, for it abounded in extracts. "He was welcome to his own opinion,— "which was fairly stated. His summing "up in favour of my friend Sir Walter "amused me: it reminded me of a school- "master, who, after flogging a bad boy, "calls out the head of the class, and, pat- "ting him on the head, gives him all the "sugar-plums.

"The common trick of Reviewers is, "when they want to depreciate a work, to "give no quotations from it. This is what

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* "However, I forgive him; and I trust
"He will forgive himself:—if not, I must.
"Old enemies who have become new friends,
"Should so continue;—'tis a point of honour."
Don Juan, Canto X. Stanzas 11 and 12.

" 'The Quarterly' shines in;—the way " Milman put down Shelley, when he com- " pared him to Pharaoh, and his works " to his chariot-wheels, by what contor- " tion of images I forget;—but it reminds " me of another person's comparing me " in a poem to Jesus Christ, and telling " me, when I objected to its profanity, " that he alluded to me in situation, not " in person! 'What!' said I in reply, " 'would you have me crucified? We are " not in Jerusalem, are we?' But this " is a long parenthesis. The Reviewers " are like a counsellor, after an abusive " speech, calling no witnesses to prove his " assertions.

" There are people who read nothing " but these *trimestrials*, and swear by the " *ipse dixit* of these autocrats—these Ac-

"tæon hunters of literature. They are "fond of raising up and throwing down "idols. 'The Edinburgh' did so with "Walter Scott's poetry, and, —— perhaps "there is no merit in my plays? It may "be so; and Milman may be a great poet, "if Heber is right and I am wrong. He "has the dramatic faculty, and I have not. "So they pretended to say of Milton. I "am too happy in being coupled in any "way with Milton, and shall be glad if "they find any points of comparison be-"tween him and me.

"But the praise or blame of Review-"ers does not last long now-a-days. It "is like straw thrown up in the air.*

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* He seemed to think somewhat differently afterwards, when, after the review in 'The

"I hope, notwithstanding all that has "been said, to write eight more plays this "year, and to live long enough to rival "Lope de Vega, or Calderon. I have two "subjects that I think of writing on,— "Miss Leigh's German tale 'Kruitzner,' "and Pausanias.

"What do you think of Pausanias? "The unities can be strictly preserved, "almost without deviating from history. "The temple where he took refuge, and "from whose sanctuary he was forced "without profaning it, will furnish com- "plete unities of time and place.

"No event in ancient times ever struck

Quarterly' of his plays, he wrote to me, saying, "I am the most unpopular writer *going!*"

"me as more noble and dramatic than "the death of Demosthenes. You re- "member his last words to Archias?— "But subjects are not wanting."

I told Lord Byron, that I had had a letter from Procter*, and that he had been jeered on 'The Duke of Mirandola' not having been included in his (Lord B.'s) enumeration of the dramatic pieces of the day; and that he added, he had been at Harrow with him.

"Ay," said Lord Byron, "I remember "the name: he was in the lower school, "in such a class. They stood Farrer, "Procter, Jocelyn."

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* Barry Cornwall

I have no doubt Lord Byron could have gone through all the names, such was his memory. He immediately sat down, and very good-naturedly gave me the following note to send to Barry Cornwall, which shews that the arguments of the Reviewers had not changed his Unitarian opinions, (as he called them):

"Had I been aware of your tragedy "when I wrote my note to 'Marino Fa-"liero,' although it is a matter of no "consequence to you, I should certainly "not have omitted to insert your name "with those of the other writers who still "do honour to the drama.

"My own notions on the subject alto-"gether are so different from the popular "ideas of the day, that we differ essen-

"tially, as indeed I do from our whole "English *literati*, upon that topic. But I "do not contend that I am right—I merely "say that such is my opinion; and as it "is a solitary one, it can do no great harm. "But it does not prevent me from doing "justice to the powers of those who adopt "a different system."

I introduced the subject of Cain:—

"When I was a boy," said he, "I stu-"died German, which I have now entirely "forgotten. It was very little I ever knew "of it. Abel was one of the first books "my German master read to me; and "whilst he was crying his eyes out over "its pages, I thought that any other than "Cain had hardly committed a crime in

" ridding the world of so dull a fellow
" as Gessner made brother Abel.

" I always thought Cain a fine subject, " and when I took it up I determined to " treat it strictly after the Mosaic ac- " count. I therefore made the snake a " snake, and took a Bishop for my inter- " preter.

" I had once an idea of following the " Arminian Scriptures, and making Cain's " crime proceed from jealousy, and love " of his uterine sister; but, though a more " probable cause of dispute, I abandoned " it as unorthodox.

" One mistake crept in,—Abel's should " have been made the first sacrifice: and " it is singular that the first form of reli-

"gious worship should have induced the "first murder.

"Hobhouse has denounced 'Cain' as "irreligious, and has penned me a most "furious epistle, urging me not to pub-"lish it, as I value my reputation or his "friendship. He contends that it is a "work I should not have ventured to "have put my name to in the days of "Pope, Churchill, and Johnson, (a curious "trio!) Hobhouse used to write good "verses once himself, but he seems to "have forgotten what poetry is in others, "when he says my 'Cain' reminds him of "the worst bombast of Dryden's. Shel-"ley, who is no bad judge of the com-"positions of others, however he may fail "in procuring success for his own, is most "sensitive and indignant at this critique,

"and says (what is not the case) that "'Cain' is the finest thing I ever wrote, "calls it worthy of Milton, and backs it "against Hobhouse's poetical Trinity.

"The *Snake's* rage has prevented my "crest from rising. I shall write Hob-"house a very unimpassioned letter, but "a firm one. The publication shall go "on, whether Murray refuses to print it "or not.

"I have just got a letter, and an ad-"mirable one it is, from Sir Walter Scott, "to whom I dedicated 'Cain.' The sight "of one of his letters always does me "good. I hardly know what to make of "all the contradictory opinions that have "been sent me this week. Moore says, "that more people are shocked with the

"blasphemy of the sentiments, than de-
"lighted with the beauty of the lines.
"Another person thinks the Devil's argu-
"ments irresistible, or irrefutable. ——
"says that the Liberals like it, but that
"the Ultraists are making a terrible out-
"cry; and that the *he* and *him* not being
"in capitals, in full dress uniform, shocks
"the High-church and Court party. Some
"call me an Atheist, others a Manichæan,
"—a very bad and a hard-sounding name,
"that shocks the *illiterati* the more be-
"cause they don't know what it means.
"I am taxed with having made my drama
"a peg to hang on it a long, and some
"say tiresome, dissertation on the princi-
"ple of Evil; and, what is worse, with
"having given Lucifer the best of the
"argument; all of which I am accused
"of taking from Voltaire.

"I could not make Lucifer expound "the Thirty-nine Articles, nor talk as the "Divines do: that would never have "suited his purpose, — nor, one would "think, theirs. They ought to be grateful "to him for giving them a subject to write "about. What would they do without "evil in the Prince of Evil? Othello's "occupation would be gone. I have made "Lucifer say no more in his defence than "was absolutely necessary,—not half so "much as Milton makes his Satan do. "I was forced to keep up his dramatic "character. *Au reste,* I have adhered "closely to the Old Testament, and I "defy any one to question my moral.

"Johnson, who would have been glad "of an opportunity of throwing another "stone at Milton, redeems him from any

"censure for putting impiety and even "blasphemy into the mouths of his in-"fernal spirits. By what rule, then, am I to "have all the blame? What would the "Methodists at home say to Goëthe's "'Faust'? His devil not only talks very "familiarly *of* Heaven, but very familiarly "*in* Heaven. What would they think of "the colloquies of Mephistopheles and "his pupil, or the more daring language of "the prologue, which no one will ever "venture to translate? And yet this play "is not only tolerated and admired, as "every thing he wrote must be, but acted, "in Germany. And are the Germans a "less moral people than we are? I doubt "it much. Faust itself is not so fine a "subject as Cain. It is a grand mystery. "The mark that was put upon Cain is "a sublime and shadowy act: Goëthe

"would have made more of it than I have done *."

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* On Mr. Murray being threatened with a prosecution, Lord Byron begged me to copy the following letter for him:—

"Attacks upon me were to be expected; but "I perceive one upon you in the papers which, "I confess, I did not expect.

"How and in what manner you can be considered responsible for what I publish, I am at a "loss to conceive. If 'Cain' be blasphemous, "'Paradise Lost' is blasphemous; and the words "of the Oxford gentleman, 'Evil, be thou my "good,' are from that very poem, from the mouth "of Satan,—and is there any thing more in that "of Lucifer, in the Mystery? 'Cain' is nothing "more than a drama, not a piece of argument. "If Lucifer and Cain speak as the first rebel

I cannot resist presenting the public with a drinking-song composed one morn-

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"and the first murderer may be supposed to "speak, nearly all the rest of the personages talk "also according to their characters; and the "stronger passions have ever been permitted to "the drama. I have avoided introducing the "Deity, as in Scripture, though Milton does, and "not very wisely either; but have adopted his "angel as sent to Cain instead, on purpose to "avoid shocking any feelings on the subject, by "falling short of what all uninspired men must "fall short in,—viz. giving an adequate notion of "the effect of the presence of Jehovah. The "old Mysteries introduced Him liberally enough, "and all this I avoided in the new one.

"The attempt to bully you because they think "it will not succeed with me, seems as atrocious "an attempt as ever disgraced the times. What!

ing,—or perhaps evening, after one of our dinners.

" Fill the goblet again, for I never before
" Felt the glow that now gladdens my heart to
its core:
" Let us drink—who would not? since, thro' life's
varied round
" In the goblet alone no deception is found.

" when Gibbon's, Hume's, Priestley's, and Drum-
" mond's publishers have been allowed to rest in
" peace for seventy years, are you to be singled
" out for a work of fiction, not of history or argu-
" ment?

" There must be something at the bottom of
" this—some private enemy of your own: it is
" otherwise incredible. I can only say, '*Me, me,
" adsum qui feci;*' that any proceedings against
" you may, I beg, be transferred to me, who am

"I have tried in its turn all that life can supply;
"I have bask'd in the beams of a dark rolling eye;
"I have lov'd—who has not? but what tongue will declare
"That pleasure existed while passion was there?

"willing and ought to endure them all; that if "you have lost money by the publication, I will "refund any or all of the copyright: that I de-"sire you will say, that both you and Mr. Gif-"ford remonstrated against the publication, and "also Mr. Hobhouse; that I alone occasioned it, "and I alone am the person who, either legally "or otherwise, should bear the burthen.

"If they prosecute, I will come to England; "that is, if by meeting in my own person I can "save yours. Let me know. You shan't suffer "for me, if I can help it. Make any use of this "letter you please."

[library stamp]

"In the days of our youth, when the heart 's in
its spring,
"And dreams that affection can never take wing,
"I had friends—who has not? but what tongue
will avow
"That friends, rosy wine, are so faithful as thou?

"The breast of a mistress some boy may
estrange;
"Friendship shifts with the sun-beam,—thou
never canst change.
"Thou grow'st old—who does not? but on earth
what appears,
"Whose virtues, like thine, but increase with our
years?

"Yet if blest to the utmost that love can bestow,
"Should a rival bow down to our idol below,
"We are jealous—who 's not? *thou* hast no such
alloy,
"For the more that enjoy thee, the more they
enjoy.

" When, the season of youth and its jollities past,
" For refuge we fly to the goblet at last,
" Then we find—who does not? in the flow of
the soul,
" That truth, as of yore, is confined to the bowl.

" When the box of Pandora was open'd on earth,
" And Memory's triumph commenced over Mirth,
" Hope was left—was she not? but the goblet
we kiss,
" And care not for hope, who are certain of bliss.

" Long life to the grape! and when summer is
flown,
" The age of our nectar shall gladden my own.
" We must die—who does not? may our sins be
forgiven!
" And Hebe shall never be idle in Heaven."

Dining with him another day, the subject of private theatricals was introduced.

"I am very fond of a private theatre," said he. "I remember myself and some "friends at Cambridge getting up a play; "and that reminds me of a thing which "happened, that was very provoking in "itself, but very humorous in its conse- "quences.

"On the day of representation, one of "the performers took it into his head to "make an excuse, and his part was ob- "liged to be read. Hobhouse came for- "ward to apologize to the audience, and "told them that a Mr. —— had declined "to perform his part, &c. The gentle- "man was highly indignant at the '*a*,' and "had a great inclination to pick a quarrel "with Scroope Davies, who replied, that he "supposed Mr. —— wanted to be called

" *the* Mr. so and so. He ever after went
" by the name of the '*Definite Article*.'

" After this preface, to be less indefinite, suppose we were to get up a play. " My hall, which is the largest in Tuscany, would make a capital theatre; and " we may send to Florence for an audience, if we cannot fill it here. And as " to decorations, nothing is easier in any " part of Italy than to get them: besides " that, Williams will assist us."

It was accordingly agreed that we should commence with " Othello." Lord Byron was to be Iago. Orders were to be given for the fitting up of the stage, preparing the dresses, &c., and rehearsals of a few scenes took place. Perhaps Lord

Byron would have made the finest actor in the world. His voice had a flexibility, a variety in its tones, a power and pathos beyond any I ever heard; and his countenance was capable of expressing the tenderest, as well as the strongest emotions. I shall never forget his reading Iago's part in the handkerchief scene.

" Shakspeare was right," said he, after he had finished, " in making Othello's jea-" lousy turn upon that circumstance.* The

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* Calderon says, in the *Cisma de l'Inglaterra,* (I have not the original,)

" She gave me, too, a handkerchief,—a spell—
" A flattering pledge, my hopes to animate—
" An astrologic favour—fatal prize,
" That told too true what tears must weep
these eyes !"

"handkerchief is the strongest proof of "love, not only among the Moors, but all "Eastern nations: and yet they say that "the plot of 'Marino Faliero' hangs upon "too slight a cause."

All at once a difficulty arose about a Desdemona, and the Guiccioli put her Veto on our theatricals. The influence of the Countess over Lord Byron reminded me of a remark of Fletcher's, that Shelley once repeated to me as having overheard: "That it was strange every woman should be able to manage his Lordship, but her Ladyship!"

Discussing the different actors of the day, he said:

" Dowton, who hated Kean, used to say " that his Othello reminded him of Obi, " or Three-fingered Jack,—not Othello. " But, whatever his Othello might have " been, Garrick himself never surpassed " him in Iago. I am told that Kean is not " so great a favourite with the public since " his return from America, and that party " strengthened against him in his absence. " I *guess* he could not have staid long " enough to be spoiled; though I *calculate* " no actor is improved by their stage. " How do you *reckon?*

" Kean began by acting Richard the " Third when quite a boy, and gave all " the promise of what he afterwards be- " came. His Sir Giles Overreach was a " wonderful performance. The actrèsses " were afraid of him; and he was after-

" wards so much exhausted himself, that " he fell into fits. This, I am told, was " the case with Miss O'Neil.*

" Kemble did much towards the reform " of our stage. Classical costume was al- " most unknown before he undertook to " revise the dresses. Garrick used to act " Othello in a red coat and epaulettes, " and other characters had prescriptive " habits equally ridiculous. I can con- " ceive nothing equal to Kemble's Corio- " lanus; and he looked the Roman so " well, that even 'Cato,' cold and *stiltish* " as it is, had a run. That shews what an " actor can do for a play! If he had acted " 'Marino Faliero,' its fate would have " been very different.

* And he might have added Pasta.

"Kemble pronounced several words "affectedly, which should be cautiously "avoided on the stage. It is nothing that "Campbell writes it *Sepulcrè* in 'Hohen-"linden.' The Greek derivation is much "against his pronunciation of *ache*."

He now began to mimic Kemble's voice and manner of spouting, and imitated him inimitably in Prospero's lines:

" 'Yea, the great globe itself, it shall dissolve,
" 'And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
" 'Leave not a *rack* behind!'

"When half seas over, Kemble used to "speak in blank-verse: and with prac-"tice, I don't think it would be difficult. "Good prose resolves itself into blank-"verse. Why should we not be able to

"improvise in hexameters, as well as the "Italians? Theodore Hook is an impro- "visatore."

"The greatest genius in that way that perhaps Italy ever produced," said Shelley, "is Sgricci."

"There is a great deal of knack in these "gentry," replied Lord Byron; "their "poetry is more mechanical than you "suppose. More verses are written yearly "in Italy, than millions of money are cir- "culated. It is usual for every Italian "gentleman to make sonnets to his mis- "tress's eyebrow before he is married,—or "the lady must be very uninspiring in- "deed.

"But Sgricci! To extemporize a whole

" tragedy seems a miraculous gift. I heard " him improvise a five-act play at Lucca, " on the subject of the '*Iphigenia in Tauris*,' and never was more interested. " He put one of the finest speeches into " the mouth of Iphigenia I ever heard. " She compared her brother Orestes to " the sole remaining pillar on which a " temple hung tottering, in the act of " ruin. The idea, it is true, is from Euripides, but he made it his own. I have " never read his play since I was at school. " I don't know how Sgricci's tragedies " may appear in print, but his printed " poetry is tame stuff.

" The inspiration of the *improviser* is " quite a separate talent :—a consciousness " of his own powers, his own elocution— " the wondering and applauding audience,

"—all conspire to give him confidence; "but the deity forsakes him when he "coldly sits down to think. Sgricci is not "only a fine poet, but a fine actor. Mrs. "Siddons," continued Lord Byron, "was "the *beau idéal* of acting; Miss O'Neil "I would not go to see, for fear of weak- "ening the impression made by the queen "of tragedians. When I read Lady Mac- "beth's part, I have Mrs. Siddons before "me, and imagination even supplies her "voice, whose tones were superhuman, "and power over the heart supernatural.

"It is pleasant enough sometimes to "take a peep behind, as well as to look "before the scenes.

"I remember one leg of an elephant "saying to another, 'D—n your eyes,

"move a little quicker;' and overhearing "at the Opera two people in love, who "were so *distraits* that they made the re-"sponses between the intervals of the re-"citation, instead of during the recitation "itself. One said to the other, 'Do you "love me?' then came the flourish of mu-"sic, and the reply sweeter than the mu-"sic, 'Can you doubt it?'"

"I have just been reading Lamb's Spe-"cimens," said he, "and am surprised to "find in the extracts from the old dra-"matists so many ideas that I thought "exclusively my own. Here is a passage, "for instance, from 'The Duchess of "Malfy,' astonishingly like one in 'Don "Juan.'

" '*The leprosy of lust*' I discover, too, " is not mine. '*Thou tremblest,*'—'*'Tis* " *with age then,*' which I am accused of " borrowing from Otway, was taken from " the Old Bailey proceedings. Some " judge observed to the witness, 'Thou " tremblest;'—' 'Tis with cold then,' was " the reply.

" These Specimens of Lamb's I never " saw till to-day. I am taxed with being " a plagiarist, when I am least conscious " of being one; but I am not very scru- " pulous, I own, when I have a good " idea, how I came into possession of it. " How can we tell to what extent Shak- " speare is indebted to his contempora- " ries, whose works are now lost? Be- " sides which, Cibber adapted his plays to " the stage.

"The invocation of the witches was, we "know, a servile plagiarism from Middle-"ton. Authors were not so squeamish "about borrowing from one another in "those days. If it be a fault, I do not "pretend to be immaculate. I will lend "you some volumes of Shipwrecks, from "which my storm in 'Don Juan' came."

"Lend me also 'Casti's Novelle,'" said I. "Did you never see in Italian,—

"Round her she makes an atmosphere of light;
"The very air seem'd lighter from her eyes?"

"The Germans," said he, "and I be-"lieve Goëthe himself, consider that I "have taken great liberties with 'Faust.' "All I know of that drama is from a sorry "French translation, from an occasional

"reading or two into English of parts of "it by Monk Lewis when at Diodati, and "from the Hartz mountain-scene, that "Shelley versified from the other day. "Nothing I envy him so much as to be "able to read that astonishing production "in the original. As to originality, Goëthe "has too much sense to pretend that he "is not under obligations to authors, an-"cient and modern;—who is not? You "tell me the plot is almost entirely Cal-"deron's. The fête, the scholar, the ar-"gument about the *Logos*, the selling him-"self to the fiend, and afterwards denying "his power; his disguise of the plumed "cavalier; the enchanted mirror,—are all "from Cyprian. That *magico prodigioso* "must be worth reading, and nobody "seems to know any thing about it but "you and Shelley. Then the vision is not

" unlike that of Marlow's, in his 'Faustus.' " The bed-scene is from 'Cymbeline;' the " song or serenade, a translation of Ophe- " lia's, in 'Hamlet;' and, more than all, " the prologue is from Job, which is the " first drama in the world, and perhaps " the oldest poem. I had an idea of writ- " ing a 'Job,' but I found it too sublime. " There is no poetry to be compared " with it."

I told him that Japhet's soliloquy in 'Heaven and Earth,' and address to the mountains of Caucasus, strongly resembled Faust's.

" I shall have commentators enough " by and by," said he, " to dissect my " thoughts, and find owners for them."

"When I first saw the review of my "'Hours of Idleness,'* I was furious; in "such a rage as I never have been in "since.

"I dined that day with Scroope Davies, "and drank three bottles of claret to "drown it; but it only boiled the more. "That critique was a masterpiece of low "wit, a tissue of scurrilous abuse. I re-"member there was a great deal of vulgar "trash in it which was meant for humour, "'about people being thankful for what "they could get,'—'not looking a gift "horse in the mouth,' and such stable ex-"pressions. The severity of 'The Quar-"terly' killed poor Keats, and neglect, "Kirke White; but I was made of differ-

* Written in 1808.

"ent stuff, of tougher materials. So far "from their bullying me, or deterring me "from writing, I was bent on falsifying "their raven predictions, and determined "to shew them, croak as they would, that "it was not the last time they should hear "from me. I set to work immediately, "and in good earnest, and produced in a "year 'The English Bards and Scotch "Reviewers.' For the first four days after "it was announced, I was very nervous "about its fate. Generally speaking, the "first fortnight decides the public opinion "of a new book. This made a prodigious "impression, more perhaps than any of "my works, except 'The Corsair.'

"In less than a year and a half it "passed through four editions, and rather "large ones. To some of them, contrary

"to the advice of my friends, I affixed "my name. The thing was known to be "mine, and I could not have escaped any "enemies in not owning it; besides, it "was more manly not to deny it. There "were many things in that satire which I "was afterwards sorry for, and I wished "to cancel it. If Galignani chose to re-"print it, it was no fault of mine. I did "my utmost to suppress the publication, "not only in England, but in Ireland. I "will tell you my principal reason for do-"ing so: I had good grounds to believe "that Jeffrey (though perhaps really re-"sponsible for whatever appears in 'The "Edinburgh,' as Gifford is for 'The Quar-"terly,' as its editor) was not the author of "that article,—was not guilty of it. He "disowned it; and though he would not "give up the aggressor, he said he would

"convince me, if I ever came to Scotland, "who the person was. I have every rea- "son to believe it was a certain lawyer, "who hated me for something I once said "of Mrs. ——. The technical language "about 'minority pleas,' 'plaintiffs,' "'grounds of action,' &c. a jargon only "intelligible to a lawyer, leaves no doubt "in my mind on the subject. I bear no "animosity to him now, though, inde- "pendently of this lampoon, which does "him no credit, he gave me cause enough "of offence.

"The occasion was this:—In my sepa- "ration-cause, that went before the Chan- "cellor as a matter of form, when the pro- "ceedings came on, he took upon himself "to apply some expressions, or make some "allusions to me, which must have been

" of a most unwarrantable nature, as my " friends consulted whether they should " acquaint me with the purport of them. " What they precisely were I never knew, " or should certainly have made him re- " tract them. I met him afterwards at " Coppet, but was not at that time ac- " quainted with this circumstance. He " took on himself the advocate also, in " writing to Madame de Staël, and advis- " ing her not to meddle in the quarrel " between Lady Byron and myself. This " was not kind; it was a gratuitous and " unfeed act of hostility. But there was " another reason that influenced me even " more than my cooled resentment against " Jeffrey, to suppress 'English Bards and " Scotch Reviewers.' In the duel-scene I " had unconsciously made part of the ridi- " cule fall on Moore. The fact was, that

"there was no imputation on the courage "of either of the principals. One of the "balls fell out in the carriage, and was "lost; and the seconds, not having a fur-"ther supply, drew the remaining one.

"Shortly after this publication I went "abroad: and Moore was so offended by "the mention of the leadless pistols, that "he addressed a letter to me in the na-"ture of a challenge, delivering it to the "care of Mr. Hanson, but without ac-"quainting him with the contents. This "letter was mislaid,—at least never for-"warded to me.

"But, on my return to England in 1812, "an enquiry was made by Moore if I had "received such a letter? adding, that par-"ticular circumstances (meaning his mar-

" riage, or perhaps the suppression of the " satire) had now altered his situation, and " that he wished to recall the letter, and " to be known to me through Rogers. I " was shy of this mode of arranging mat- " ters, one hand presenting a pistol, and " another held out to shake; and felt awk- " ward at the loss of a letter of such a na- " ture, and the imputation it might have " given rise to. But when, after a consi- " derable search, it was at length found, I " returned it to Moore with the seal un- " broken; and we have since been the " best friends in the world. I correspond " with no one so regularly as with Moore.

" It is remarkable that I should at this " moment number among my most intimate " friends and correspondents those whom " I most made the subjects of satire in

"'English Bards.' I never retracted my "opinions of their works,—I never sought "their acquaintance; but there are men "who can forgive and forget. The Lau-"reate is not one of that disposition, and "exults over the anticipated death-bed "repentance of the objects of his hatred. "Finding that his denunciations or pane-"gyrics are of little or no avail here, he in-"dulges himself in a pleasant *vision* as to "what will be their fate hereafter. The "third Heaven is hardly good enough for "a king, and Dante's worst birth in the "'Inferno' hardly bad enough for me. "My kindness to his brother-in-law might "have taught him to be more charitable. "I said in a Note to 'The Two Foscari,' "in answer to his vain boasting, that I had "done more real good in one year than "Mr. Southey in the whole course of his

"shifting and turn-coat existence, on "which he seems to reflect with so much "complacency. I did not mean to pride "myself on the act to which I have just "referred, and should not mention it to "you, but that his self-sufficiency calls "for the explanation. When Coleridge "was in great distress, I borrowed 100*l.* "to give him."

Some days after this discussion appeared Mr. Southey's reply to the Note in question. I happened to see 'The Literary Gazette' at Mr. Edgeworth's, and mentioned the general purport of the letter to Lord Byron during our evening ride. His anxiety to get a sight of it was so great, that he wrote me two notes in the course of the evening, entreating me to procure the paper. I at length succeeded, and

took it to the Lanfranchi palace at eleven o'clock, (after coming from the opera,) an hour at which I was frequently in the habit of calling on him.

He had left the Guiccioli earlier than usual, and I found him waiting with some impatience. I never shall forget his countenance as he glanced rapidly over the contents. He looked perfectly awful: his colour changed almost prismatically; his lips were as pale as death. He said not a word. He read it a second time, and with more attention than his rage at first permitted, commenting on some of the passages as he went on. When he had finished, he threw down the paper, and asked me if I thought there was any thing of a personal nature in the reply that demanded satisfaction; as, if there was, he would

instantly set off for England and call Southey to an account,—muttering something about whips, and branding-irons, and gibbets, and wounding the heart of a woman,—words of Mr. Southey's. I said that, as to personality, his own expressions of "cowardly ferocity," "pitiful renegado," "hireling," were much stronger than any in the letter before me. He paused a moment, and said:

"Perhaps you are right; but I will con-
"sider of it. You have not seen *my* 'Vi-
"sion of Judgment.' I wish I had a copy
"to shew you; but the only one I have is
"in London. I had almost decided not
"to publish it, but it shall now go forth to
"the world. I will write to Douglas Kin-
"naird by to-morrow's post, to-night, not
"to delay its appearance. The question

" is, whom to get to print it. Murray will " have nothing to say to it just now, while " the prosecution of 'Cain' hangs over his " head. It was offered to Longman; but " he declined it on the plea of its injuring " the sale of Southey's Hexameters, of " which he is the publisher. Hunt shall " have it."

Another time he said:

" I am glad Mr. Southey owns that " article on 'Foliage,' which excited my " choler so much. But who else could " have been the author? Who but Sou-" they would have had the baseness, under " the pretext of reviewing the work of one " man, insidiously to make it a nest-egg " for hatching malicious calumnies against " others?

" It was bad taste, to say the least of it, " in Shelley to write Αθεος after his name " at Mont Anvert. I knew little of him " at that time, but it happened to meet my " eye, and I put my pen through the word, " and Μωρος too, that had been added by " some one else by way of comment—and " a very proper comment too, and the " only one that should have been made on " it. There it should have stopped. It " would have been more creditable to Mr. " Southey's heart and feelings if he had " been of this opinion; he would then " never have made the use of his travels " he did, nor have raked out of an album " the silly joke of a boy, in order to make " it matter of serious accusation against " him at home. I might well say he had " impudence enough, if he could confess " such infamy. I say nothing of the cri-

"tique itself on 'Foliage;' with the ex-
"ception of a few sonnets, it was unwor-
"thy of Hunt. But what was the object
"of that article? I repeat, to vilify and
"scatter his dark and devilish insinuations
"against me and others. Shame on the
"man who could wound an already bleed-
"ing heart,—be barbarous enough to re-
"vive the memory of a fatal event that
"Shelley was perfectly innocent of,—and
"found scandal on falsehood! Shelley
"taxed him with writing that article some
"years ago; and he had the audacity to
"admit that he had treasured up some
"opinions of Shelley's, ten years before,
"when he was on a visit at Keswick, and
"had made a note of them at the time.
"But his bag of venom was not full; it is
"the nature of the reptile. Why does a
"viper have a poison-tooth, or the scor-
"pion claws?"

Some days after these remarks, on calling on him one morning, he produced 'The Deformed Transformed.' Handing it to Shelley, as he was in the habit of doing his daily compositions, he said:

"Shelley, I have been writing a *Faustish* "kind of drama: tell me what you think "of it."

After reading it attentively, Shelley returned it.

"Well," said Lord Byron, "how do you "like it?"

"Least," replied he, "of any thing I ever saw of yours. It is a bad imitation of 'Faust;' and besides, there are two entire lines of Southey's in it."

Lord Byron changed colour immediately, and asked hastily what lines? Shelley repeated,

'And water shall see thee,
And fear thee, and flee thee.'

"They are in 'The Curse of Kehama.'"

His Lordship, without making a single observation, instantly threw the poem into the fire. He seemed to feel no chagrin at seeing it consume — at least his countenance betrayed none, and his conversation became more gay and lively than usual. Whether it was hatred of Southey, or respect for Shelley's opinions, which made him commit an act that I considered a sort of suicide, was always doubtful to me. I was never more surprised than to see, two

years afterwards, 'The Deformed Transformed' announced, (supposing it to have perished at Pisa); but it seems that he must have had another copy of the manuscript, or had re-written it perhaps, without changing a word, except omitting the 'Kehama' lines. His memory was remarkably retentive of his own writings. I believe he could have quoted almost every line he ever wrote.

One day a correspondent of Lord Byron's sent him from Paris the following lines — a sort of epitaph for Southey — which he gave me leave to copy.

"Beneath these poppies buried deep,
The bones of Bob the Bard lie hid;
Peace to his manes! and may he sleep
As soundly as his readers did!

Through every sort of verse meandering,
Bob went without a hitch or fall,
Through Epic, Sapphic, Alexandrine,
To verse that was no verse at all;

Till Fiction having done enough
To make a bard at least absurd,
And give his readers *quantum suff.*,
He took to praising George the Third:

And now in virtue of his crown,
Dooms us, poor Whigs, at once to slaughter;
Like Donellan of bad renown,
Poisoning us all with laurel water.

And yet at times some awkward qualms he
Felt about leaving honour's track;
And though he has got a butt of Malmsey,
It may not save him from a sack.

Death, weary of so dull a writer,
  Put to his works a *finis* thus.
O! may the earth on him lie lighter
  Than did his quartos upon us!"

" 'Heaven and Earth' was commenced," " said he, " at Ravenna, on the 9th Octo-" ber last. It occupied about fourteen " days. Douglas Kinnaird tells me that " he can get no bookseller to publish it. " It was offered to Murray; but he is the " most timid of God's booksellers, and " starts at the title. He has taken a dis-" like to that three-syllabled word *Mys-" tery*, and says, I know not why, that it " is another 'Cain.' I suppose he does " not like my making one of Cain's daugh-" ters talk the same language as her fa-

" ther's father, and has a prejudice against
" the family. I could not make her so
" unnatural as to speak ill of her grand-
" father. I was forced to make her aris-
" tocratical, proud of her descent from
" the eldest born. Murray says, that who-
" ever prints it will have it pirated, as
" 'Cain' has been,—that a Court of justice
" will not sanction it as literary property.
" On what plea? There is nothing objec-
" tionable in it, that I am aware of. You
" have read it; what do you think? If
" 'Cain' be immoral (which I deny), will
" not the Chancellor's refusal to protect,
" and the cheapness of a piratical edition,
" give it a wider circulation among the
" lower classes? Will they not buy and
" read it for the very reason that it is con-
" sidered improper, and try to discover
" an evil tendency where it was least

"meant? May not impiety be extracted "by garbling the Bible? I defy the common people to understand such mysteries as the loves of the Angels, at least "they are mysteries to me. Moore, too, "is writing on the same text. Any thing "that he writes must succeed."

I told him that the laughter of the fiends in the Cave of Caucasus reminded me of the *row* of the Furies in the 'Eumenides' of Æschylus.

"I have never read any of his plays "since I left Harrow," said Lord Byron. "Shelley, when I was in Switzerland, "translated the 'Prometheus' to me before I wrote my ode; but I never open "a Greek book. Shelley tells me that the "choruses in 'Heaven and Earth' are

" deficient. He thinks that lyrical poetry " should be metrically regular. Surely this " is not the case with the Greek choruses " that he makes such a fuss about. How- " ever, Hunt will be glad of it for his new " periodical work. I talked of writing a " second part to it; but it was only as " Coleridge promised a second part to " 'Christabel.' I will tell you how I had " an idea of finishing it:

" Let me see—where did I leave off? " Oh, with Azazael and Samiasa refusing " to obey the summons of Michael, and " throwing off their allegiance to Heaven. " They rise into the air with the two sis- " ters, and leave this globe to a fate which, " according to Cuvier, it has often under- " gone, and will undergo again. The ap- " pearance of the land strangled by the

"ocean will serve by way of scenery and "decorations. The affectionate tender- "ness of Adah for those from whom she "is parted, and for ever, and her fears "contrasting with the loftier spirit of "Aholibamah triumphing in the hopes of "a new and greater destiny, will make "the dialogue. They in the mean time "continue their aërial voyage, every where "denied admittance in those floating is- "lands on the sea of space, and driven "back by guardian-spirits of the different "planets, till they are at length forced to "alight on the only peak of the earth "uncovered by water. Here a parting "takes place between the lovers, which "I shall make affecting enough. The "fallen Angels are suddenly called, and "condemned,—their destination and pu- "nishment unknown. The sisters still

"cling to the rock, the waters mounting
"higher and higher. Now enter Ark. The
"scene draws up, and discovers Japhet
"endeavouring to persuade the Patriarch,
"with very strong arguments of love and
"pity, to receive the sisters, or at least
"Adah, on board. Adah joins in his en-
"treaties, and endeavours to cling to the
"sides of the vessel. The proud and
"haughty Aholibamah scorns to pray
"either to God or man, and anticipates
"the grave by plunging into the waters.
"Noah is still inexorable. The surviv-
"ing daughter of Cain is momentarily in
"danger of perishing before the eyes of
"the Arkites. Japhet is in despair. The
"last wave sweeps her from the rock, and
"her lifeless corpse floats past in all its
"beauty, whilst a sea-bird screams over
"it, and seems to be the spirit of her

"angel lord. I once thought of convey-
"ing the lovers to the moon, or one of
"the planets; but it is not easy for the
"imagination to make any unknown world
"more beautiful than this; besides, I did
"not think they would approve of the
"moon as a residence. I remember what
"Fontenelle said of its having no atmo-
"sphere, and the dark spots being ca-
"verns where the inhabitants reside.
"There was another objection: all the
"human interest would have been de-
"stroyed, which I have even endeavour-
"ed to give my Angels. It was a very
"Irish kind of compliment Jeffrey paid to
"Moore's 'Lalla Rookh,' when he said
"the loves were those of Angels; mean-
"ing that they were like nothing on
"earth. What will he say of 'The Loves
"of the Angels?'—that they are like

"(for he has nothing left) nothing in
"Heaven?"

"I wrote 'The Prophecy of Dante' at "the suggestion of the Countess. I was "at that time paying my court to the "Guiccioli, and addressed the dedicatory "sonnet to her. She had heard of my "having written something about Tasso, "and thought Dante's exile and death "would furnish as fine a subject. I can "never write but on the spot. Before I "began 'The Lament,' I went to Ferrara, "to visit the Dungeon. Hoppner was with "me, and part of it, the greater part, was "composed (as 'The Prisoner of Chillon') "in the prison. The place of Dante's fif-"teen years' exile, where he so patheti-"cally prayed for his country, and depre-

"cated the thought of being buried out "of it; and the sight of his tomb, which "I passed in my almost daily rides,—in-"spired me. Besides, there was some-"what of resemblance* in our destinies—"he had a wife, and I have the same "feelings about leaving my bones in a "strange land.

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* "The day may come she would be proud to have
The dust she doom'd to strangers, and transfer
Of him whom she denied a home—the grave."

Prophecy of Dante.

"Where now my boys are, and that fatal she"—

Ibid.

"They made an exile, not a slave of me."

Ibid.

"I had, however, a much more extensive view in writing that poem than to "describe either his banishment or his "grave. Poets are sometimes shrewd in "their conjectures. You quoted to me "the other day a line in 'Childe Harold,' "in which I made a prediction about the "Greeks *: in this instance I was not so "fortunate as to be prophetic. This poem "was intended for the Italians and the "Guiccioli, and therefore I wished to "have it translated. I had objected to "the *Versi sciolti* having been used in "my Fourth Canto of 'Childe Harold;' "but this was the very metre they adopted in defiance of my remonstrance, and

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* "Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye? No!"

Childe Harold, Canto II. Stanza 75.

"in the very teeth of it; and yet I be-"lieve the Italians liked the work. It "was looked at in a political light, and "they indulged in my dream of liberty, "and the resurrection of Italy. Alas! "it was only a dream!

"*Terza Rima* does not seem to suit the "genius of English poetry—it is certainly "uncalculated for a work of any length. "In our language, however, it may do "for a short ode. The public at least "thought my attempt a failure, and the "public is in the main right. I never "persecute the public. I always bow to "its verdict, which is generally just. But "if I had wanted a sufficient reason for "my giving up the Prophecy—the Pro-"phecy failed me.

"It was the turn political affairs took "that made me relinquish the work. At "one time the flame was expected to "break out over all Italy, but it only "ended in smoke, and my poem went "out with it. I don't wonder at the en- "thusiasm of the Italians about Dante. "He is the poet of liberty. Persecution, "exile, the dread of a foreign grave, could "not shake his principles. There is no "Italian gentleman, scarcely any well-edu- "cated girl, that has not all the finer pas- "sages of Dante at the fingers' ends,— "particularly the Ravennese. The Guic- "cioli, for instance, could almost repeat "any part of the 'Divine Comedy;' and, "I dare say, is well read in the '*Vita* "*Nuova*,' that prayer-book of love.

"Shelley always says that reading Dante

"is unfavourable to writing, from its superiority to all possible compositions. "Whether he be the first or not, he is "certainly the most untranslatable of all "poets. You may give the meaning; "but the charm, the simplicity—the classical simplicity,—is lost. You might as "well clothe a statue, as attempt to translate Dante. He is better, as an Italian "said, '*nudo che vestito.*'

"There's Taafe is not satisfied with "what Carey has done, but he must be "*traducing* him too. What think you of "that fine line in the 'Inferno' being rendered, as Taafe has done it?

'I Mantuan, capering, squalid, squalling.'

"There's alliteration and inversion enough, "surely! I have advised him to frontis-

"piece his book with his own head, *Capo* "*di Traditore*, 'the head of a *traitor*;' then "will come the title-page comment—"Hell!"

I asked Lord Byron the meaning of a passage in 'The Prophecy of Dante.' He laughed, and said:

"I suppose I had some meaning when "I wrote it: I believe I understood it "then." *

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* "If *you* insist on grammar, though
I never think about it in a heat—"
Don Juan, Canto VII. Stanza 42.

"I don't pretend that I quite understand
My own meaning when I would be very fine."
Don Juan, Canto IV. Stanza 5.

"That," said I, "is what the disciples of Swedenberg say. There are many people who do not understand passages in your writings, among our own countrymen: I wonder how foreigners contrive to translate them."

"And yet," said he, "they have been "translated into all the civilized, and "many uncivilized tongues. Several of "them have appeared in Danish, Polish, "and even Russian dresses. These last, "being translations of translations from "the French, must be very diluted. The "greatest compliment ever paid me has "been shewn in Germany, where a trans- "lation of the Fourth Canto of 'Childe "Harold' has been made the subject of a "University prize. But as to obscurity,

"is not Milton obscure? How do you "explain

——— 'Smoothing
'The raven down of darkness till it smiled!'

"Is it not a simile taken from the electricity of a cat's back? I'll leave you "to be my commentator, and hope you "will make better work with me than "Taafe is doing with Dante, who perhaps "could not himself explain half that volumes are written about, if his ghost "were to rise again from the dead. I am "sure I wonder he and Shakspeare have "not been raised by their commentators "long ago!"

"People are always advising me," said "he, "to write an epic. You tell me

"that I shall leave no great poem be-"hind me;—that is, I suppose you mean "by great, a heavy poem, or a weighty "poem; I believe they are synonymous. "You say that 'Childe Harold' is une-"qual; that the last two Cantos are far "superior to the two first. I know it is a "thing without form or substance,—a *voy-"age pittoresque*. But who reads Milton? "My opinion as to the inequality of my "poems is this,—that one is not better "or worse than another. And as to epics, "have you not got enough of Southey's? "There's 'Joan d'Arc,' 'The Curse of "Kehama,' and God knows how many "more curses, down to 'The Last of the "Goths!' If you must have an epic, "there's 'Don Juan' for you. I call that "an epic: it is an epic as much in the "spirit of our day as the Iliad was in

"Homer's.* Love, religion, and politics
"form the argument, and are as much
"the cause of quarrels now as they were
"then. There is no want of Parises and
"Menelauses, and of *Crim.-cons.* into the
"bargain. In the very first Canto you
"have a Helen. Then, I shall make my
"hero a perfect Achilles for fighting,—a
"man who can snuff a candle three suc-
"cessive times with a pistol-ball: and, de-
"pend upon it, my moral will be a good
"one; not even Dr. Johnson should be
"able to find a flaw in it!

"Some one has possessed the Guiccioli

* Only five Cantos of 'Don Juan' were written when I held this conversation with him, which was committed to paper half an hour after it occurred.

" with a notion that my 'Don Juan' and " the Don Giovanni of the Opera are the " same person; and to please her I have " discontinued his history and adventures; " but if I should resume them, I will tell " you how I mean him to go on. I left " him in the seraglio there. I shall make " one of the favourites, a Sultana, (no less " a personage,) fall in love with him, and " carry him off from Constantinople. Such " elopements are not uncommon, nor un-" natural either, though it would shock " the ladies to say they are ever to blame. " Well, they make good their escape to " Russia; where, if Juan's passion cools, " and I don't know what to do with the " lady, I shall make her die of the plague. " There are accounts enough of the " plague to be met with, from Boccaccio " to De Foe;—but I have seen it myself,

"and that is worth all their descriptions. "As our hero can't do without a mistress, "he shall next become man-mistress to "Catherine the Great. Queens have had "strange fancies for more ignoble people "before and since. I shall, therefore, "make him cut out the ancestor of the "young Russian, and shall send him, "when he is *hors de combat*, to England "as her ambassador. In his suite he shall "have a girl whom he shall have rescued "during one of his northern campaigns, "who shall be in love with him, and he "not with her.

"You see I am true to Nature in "making the advances come from the "females. I shall next draw a town and "country life at home, which will give me "room for life, manners, scenery, &c. I

"will make him neither a dandy in town, "nor a fox-hunter in the country. He "shall get into all sorts of scrapes, and at "length end his career in France. Poor "Juan shall be guillotined in the French "Revolution! What do you think of my "plot? It shall have twenty-four books "too, the legitimate number. Episodes "it has, and will have, out of number; "and my spirits, good or bad, must serve "for the machinery. If that be not an "epic, if it be not strictly according to "Aristotle, I don't know what an epic "poem means."

"Murray," said he, "pretends to have "lost money by my writings, and pleads "poverty: but if he is poor, which is some-"what problematical to me, pray who is

"to blame? The fault is in his having "purchased, at the instance of his great "friends, during the last year, so many ex-"pensive Voyages and Travels*, which all "his influence with 'The Quarterly' can-"not persuade people to buy, cannot puff "into popularity. The Cookery-book "(which he has got a law-suit about) has "been for a long time his sheet-anchor; "but they say he will have to re-fund—"the worst of *funds*. Mr. Murray is ten-"der of my fame! How kind in him! He "is afraid of my writing too fast. Why? "because he has a tenderer regard for his "own pocket, and does not like the look "of any new acquaintance, in the shape

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* "Death to his publisher—to him 'tis sport."

Don Juan, Canto V. Stanza 52.

"of a book of mine, till he has seen his "old friends in a variety of new faces; *id* "*est*, disposed of a vast many editions of "the former works. I don't know what "would become of me without Douglas "Kinnaird, who has always been my best "and kindest friend. It is not easy to "deal with Mr. Murray.

"Murray offered me, of his own accord, "1000*l*. a Canto for 'Don Juan,' and af-"terwards reduced it to 500*l*. on the plea "of piracy; and complained of my divid-"ing one Canto into two, because I hap-"pened to say something at the end of "the Third about having done so. It is "true enough that 'Don Juan' has been "pirated; but whom has he to thank but "himself? In the first place, he put too "high a price on the copies of the two

" first Cantos that came out, only printing " a quarto edition, at, I think, a guinea " and a half. There was a great demand " for it, and this induced the knavish " booksellers to *buccaneer*. If he had put " John Murray on the title-page, like a " man, instead of smuggling the brat into " the world, and getting Davison, who is " a printer and not a publisher, to father " it, who would have ventured to question " his paternal rights? or who would have " attempted to deprive him of them?

" The thing was plainly this: he dis- " owned and refused to acknowledge the " bantling; the natural consequence was, " that others should come forward to " adopt it. Mr. John Murray is the most " nervous of God's booksellers. When " 'Don Juan' first came out, he was so

" frightened that he made a precipitate " retreat into the country, shut himself " up, and would not open his letters. The " fact is, he prints for too many Bishops. " He is always boring me with pirati- " cal edition after edition, to prove the " amount of his own losses, and furnish " proof of the extent of his own folly. " Here is one at two-and-sixpence that " came only yesterday. I do not pity him. " Because I gave him one of my poems, " he wanted to make me believe that I " had made him a present of two others, " and hinted at some lines in 'English " Bards' that were certainly to the point. " But I have altered my mind considera- " bly upon that subject: as I once hinted " to him, I see no reason why a man " should not profit by the sweat of his " brain, as well as that of his brow, &c.;

"besides, I was poor at that time, and "have no idea of aggrandizing booksellers. "I was in Switzerland when he made this "modest request,—and he always enter- "tained a spite against Shelley for making "the agreement, and fixing the price, "which I believe was not dear, for the "Third Canto of 'Childe Harold,' 'Man- "fred, and 'The Prisoner of Chillon,' &c. "—I got 2400*l*. Depend on it, he did "not lose money—he was not ruined by "that speculation.

"Murray has long prevented 'The "Quarterly' from abusing me. Some of "its bullies have had their fingers itching "to be at me; but they would get the "worst of it in a set-to." (Here he put himself in a boxing attitude.) "I per- "ceive, however, that we shall have some

"sparring ere long. I don't wish to
"quarrel with Murray, but it seems in-
"evitable. I had no reason to be pleased
"with him the other day. Galignani
"wrote to me, offering to purchase the
"copyright of my works, in order to obtain
"an exclusive privilege of printing them
"in France. I might have made my own
"terms, and put the money in my own
"pocket; instead of which, I enclosed
"Galignani's letter to Murray, in order
"that he might conclude the matter as
"he pleased. He did so, very advantage-
"ously for his own interest; but never
"had the complaisance, the common po-
"liteness, to thank me, or acknowledge
"my letter. My differences with Murray
"are not over. When he purchased
"'Cain,' 'The Two Foscari,' and 'Sarda-
"napalus,' he sent me a deed, which you

"may remember witnessing. Well: after "its return to England, it was discovered "that * * * * *
* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *
" But I shall take no notice of it."

Some time afterwards he said:

"Murray and I have made up our quar- "rel; at least, it is not my fault if it "should be renewed. The Parsons have "been at him about 'Cain.' An Oxonian "has addressed a bullying letter to him, "asking him how so moral a bookseller "can stain his press with so profane a "book? He is threatened with a prose- "cution by the *Anti-constitutional* Society. "I don't believe they will venture to at-

"tack him: if they do, I shall go home
"and make my own defence."

Lord Byron wrote the same day the letter contained in the Notes on 'Cain.' Some months afterwards he said in a letter:

"Murray and I have dissolved all con-
"nection. He had the choice of giving
"up me or the 'Navy Lists.' There was
"no hesitation which way he should de-
"cide: the Admiralty carried the day.
"Now for 'The Quarterly:' their batte-
"ries will be opened; but I can fire
"broadsides too. They have been letting
"off lots of squibs and crackers against
"me, but they only make a noise and
"* * *"

In a letter dated from Genoa the 5th of May, 1823, he says:

" 'Werner' was the last book Murray
" published for me, and three months
" after came out the Quarterly's article
" on my plays, when 'Marino Faliero' was
" noticed for the first time," &c.

" I need not say that I shall be de-
" lighted by your inscribing your 'Wan-
" derer' to me; but I would recommend
" you to think twice before you inscribe
" a work to *me*, as you must be aware
" that at present I am the most unpopular
" writer going *, and the odium on the de-

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* " But Juan was my Moscow, and Faliero
My Leipsic, and my Mont St. Jean seems Cain."
Don Juan, Canto X. Stanza 56.

"dicatee may recur on the dedicator. If
"you do not think this a valid objection,
"of course there can be none on my
"part," &c.

On my speaking to him with great praise one day of Coleridge's 'Ancient Mariner,' Lord Byron said:

"I have been much taken to task for
"calling 'Christabel' a wild and singu-
"larly original and beautiful poem; and
"the Reviewers very sagely come to a
"conclusion therefrom, that I am no
"judge of the compositions of others.
"'Christabel' was the origin of all Scott's
"metrical tales, and that is no small me-
"rit. It was written in 1795, and had a
"pretty general circulation in the literary

"world, though it was not published till "1816, and then probably in consequence "of my advice. One day, when I was "with Walter Scott (now many years ago), "he repeated the whole of 'Christabel,' "and I then agreed with him in thinking "this poem what I afterwards called it. "Sir Walter Scott recites admirably. I "was rather disappointed when I saw it "in print; but still there are finer things "in it than in any tale of its length; the "proof of which is, that people retain "them without effort.

"What do you think of the picture of "an English October day?

'There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as long as dance it can,

Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.'

" Some eight or ten lines of 'Christa-
" bel' * found themselves in 'The Siege
" of Corinth,' I hardly know how; but I
" adopted another passage, of greater
" beauty, as a motto to a little work I
" need not name †, and paraphrased with-
" out scruple the same idea in 'Childe
" Harold.' I thought it good because I
" felt it deeply—the best test of poetry.
" His psychological poem was always a

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* " Was it the wind through some hollow stone,
Sent that soft and tender moan?
He lifted his head—" &c.
Siege of Corinth.

† The stanzas beginning " Fare thee well !"

"great favourite of mine, and but for me "would not have appeared. What per- "fect harmony of versification!"

And he began spouting 'Kubla Khan:'

'It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she play'd,
Singing of Mount Abora'—

"Madame de Staël was fond of reciting "poetry that had hardly any thing but its "music to recommend it."

"And pray," asked I, "what has 'Kubla Khan?'"

"I can't tell you," said he; "but it de- "lights me."

And he went on till he had finished the Vision.

" I was very much amused with Cole-" ridge's 'Memoirs.' There is a great " deal of *bonhommie* in that book, and he " does not spare himself. Nothing, to me " at least, is so entertaining as a work of " this kind—as private biography: 'Hamil-" ton's Memoirs,' for instance, that were " the origin of the style of Voltaire. Ma-" dame de Staël used to say, that 'De " Grammont' was a book containing, with " less matter, more interest than any she " knew. Alfieri's 'Life' is delightful. You " will see my Confessions in good time, " and you will wonder at two things—that " I should have had so much to confess, " and that I should have confessed so

"much. Coleridge, too, seems sensible "enough of his own errors. His sonnet to "the Moon is an admirable burlesque on "the *Lakists*, and his own style. Some of "his stories are told with a vast deal of "humour, and display a fund of good tem-"per that all his disappointments could "not sour. Many parts of his 'Memoirs' "are quite unintelligible, and were, I ap-"prehend, meant for Kant; on the proper "pronunciation of whose name I heard a "long argument the other evening.

"Coleridge is like Sosia in 'Amphy-"trion;'—he does not know whether he is "himself, or not. If he had never gone "to Germany, nor spoilt his fine genius by "the transcendental philosophy and Ger-"man metaphysics, nor taken to write "lay sermons, he would have made the

"greatest poet of the day. What poets "had we in 1795? Hayley had got a mo-"nopoly, such as it was. Coleridge might "have been any thing: as it is, he is a "thing 'that dreams are made of.'"

Being one day at Moloni's the bookseller's at Pisa, a report was in circulation that a subject belonging to the Lucchese States had been taken up for sacrilege, and sentenced to be burnt alive. A priest who entered the library at that moment confirmed the news, and expressed himself thus: — "*Scelerato!*" said he, "he took the consecrated wafers off the altar, and threw them contemptuously about the church! What punishment can be great enough for such a monstrous crime? Burning is too easy a death! I shall go

to Lucca,—I would almost go to Spain,—to see the wretch expire at the stake!" Such were the humane and Christian sentiments of a minister of the Gospel! I quitted him with disgust, and immediately hastened to Lord Byron's.

"Is it possible?" said he, after he had heard my story. "Can we believe that "we live in the nineteenth century? "However, I can believe any thing of the "Duchess of Lucca. She is an Infanta of "Spain, a bigot in religion, and of course "advocates the laws of the Inquisition. "But it is scarcely credible that she will "venture to put them into effect here. "We must endeavour to prevent this *auto* "*da fé*. Lord Guilford is arrived:—we "will get him to use his influence. Surely

"the Grand Duke of Tuscany will inter-
"fere, for he has himself never signed a
"death-warrant since he came upon the
"throne."

Shelley entered at this moment horror-struck: he had just heard that the criminal was to suffer the next day. He proposed that we should mount and arm ourselves as well as we could, set off immediately for Lucca, and endeavour to rescue the prisoner when brought out for execution, making at full speed for the Tuscan frontiers, where he would be safe. Mad and hopeless as the scheme was, Lord Byron consented, carried away by his feelings, to join in it, if other means should fail. We agreed to meet again in the evening, and in the mean time to

get a petition signed by all the English residents at Pisa, to be presented to the Grand Duke.

"I will myself," said he, "write im-"mediately to Lord Guilford."

He did so, and received an answer a few hours after, telling him that the same report had reached Lord Guilford; but that he had learned, on investigation, that it was unfounded.

It appeared that the Duchess had issued a proclamation which made the peasant amenable, when apprehended, to the ancient laws of Spain; but that he had escaped to Florence and given himself up to the police, who had stipulated not to make him over to the authorities at Luc-

ca, but on condition of his being tried by the Tuscan laws.

Speaking of Coppet and Madame de Staël, he said:

"I knew Madame de Staël in Eng-"land. When she came over she created "a great sensation, and was much courted "in the literary as well as the political "world. On the supposition of her being "a Liberal, she was invited to a party, "where were present Whitbread, She-"ridan, and several of the Opposition "leaders.

"To the great horror of the former, "she soon sported her *Ultraisms*. No one "possessed so little tact as Madame de

"Staël,—which is astonishing in one who "had seen so much of the world and of "society. She used to assemble at her "routs politicians of both sides of the "House, and was fond of setting two "party-men by the ears in argument. I "once witnessed a curious scene of this "kind. She was battling it very warmly, "as she used to do, with Canning, and "all at once turned round to (I think he "said) Lord Grey, who was at his elbow, "for his opinion. It was on some point "upon which he could not but most cor-"dially disagree. She did not under-"stand London society, and was always "sighing for her *coterie* at Paris. The "dandies took an invincible dislike to "the De Staëls, mother and daughter. "Brummel was her aversion; — she, his. "There was a double marriage talked

"of in town that season :—Auguste (the "present Baron) was to have married "Miss Millbank; I, the present Duchess "of Broglio. I could not have been worse "*embroiled.*

"Madame de Staël had great talent in "conversation, and an overpowering flow "of words. It was once said of a large "party that were all trying to shine, "'There is not one who can go home "and think.' This was not the case with "her. She was often troublesome, some "thought rude, in her questions; but she "never offended me, because I knew that "her inquisitiveness did not proceed from "idle curiosity, but from a wish to sound "people's characters. She was a conti-"nual interrogatory to me, in order to fa-"thom mine, which requires a long plumb

" line. She once asked me if my real cha-
" racter was well drawn in a favourite
" novel of the day (' Glenarvon'). She
" was only singular in putting the ques-
" tion in the dry way she did. There
" are many who pin their faith on that
" insincere production.

" No woman had so much *bonne foi* as
" Madame de Staël: hers was a real kind-
" ness of heart. She took the greatest
" possible interest in my quarrel with
" Lady Byron, or rather Lady Byron's
" with me, and had some influence over
" my wife,—as much as any person but
" her mother, which is not saying much.
" I believe Madame de Staël did her
" utmost to bring about a reconciliation
" between us. She was the best creature
" in the world.

"Women never see consequences—"never look at things straight forward, or "as they ought. Like figurantes at the "Opera, they make a hundred *pirouettes* "and return to where they set out. With "Madame de Staël this was sometimes "the case. She was very indefinite and "vague in her manner of expression. In "endeavouring to be new she became "often obscure, and sometimes unintelligible. What did she mean by saying "that 'Napoleon was a system, and not "a man?'

"I cannot believe that Napoleon was "acquainted with all the petty persecutions that she used to be so garrulous "about, or that he deemed her of sufficient importance to be dangerous: besides, she admired him so much, that

"he might have gained her over by a "word. But, like me, he had perhaps "too great a contempt for women; he "treated them as puppets, and thought "he could make them dance at any time "by pulling the wires. That story of "'*Gardez vos enfans*' did not tell much "in her favour, and proves what I say. "I shall be curious to see Las Cases' "book, to hear what Napoleon's real con- "duct to her was."

I told him I could never reconcile the contradictory opinions he had expressed of Napoleon in his poems.

"How could it be otherwise?" said he. "Some of them were called translations, "and I spoke in the character of a French- "man and a soldier. But Napoleon was

" his own antithesis (if I may say so). He " was a glorious tyrant, after all. Look " at his public works ; compare his face, " even on his coins, with those of the other " sovereigns of Europe. I blame the man- " ner of his death : he shewed that he " possessed much of the Italian character " in consenting to live. There he lost " himself in his dramatic character, in my " estimation. He was master of his own " destiny; of *that,* at least, his enemies " could not deprive him. He should have " gone off the stage like a hero: it was " expected of him.

" Madame de Staël, as an historian, " should have named him in her ' Alle- " magne ;' she was wrong in suppressing " his name, and he had a right to be " offended. Not that I mean to justify

"his persecutions. These, I cannot help "thinking, must have arisen indirectly "from some private enemy. But we shall "see.

"She was always aiming to be brilliant "—to produce a sensation, no matter how, "when, or where. She wanted to make "all her ideas, like figures in the modern "French school of painting, prominent "and shewy,—standing out of the can-"vass, each in a light of its own. She was "vain; but who had an excuse for vanity "if she had not? I can easily conceive "her not wishing to change her name, or "acknowledge that of Rocca. I liked "Rocca; he was a gentleman and a cle-"ver man; no one said better things, or "with a better grace. The remark about "the Meillerie road that I quoted in the

"Notes of 'Childe Harold,' '*La route* "*vaut mieux que les souvenirs,*' was the "observation of a thorough Frenchman."

"Here is a letter I have had to-day," said he. "The writer is a stranger to "me, and pleads great distress. He says "he has been an officer in the East India "service, and makes out a long list of "grievances, against the Company and a "Mr. S——. He charges the Government "with sending him home without a trial, "and breaking him without a Court-mar-"tial; and complains that a travelling "gentleman, after having engaged him as "an interpreter to accompany him to Per-"sia, and put him to great expense in "preparations for the journey, has all at "once changed his mind, and refused to

"remunerate him for his lost time, or "pay him any of the annual stipend he "had fixed to give him. His name seems "to be ——. You have been at Bombay, "—do you know him?"

"No," answered I; "but I know his story. He was thought to have been hardly used. As to the other part of his complaint, I know nothing."

"He asks me for 50*l*. I shall send it "him by to-morrow's post: there is no "courier to-day."

"Who would not wish to have been "born two or three centuries later?" said he, putting into my hand an Italian letter. "Here is a *savant* of Bologna,

"who pretends to have discovered the "manner of directing balloons by means "of a rudder, and tells me that he is ready "to explain the nature of his invention "to our Government. I suppose we shall "soon travel by air-vessels; make air in-"stead of sea-voyages; and at length find "our way to the moon, in spite of the "want of atmosphere."*

"*Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitiâ*," said I.

"There is not so much folly as you "may suppose, and a vast deal of poetry, "in the idea," replied Lord Byron. "Where "shall we set bounds to the power of

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* "Steam-engines will convey him to the moon."

Don Juan, Canto X. Stanza 2.

" steam? Who shall say, 'Thus far shalt " thou go, and no farther?' We are at " present in the infancy of science. Do " you imagine that, in former stages of " this planet, wiser creatures than ourselves " did not exist? All our boasted inven- " tions are but the shadows of what has " been,—the dim images of the past—the " dream of other states of existence. " Might not the fable of Prometheus, " and his stealing the fire, and of Bri- " areus and his earth-born brothers, be " but traditions of steam and its ma- " chinery? Who knows whether, when " a comet shall approach this globe to " destroy it, as it often has been and will " be destroyed, men will not tear rocks " from their foundations by means of steam, " and hurl mountains, as the giants are " said to have done, against the flaming

"mass?—and then we shall have tradi-
"tions of Titans again, and of wars with
"Heaven."

"A mighty ingenious theory," said I laughing,—and was near adding, in the words of 'Julian and Maddalo':

"The sense that he was greater than his kind
Had made, methinks, his eagle spirit blind
With gazing on its own exceeding light."

Talking of romances, he said:

"'The Monk' is perhaps one of the
"best in any language, not excepting the
"German. It only wanted one thing, as
"I told Lewis, to have rendered it per-
"fect. He should have made the dæmon

"really in love with Ambrosio: this would "have given it a human interest. 'The "Monk' was written when Lewis was "only twenty, and he seems to have ex-"hausted all his genius on it. Perhaps "at that age he was in earnest in his "belief of magic wonders. That is the "secret of Walter Scott's inspiration: he "retains and encourages all the super-"stitions of his youth. Lewis caught "*his* passion for the marvellous, and it "amounted to a mania with him, in Ger-"many; but the groundwork of 'The "Monk' is neither original nor German; "it is derived from the tale of 'Santon "Barsisa.' The episode of 'The Bleed-"ing Nun,' which was turned into a melo-"drama, is from the German.

"There were two stories which he al-

" most believed by telling. One hap-
" pened to himself whilst he was residing
" at Manheim. Every night, at the same
" hour, he heard or thought he heard in
" his room, when he was lying in bed, a
" crackling noise like that produced by
" parchment, or thick paper. This cir-
" cumstance caused enquiry, when it was
" told him that the sounds were attribut-
" able to the following cause:—The house
" in which he lived had belonged to a
" widow, who had an only son. In order
" to prevent his marrying a poor but
" amiable girl, to whom he was attached,
" he was sent to sea. Years passed, and
" the mother heard no tidings of him, nor
" the ship in which he had sailed. It
" was supposed that the vessel had been
" wrecked, and that all on board had pe-
" rished. The reproaches of the girl, the

" upbraidings of her own conscience, and " the loss of her child, crazed the old " lady's mind, and her only pursuit be- " came to turn over the Gazettes for news. " Hope at length left her: she did not " live long,—and continued her old occu- " pation after death.

" The other story that I alluded to be- " fore, was the original of his 'Alonzo and " Imogene,' which has had such a host of " imitators. Two Florentine lovers, who " had been attached to each other almost " from childhood, made a vow of eternal " fidelity. Mina was the name of the lady " —her husband's I forget, but it is not " material. They parted. He had been " for some time absent with his regiment, " when, as his disconsolate lady was sitting " alone in her chamber, she distinctly

" heard the well-known sound of his foot-
" steps, and starting up beheld, not her
" husband, but his spectre, with a deep
" ghastly wound across his forehead, enter-
" ing. She swooned with horror: when
" she recovered, the ghost told her that in
" future his visits should be announced by
" a passing-bell, and these words, dis-
" tinctly whispered, 'Mina, I am here!'
" Their interviews now became frequent,
" till the woman fancied herself as much
" in love with the ghost as she had been
" with the man. But it was soon to prove
" otherwise. One fatal night she went to
" a ball:—what business had she there?
" She danced too; and, what was worse,
" her partner was a young Florentine, so
" much the counterpart of her lover, that
" she became estranged from his ghost.
" Whilst the young gallant conducted her

"in the waltz, and her ear drank in the "music of his voice and words, a passing-"bell tolled! She had been accustomed "to the sound till it hardly excited her at-"tention, and now lost in the attractions "of her fascinating partner, she heard but "regarded it not. A second peal!—she "listened not to its warnings. A third "time the bell, with its deep and iron "tongue, startled the assembled company, "and silenced the music! Mina then "turned her eyes from her partner, and "saw reflected in the mirror, a form, a "shadow, a spectre: it was her husband! "He was standing between her and the "young Florentine, and whispered in a "solemn and melancholy tone the accus-"tomed accents, 'Mina, I am here!'—She "instantly fell dead.

"Lewis was not a very successful wri-
"ter. His 'Monk' was abused furiously by
"Matthias, in his 'Pursuits of Literature,'
"and he was forced to suppress it. 'Abel-
"lino' he merely translated. 'Pizarro'
"was a sore subject with him, and no
"wonder that he winced at the name.
"Sheridan, who was not very scrupulous
"about applying to himself *literary* pro-
"perty at least, manufactured his play
"without so much as an acknowledgment,
"pecuniary or otherwise, from Lewis's
"ideas; and bad as 'Pizarro' is, I know
"(from having been on the Drury-Lane
"Committee, and knowing, consequently,
"the comparative profits of plays,) that it
"brought in more money than any other
"play has ever done, or perhaps ever
"will do.

"But to return to Lewis. He was even "worse treated about 'The Castle Spec-"tre,' which had also an immense run, a "prodigious success. Sheridan never gave "him any of its profits either. One day "Lewis being in company with him, said, "—'Sheridan, I will make you a large "bet.' Sheridan, who was always ready to "make a wager, (however he might find it "inconvenient to pay it if lost,) asked ea-"gerly what bet? 'All the profits of my "Castle Spectre,' replied Lewis. 'I will "tell you what,' said Sheridan, (who never "found his match at repartee,) 'I will "make you a very small one,—what it is "worth.'"

I asked him if he had known Sheridan?

"Yes," said he. "Sheridan was an ex-

"traordinary compound of contradictions, "and Moore will be much puzzled in re-"conciling them for the Life he is writing. "The upper part of Sheridan's face was "that of a God—a forehead most expan-"sive, an eye of peculiar brilliancy and "fire; but below he shewed the satyr.

"Lewis was a pleasant companion, and "would always have remained a boy in "spirits and manners—(unlike me!) He "was fond of the society of younger men "than himself. I myself never knew a "man, except Shelley, who was compa-"nionable till thirty. I remember Mrs. "Pope once asking who was Lewis's male-"love this season! He possessed a very "lively imagination, and a great turn for "narrative, and had a world of ghost-sto-"ries, which he had better have confined

" himself to telling. His poetry is now " almost forgotten: it will be the same " with that of all but two or three poets " of the day.

" Lewis had been, or thought he had " been, unkind to a brother whom he lost " young; and when any thing disagreeable " was about to happen to him, the vision " of his brother appeared: he came as a " sort of monitor.

" Lewis was with me for a considerable " period at Geneva; and we went to Cop- " pet several times together; but Lewis " was there oftener than I.

" Madame de Staël and he used to have " violent arguments about the Slave Trade, " —which he advocated strongly, for most

" of his property was in negroes and plan-" tations. Not being satisfied with three " thousand a-year, he wanted to make it " five; and would go to the West Indies; " but he died on the passage of sea-sick-" ness, and obstinacy in taking an emetic."

I said to him, " You are accused of owing a great deal to Wordsworth. Certainly there are some stanzas in the Third Canto of 'Childe Harold' that smell strongly of the Lakes: for instance—

' I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me;—and to me
High mountains are a feeling!' "

" Very possibly," replied he. " Shelley, " when I was in Switzerland, used to dose

" me with Wordsworth physic even to " nausea: and I do remember then reading " some things of his with pleasure. He " had once a feeling of Nature, which he " carried almost to a deification of it:— " that's why Shelley liked his poetry.

" It is satisfactory to reflect, that where " a man becomes a hireling and loses his " mental independence, he loses also the " faculty of writing well. The lyrical " ballads, jacobinical and puling with af- " fectation of simplicity as they were, " had undoubtedly a certain merit*: and

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* " Or Wordsworth unexcised, unhired, who *then*
Season'd his pedlar poems with democracy."

Don Juan, Canto III. Stanza 93.

"Wordsworth, though occasionally a wri-
"ter for the nursery-masters and misses,

> 'Who took their little porringer,
> And ate their porridge there,'

"now and then expressed ideas worth "imitating; but, like brother Southey, he "had his price; and since he is turned "tax-gatherer, is only fit to rhyme about "lasses and waggoners. Shelley repeated "to me the other day a stanza from 'Pe-"ter Bell' that I thought inimitably good. "It is the rumination of Peter's ass, who "gets into a brook, and sees reflected "there a family-circle, or tea-party. But "you shall have it in his own words:

> 'Is it a party in a parlour,
> Cramm'd just as you on earth are cramm'd?

Some sipping punch, some sipping tea,
And every one, as you may see,
All silent and all d——d!'

" There was a time when he would " have written better; but perhaps Peter " thinks feelingly.

" The republican trio, when they began " to publish in common, were to have had " a community of all things, like the an- " cient Britons; to have lived in a state of " nature, like savages, and peopled some " 'island of the blest' with children in " common, like ——. A very pretty Arca- " dian notion! It amuses me much to " compare the Botany Bay Eclogue, the " Panegyric of Martin the Regicide, and " 'Wat Tyler,' with the Laureate Odes, " and Peter's Eulogium on the Field of

"Waterloo. There is something more "than rhyme in that noted stanza contain-"ing

'Yea, slaughter
Is God's daughter!'*—

"I offended the *par nobile* mortally—"past all hope of forgiveness—many years "ago. I met, at the Cumberland Lakes, "Hogg the Ettrick Shepherd, who had "just been writing 'The Poetic Mirror,' "a work that contains imitations of all the "living poets' styles, after the manner of "'Rejected Addresses.' The burlesque "is well done, particularly that of me, but "not equal to Horace Smith's. I was "pleased with Hogg; and he wrote me a "very witty letter, to which I sent him, I

* Wordsworth's Thanksgiving Ode.

"suspect, a very dull reply. Certain it is "that I did not spare the Lakists in it; "and he told me he could not resist the "temptation, and had shewn it to the fra- "ternity. It was too tempting; and as I "could never keep a secret of my own, "as you know, much less that of other "people, I could not blame him. I re- "member saying, among other things, that "the Lake poets were such fools as not "to fish in their own waters; but this was "the least offensive part of the epistle."

"Bowles is one of the same little order "of spirits, who has been fussily fishing "on for fame, and is equally waspish and "jealous. What could Coleridge mean "by praising his poetry as he does?

" It was a mistake of mine, about his " making the woods of Madeira tremble, " &c.; but it seems that I might have told " him that there were no *woods* to make " tremble with kisses, which would have " been quite as great a blunder.

" I met Bowles once at Rogers's, and " thought him a pleasant, gentlemanly " man—a good fellow, for a parson. When " men meet together after dinner, the con- " versation takes a certain turn. I remem- " ber he entertained us with some good " stories. The reverend gentleman pre- " tended, however, to be much shocked at " Pope's letters to Martha Blount.

" I set him and his invariable principles " at rest. He did attempt an answer,

" which was no reply; at least, nobody " read it. I believe he applied to me " some lines in Shakspeare.* A man is " very unlucky who has a name that can " be punned upon; and his own did not " escape.

" I have been reading 'Johnson's Lives,' " a book I am very fond of. I look upon " him as the profoundest of critics, and " had occasion to study him when I was " writing to Bowles.

" Of all the disgraces that attach to " England in the eye of foreigners, who " admire Pope more than any of our " poets, (though it is the fashion to un-

* " I do remember thee, my Lord Biron," &c.

"der-rate him among ourselves,) the "greatest perhaps is, that there should "be no place assigned to him in Poets' "Corner. I have often thought of erect-"ing a monument to him at my own "expense in Westminster Abbey, and "hope to do so yet. But he was a Ca-"tholic, and, what was worse, puzzled "Tillotson and the Divines. That ac-"counts for his not having any national "monument. Milton, too, had very near-"ly been without a stone; and the men-"tion of his name on the tomb of another "was at one time considered a profanation "to a church. The French, I am told, "lock up Voltaire's tomb. Will there "never be an end to this bigotry? Will "men never learn that every great poet "is necessarily a religious man?—so at "least Coleridge says."

"Yes," replied Shelley; "and he might maintain the converse,—that every truly religious man is a poet; meaning by poetry the power of communicating intense and impassioned impressions respecting man and Nature."

When I entered the room, Lord Byron was devouring, as he called it, a new novel of Sir Walter Scott's.

"How difficult it is," said he, "to say "any thing new! Who was that volup"tuary of antiquity, who offered a re"ward for a new pleasure? Perhaps all "nature and art could not supply a new "idea.

"This page, for instance, is a brilliant

"one; it is full of wit. But let us see "how much of it is original. This passage, for instance, comes from Shakspeare; this *bon mot* from one of Sheridan's Comedies; this observation from "another writer (naming the author); and "yet the ideas are new-moulded,—and "perhaps Scott was not aware of their "being plagiarisms. It is a bad thing to "have too good a memory."

"I should not like to have you for a critic," I observed.

"'Set a thief to catch a thief,'" was the reply.

"I never travel without Scott's Novels," said he: "they are a library in "themselves—a perfect literary treasure.

"I could read them once a-year with new "pleasure."

I asked him if he was certain about the Novels being Sir Walter Scott's?

"Scott as much as owned himself the "author of 'Waverley' to me in Murray's "shop," replied he. "I was talking to "him about that novel, and lamented that "its author had not carried back the "story nearer to the time of the Revo-"lution. Scott, entirely off his guard, "said, 'Ay, I might have done so, but' "——There he stopped. It was in vain "to attempt to correct himself: he "looked confused, and relieved his em-"barrassment by a precipitate retreat.

"On another occasion I was to dine at

"Murray's; and being in his parlour in "the morning, he told me I should meet "the author of 'Waverley' at dinner. "He had received several excuses, and "the party was a small one; and, know-"ing all the people present, I was satis-"fied that the writer of that novel must "have been, and could have been, no "other than Walter Scott.

"He spoiled the fame of his poetry "by his superior prose. He has such "extent and versatility of powers in "writing, that, should his Novels ever "tire the public, which is not likely, he "will apply himself to something else, "and succeed as well.

"His mottoes from old plays prove that "*he*, at all events, possesses the dramatic

"faculty, which is denied *me*. And yet "I am told that his 'Halidon Hill' did "not justify expectation. I have never "met with it, but have seen extracts "from it."

"Do you think," asked I, "that Sir Walter Scott's Novels owe any part of their reputation to the concealment of the author's name?"

"No," said he; "such works do not "gain or lose by it. I am at a loss to "know his reason for keeping up the "*incognito*,—but that the reigning family "could not have been very well pleased "with 'Waverley.' There is a degree "of *charlatanism* in *some* authors keeping "up *the Unknown*. Junius owed much "of his fame to that trick; and now

"that it is known to be the work of "Sir Philip Francis, who reads it? A "political writer, and one who descends "to personalities such as disgrace Junius, "should be immaculate as a public, as "well as a private character; and Sir "Philip Francis was neither. He had "his price, and was gagged by being "sent to India. He there seduced ano-"ther man's wife. It would have been "a new case for a Judge to sit in judg-"ment on himself, in a *Crim.-con.* It "seems that his conjugal felicity was not "great, for, when his wife died, he came "into the room where they were sit-"ting up with the corpse, and said, 'Sol-"der her up, solder her up!' He saw his "daughter crying, and scolded her, say-"ing, 'An old hag—she ought to have "died thirty years ago!' He married,

"shortly after, a young woman. He "hated Hastings to a violent degree; "all he hoped and prayed for was to out-"live him.—But many of the newspapers "of the day are written as well as Junius. "Matthias's book, 'The Pursuits of Lite-"rature,' now almost a dead-letter, had "once a great fame.

"When Walter Scott began to write "poetry, which was not at a very early "age, Monk Lewis corrected his verse: "he understood little then of the me-"chanical part of the art. The Fire King "in 'The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Bor-"der,' was almost all Lewis's. One of the "ballads in that work, and, except some "of Leyden's, perhaps one of the best, "was made from a story picked up in a

" stage-coach ;—I mean that of 'Will
" Jones.'

' They boil'd Will Jones within the pot,
And not much fat had Will.'

" I hope Walter Scott did not write the " review on 'Christabel;' for he certainly, " in common with many of us, is indebted " to Coleridge. But for him, perhaps, " 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel' would " never have been thought of. The line

' Jesu Maria shield thee well!'

" is word for word from 'Christabel.'

" Of all the writers of the day, Walter " Scott is the least jealous: he is too " confident of his own fame to dread the

"rivalry of others. He does not think of "good writing, as the Tuscans do of fever, "—that there is only a certain quantity of "it in the world."*

"What did you mean," said a person who was with Lord Byron, "by calling Rogers a *Nestor* and an *Argonaut?* I suppose you meant to say that his poetry was old and worn out."

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* Travellers in Italy should be cautious of taking *bouquets* of flowers from the *Contadini* children, as they are in the habit of placing them on the breasts of persons having malignant fevers, and think that, by communicating the disorder to another, it will be diminished in the person affected.

"You are very hard upon the *dead** "poet,—upon the late lamented Mr. Sa- "muel Rogers, (as he has been called,)— "and upon me too, to suspect me of "speaking ironically upon so serious a "subject."

"It was a very doubtful expression, however, that 'Nestor of little poets,'" rejoined the other. "Compliments ought never to have a double sense—a cross meaning. And you seem to be fond of

* He used to tell a story of Rogers and ——— visiting the Catacombs at Paris together. As Rogers, who was last, was making his exit, ——— said to him, "Why, you are not coming out, are you? Surely you are not tired of your *countrymen!* You don't mean to forsake them, do you?"

this mode of writing, for you call Lady Morgan's 'Italy' a fearless and excellent work. What two odd words to be coupled together!"

"Take it as you like," replied Lord Byron, "I say 'The Pleasures of Memory' "*will* live."

"The Pleasures of *Mummery!* Pray now, (speak candidly,) have you read since you were a schoolboy, or can you, with all your memory, repeat five lines of that boasted 'Essay on Memory' that you have been bepraising so furiously all your life? Instruct me where to find the golden fleece. Be my Jason for once."

"I remember being delighted with 'The "Pleasures of Memory' when I was at

" Harrow; and that is saying a great " deal, for I seldom read a book when I " was there, and continue to like what I " did then.

" 'Jacquelina,' too, is a much finer poem " than 'Lara.' Your allowing precedence " to the latter amused me. But they soon " got a divorce."

" There you go again: your taste is too fastidious. Rogers was very much offended at its being said that his 'Pleasures,' &c. were to be found shining in green and gold morocco-bindings in most parlour-windows, and on the book-shelves of all young ladies."

" But, don't we all write to please " them? I am sure I was more pleased

"with the fame my 'Corsair' had, than "with that of any other of my books. "Why? for the very reason because it did "shine, and in *boudoirs*. Who does not "write to please the women? And Ro- "gers has succeeded: what more can he "want or wish?

"There was a Mrs. —— once fell "in love with Shelley for his verses; and "a Miss Stafford was so taken with the "'Sofa' (a very different one from Cow- "per's,) that she went to France and mar- "ried Crebillon.

"These are some of the sweets of au- "thorship. But my day is over. *Vixi,* "&c. I used formerly (that *olim* is a bad "and a sad word!) to get letters by almost "every post, the delicate beauty of whose

"penmanship suggested the fair, taper fin-
"gers that indited them. But my 'Cor-
"sair' days are over. Heigh ho!"

"But what has all this to do with Rogers, or 'The Pleasures of Memory?' Is there one line of that poem that has not been altered and re-altered, till it would be difficult to detect in the patchwork any thing like the texture of the original stuff?"

"Well, if there is not a line or a word
"that has not been canvassed, and made
"the subject of separate epistolary dis-
"cussion, what does that prove but the
"general merit of the whole piece? And
"the correspondence will be valuable by
"and bye, and save the commentators a
"vast deal of labour, and waste of inge-

"nuity. People do wisest who take care
"of their fame when they have got it.
"That's the rock I have split on. It has
"been said that he has been puffed into
"notice by his dinners and Lady Holland.
"Though he gives very good ones, and
"female Mæcenases are no bad things
"now-a-days, it is by no means true. Ro-
"gers has been a spoilt child; no wonder
"that he is a little vain and jealous.
"And yet he deals praise very liberally
"sometimes; for he wrote to a little friend
"of mine, on the occasion of his late pub-
"lication, that 'he was born with a rose-
"bud in his mouth, and a nightingale
"singing in his ear,'—two very prettily
"turned Orientalisms. Before my wife
"and the world quarrelled with me, and
"brought me into disrepute with the pub-
"lic, Rogers had composed some very

"pretty commendatory verses on me; but "they were kept corked up for many long "years, under hope that I might reform "and get into favour with the world again, "and that the said lines (for he is rather "costive, and does not like to throw "away his effusions) might find a place in "'Human Life.' But after a great deal "of oscillation, and many a sigh at their "hard destiny—their still-born fate,—they "were hermetically sealed, and adieu to "my immortality!

"Rogers has an unfortunately sensitive "temper. We nearly quarrelled at Flo-"rence. I asked the officer of the *Dogana* "(who had trouble enough with all my "live and dead stock), in consequence "of his civilities, to dine with me at "Schneider's; but Rogers happened to

"be in one of his ill humours, and abused "the Italians.

"He is coming to visit me on his re- "turn from Rome, and will be annoyed "when he finds I have any English com- "forts about me. He told a person the "other day that one of my new tragedies "was intended for the stage, when he "knew neither of them was. I suppose "he wanted to get another of them damn- "ed. O Samuel, Samuel! But," added he, after a pause, "these things are, as "Lord Kenyon said of Erskine, 'mere "spots in the sun.' He has good quali- "ties to counterbalance these littlenesses "in his character.

"Rogers is the only man I know who "can write epigrams, and sharp bone-cut-

"ters too, in two lines; for instance, "that on an M. P. who had reviewed "his book, and said he wrote very well "for a banker:—

'They say he has no heart, and I deny it:
He has a heart,—and gets his speeches by it.'"

"I have been told," said he one Sunday evening during our ride, "that you have "got a parson here of the name of N*tt.— "N*tt? I think I should know that name: "was he not one of the tutors of a late "Princess? If I am not mistaken, 'there-"by hangs a tale,' that perhaps would "have been forgotten, but for his over-"officious zeal,—or a worse motive. The "would-be Bishop having himself cracked "windows, should not throw stones. I "respect the pulpit as much as any man,

" but would not have it made a forum for
" politics or personality. The Puritans
" gave us quite enough of them.—But to
" come to the point. A person who was
" at his house to-day, where he has a
" chapel, tells me that this dignitary of
" the Church has in a very undignified
" way been preaching against my ' Cain.'
" He contends, it seems, that the snake
" which tempted Eve was not a snake,
" but the Devil in disguise; and that
" Bishop Warburton's ' Legation of Moses'
" is no authority. It may be so, and a
" poor unlearned man like me may be
" mistaken: but as there are not three
" of his congregation who have seen
" ' Cain,' and not one but will be satisfied
" that the learned Doctor's object is to
" preach against and vilify me, under the

"pretext of clearing up these disputed "points, surely his arguments are much "misplaced. It is strange that people "will not let me alone. I am sure I lead "a very quiet, moral life here." * * * * * * * * * * * *

A fortnight after he said:

"I hear that your Doctor, in company "with some Russians, the other day, "called Shelley a *scelerato*, and has been "preaching two sermons, two following "Sundays, against Atheism. It is pretty "clear for whom he means them; and "Mrs. Shelley being there, it was still "more indecent. The Doctor is playing "with penknives when he handles poets."

The next morning he gave us a song upon the Doctor, to the tune of "The Vicar and Moses."

"I have often wished," said I to Lord Byron one day, "to know how you passed your time after your return from Greece in 1812."

"There is little to be said about it," replied he. "Perhaps it would have "been better had I never returned! I "had become so much attached to the "Morea, its climate, and the life I led "there, that nothing but my mother's "death* and my affairs would have "brought me home. However, after an "absence of three years, behold! I was

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* In August 1811.

" again in London. My Second Canto " of 'Childe Harold' was then just pub- " lished; and the impersonation of my- " self, which, in spite of all I could say, " the world would discover in that poem, " made every one curious to know me, " and to discover the identity. I received " every where a marked attention, was " courted in all societies, made much of " by Lady Jersey, had the *entré* at Devon- " shire-house, was in favour with Brum- " mel, (and that was alone enough to " make a man of fashion at that time;) " in fact, I was a lion—a ball-room bard " —a *hot-pressed* darling! 'The Corsair' " put my reputation *au comble*, and had a " wonderful success, as you may suppose, " by one edition being sold in a day.

" Polidori, who was rather vain, once

"asked me what there was he could not "do as well as I? I think I named four "things:—that I could swim four miles— "write a book, of which four thousand "copies should be sold in a day*—drink "four bottles of wine—and I forget what "the other was, but it is not worth men- "tioning. However, as I told you be- "fore, my 'Corsair' was sufficient to cap- "tivate all the ladies.

"About this period I became what "the French call *un homme à bonnes* "*fortunes*, and was engaged in a *liaison*, "—and, I might add, a serious one.

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* The fact is that nearly 10,000 of several of Lord Byron's productions have been sold on the first day of publication.

"The lady had scarcely any personal "attractions to recommend her. Her "figure, though genteel, was too thin to "be good, and wanted that roundness "which elegance and grace would vain- "ly supply. She was, however, young, "and of the first connexions. *Au reste,* "she possessed an infinite vivacity, and "an imagination heated by novel-reading, "which made her fancy herself a heroine "of romance, and led her into all sorts of "eccentricities. She was married, but it "was a match of *convenance,* and no "couple could be more fashionably indif- "ferent to, or independent of one another, "than she and her husband. It was at "this time that we happened to be "thrown much together. She had never "been in love—at least where the affec- "tions are concerned,—and was perhaps

" made without a heart, as many of the
" sex are; but her head more than sup-
" plied the deficiency.

" I was soon congratulated by my " friends on the conquest I had made, " and did my utmost to shew that I was " not insensible to the partiality I could " not help perceiving. I made every " effort to be in love, expressed as much " ardour as I could muster, and kept " feeding the flame with a constant sup- " ply of *billets-doux* and amatory verses. " In short, I was in decent time duly " and regularly installed into what the " Italians call *service*, and soon became, " in every sense of the word, a *patito*.

" It required no Œdipus to see where " all this would end. I am easily govern-

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"ed by women, and she gained an ascend-
"ancy over me that I could not easily
"shake off. I submitted to this thraldom
"long, for I hate *scenes*, and am of an
"indolent disposition; but I was forced
"to snap the knot rather rudely at last.
"Like all lovers, we had several quarrels
"before we came to a final rupture. One
"was made up in a very odd way, and
"without any verbal explanation. She
"will remember it. Even during our in-
"timacy I was not at all constant to this
"fair one, and she suspected as much. In
"order to detect my intrigues she watched
"me, and earthed a lady into my lodgings,
"—and came herself, terrier-like, in the
"disguise of a carman. My valet, who did
"not see through the masquerade, let her
"in; when, to the despair of Fletcher, she
"put off the man, and put on the woman.

" Imagine the scene: it was worthy of
" Faublas!

" Her after-conduct was unaccountable " madness — a combination of spite and " jealousy. It was perfectly agreed and " understood that we were to meet as " strangers. We were at a ball. She " came up and asked me if she might " waltz. I thought it perfectly indifferent " whether she waltzed or not, or with " whom, and told her so, in different terms, " but with much coolness. After she had " finished, a scene occurred, which was " in the mouth of every one. * *

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"Soon after this she promised young
" ——— * * * if he would
" call me out. * * * *
" * * * * Yet can any one
" believe that she should be so infatuated,
" after all this, as to call at my apartments?
" (certainly with no view of shooting her-
" self.) I was from home; but finding
" 'Vathek' on the table, she wrote in the
" first page, 'Remember me!'

" Yes! I had cause to remember her;
" and, in the irritability of the moment,
" wrote under the two words these two
" stanzas :—

'Remember thee, remember thee!
Till Lethe quench life's burning stream,
Remorse and shame shall cling to thee,
And haunt thee like a feverish dream!

Remember thee! Ay, doubt it not;
  Thy husband too shall think of thee;
By neither shalt thou be forgot,
  Thou ***** to him, thou ***** to me!'"

"I am accused of ingratitude to a cer-
"tain personage. It is pretended that,
"after his civilities, I should not have
"spoken of him disrespectfully. Those
"epigrams were written long before my
"introduction to him; which was, after all,
"entirely accidental, and unsought-for on
"my part. I met him one evening at
"Colonel J———'s. As the party was a
"small one, he could not help observing
"me; and as I made a considerable noise
"at that time, and was one of the lions of
"the day, he sent General ——— to de-
"sire I would be presented to him. I

"would willingly have declined the ho-
"nour, but could not with decency. His
"request was in the nature of a com-
"mand. He was very polite, for he is
"the politest man in Europe, and paid
"me some compliments that meant no-
"thing. This was all the civility he ever
"shewed me, and it does not burthen my
"conscience much.

"I will shew you my Irish '*Avatara.*'
"Moore tells me that it has saved him
"from writing on the same subject: he
"would have done it much better. I told
"M—— to get it published in Paris: he
"has sent me a few printed copies; here
"is one for you. I have said that the
"Irish Emancipation, when granted, will
"not conciliate the Catholics, but will be
"considered as a measure of expediency,

"and the resort of fear. But you will "have the sentiment in the words of the "original."

THE IRISH AVATARA.

True, the great of her bright and brief era are
gone,—
The rainbow-like epoch when Freedom could
pause,
For the few little years out of centuries won,—
That betray'd not, and crush'd not, and wept
not her cause.

True, the chains of the Catholic clank o'er his
rags,
The Castle still stands, and the Senate 's no
more;
And the famine that dwells on her freedomless
crags,
Is extending its steps to her desolate shore:—

To her desolate shore, where the emigrant stands
  For a moment to pause ere he flies from his
    hearth:
Tears fall on his chain, though it drops from his
    hands,
  For the dungeon he quits is the place of his
    birth.

Ay! roar in *his* train; let thine orators lash
  Their fanciful spirits to pamper his pride:
Not thus did thy Grattan indignantly flash
  His soul on the freedom implored and denied!

Ever-glorious Grattan! the best of the good!
  So simple in heart—so sublime in the rest,
With all that Demosthenes wanted endued,
  And his victor, or rival, in all he possess'd;

With the skill of an Orpheus to soften the brute—
  With the fire of Prometheus to kindle mankind;
Even Tyranny, listening, sat melted or mute,
  And Corruption sank scorch'd from the glance
    of his mind.

Ay! back to our theme—back to despots and slaves,
Feasts furnished by Famine — rejoicings by Pain:
True Freedom but welcomes, while Slavery still raves,
When a week's Saturnalia have loosen'd her chain.

Let the poor squalid splendour thy wreck can afford
(As the bankrupt's profusion his ruin would hide)
Gild over the palace,—lo! Erin thy lord,—
Kiss his foot, with thy blessing, for blessings denied!

And if freedom past hope be extorted at last,—
If the idol of brass find his feet are of clay,—
Must what terror or policy wrung forth be class'd
With what monarchs ne'er give, but as wolves yield their prey?

But let not *his* name be thine idol alone!
On his right hand behold a *Sejanus* appears—
Thine own Castlereagh! Let him still be thine own!—
A wretch never named but with curses and jeers,

Till now, when this Isle, that should blush for his birth,
Deep, deep as the gore which he shed on her soil,
Seems proud of the reptile that crawl'd from her earth,
And for murder repays him with shouts and a smile!—

Without one single ray of her genius,—without
The fancy, the manhood, the fire of her race,—
The miscreant who well might plunge Erin in doubt,
If she ever gave birth to a being so base!

If she did, may her long-boasted proverb be
hush'd,
Which proclaims that from Erin no reptile can
spring !
See the cold-blooded serpent, with venom full
flush'd,
Still warming its folds in the heart of a king !

Shout, drink, feast, and flatter ! Oh, Erin ! how
low
Wert thou sunk by misfortune and tyranny, till
Thy welcome of tyrants hath plunged thee below
The depth of thy deep in a deeper gulph still !

My voice, though but humble, was raised in thy
right ;
My vote*, as a freeman's, still voted thee free ;
My arm, though but feeble, would arm in thy fight ;
And this heart, though outworn, had a throb
still for thee !

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* He spoke on the Catholic Question.

Yes! I loved thee and thine, though thou wert not
my land;
I have known noble hearts and brave souls in
thy sons,
And I wept with delight on the patriot band
Who are gone,—but I weep them no longer as
once!

For happy are they now reposing afar—
Thy Curran, thy Grattan, thy Sheridan,—all,
Who for years were the chiefs in this eloquent
war,
And redeem'd, if they have not retarded thy
fall!—

Yes! happy are they in their cold English graves!
Their shades cannot start at thy shouts of to-
day;
Nor the steps of enslavers and slave-kissing slaves
Be damp'd in the turf o'er their fetterless
clay!

Till now I had envied thy sons and thy shore!
Though their virtues are blunted, their liberties fled,
There is something so warm and sublime in the core
Of an Irishman's heart, that I envy—their dead!

Or if aught in my bosom can quench for an hour
My contempt of a nation so servile, though sore,
Which, though trod like the worm, will not turn upon power,
'Tis the glory of Grattan—the genius of Moore!

"What a noble fellow," said Lord Byron, after I had finished reading, "was "Lord Edward Fitzgerald!—and what a "romantic and singular history was his! "If it were not too near our times, it

"would make the finest subject in the "world for an historical novel."

"What was there so singular in his life and adventures?" I asked.

"Lord Edward Fitzgerald," said he, "was a soldier from a boy. He served in "America, and was left for dead in one "of the pitched battles, (I forget which,) "and returned in the list of killed. Hav-"ing been found in the field after the re-"moval of the wounded, he was recovered "by the kindness and compassion of a "native, and restored to his family as one "from the grave. On coming back to "England, he employed himself entirely "in the duties of his corps and the study "of military tactics, and got a regiment.

" The French Revolution now broke out, " and with it a flame of liberty burnt in " the breast of the young Irishman. He " paid this year a visit to Paris, where he " formed an intimacy with Tom Paine, and " came over with him to England.

" There matters rested, till, dining one " day at his regimental mess, he ordered " the band to play '*Ça ira*,' the great re- " volutionary air. A few days afterwards " he received a letter from head-quarters, " to say that the King dispensed with his " services.

" He now paid a second visit to America, " where he lived for two years among the " native Indians; and once again crossing " the Atlantic, settled on his family estate " in Ireland, where he fulfilled all the du-

" ties of a country-gentleman and magis-
" trate. Here it was that he became ac-
" quainted with the O'Connors, and in
" conjunction with them zealously exerted
" himself for the emancipation of their
" country. On their imprisonment he was
" proscribed, and secreted for six weeks
" in what are called the liberties of Dub-
" lin; but was at length betrayed by a
" woman.

" Major Sirr and a party of the military
" entered his bed-room, which he always
" kept unlocked. At the voices he started
" up in bed and seized his pistols, when
" Major Sirr fired and wounded him.
" Taken to prison, he soon after died of
" his wound, before he could be brought
" to trial. Such was the fate of one who
" had all the qualifications of a hero and

"a patriot! Had he lived, perhaps Ire-"land had not now been a land of He-"lots."

"What did you mean," asked I one day, "by that line in 'Beppo,'—

'Some play the devil, and then write a novel'?"

"I alluded," replied he, "to a novel "that had some fame in consequence of "its being considered a history of my "life and adventures, character and ex-"ploits, mixed up with innumerable lies "and lampoons upon others. Madame "de Staël asked me if the picture was "like me,—and the Germans think it is "not a caricature. One of my foreign "biographers has tacked name, place, and

"circumstance to the Florence fable, and "gives me a principal instead of a subor- "dinate part in a certain tragical history "therein narrated. Unfortunately for my "biographers, I was never at Florence for "more than a few days in my life; and "Fiorabella's beautiful flowers are not so "quickly plucked or blighted. Hence, "however, it has been alleged that mur- "der is my instinct; and to make inno- "cence my victim and my prey, part of "my nature. I imagine that this dark "hint took its origin from one of my "Notes in 'The Giaour,' in which I said "that the countenance of a person dying "by stabs retained the character of fero- "city, or of the particular passion im- "printed on it, at the moment of dissolu- "tion. A sage reviewer makes this com- "ment on my remark:—'It must have

"been the result of personal observa-
"tion!'

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"But I am made out a very amiable "person in that novel! The only thing "belonging to me in it, is part of a let- "ter; but it is mixed up with much fic- "titious and poetical matter. Shelley "told me he was offered, by —— the "bookseller in Bond Street, no small sum "if he would compile the Notes of that "book into a story; but that he declined "the offer. * * * *

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* * * * But if I know "the authoress, I have seen letters of "hers much better written than any part "of that novel. A lady of my acquaint- "ance told me, that when that book was

"going to the press, she was threatened "with cutting a prominent figure in it if "———. But the story would only "furnish evidence of the unauthenticity of "the nature of the materials, and shew the "manner and spirit with which the piece "was got up.—Yet I don't know why I "have been led to talk about such non-"sense, which I paid no more attention "to than I have to the continual calum-"nies and lies that have been unceasingly "circulated about me, in public prints, "and through anonymous letters. I got "a whole heap of them when I was at "Venice, and at last found out that I had "to thank Mr. Sotheby for the greater "share of them. It was under the wasp-"ishness produced by this discovery that "I made him figure also in my 'Beppo' "as an 'antique gentleman of rhyme,'

" a 'bustling Botherby,' &c. I always " thought him the most insufferable of " bores, and the curse of the Hampbell, " as Edgeworth was of *his* club. There " was a society formed for the suppression " of Edgeworth, and sending him back " to Ireland;—but I should have left the " other to his

'Snug coterie and literary lady,'

" and to his ———— that Rogers " pretended to take for an old arm-chair, " if he had not made himself an active " bore, by dunning me with disagreeable " news,—and, what was worse, and more " nauseous and indigestible still, with his " criticisms and advice.

" When Galignani was about to publish " a new edition of my works, he applied to

"Moore to furnish him with some anec- "dotes of me; and it was suggested that "we should get up a series of the most "unaccountable and improbable adven- "tures, to gull the Parisian and travelling "world with: but I thought afterwards "that he had quite enough of the fabu- "lous at command without our inventing "any thing new, which indeed would have "required ingenuity.*

"You tell me that the Baron Lutze- "rode has been asking you for some au-

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* The reader will laugh when I tell him that it was asserted to a friend of mine, that the lines 'To Thyrza,' published with the First Canto of 'Childe Harold,' were addressed to—his bear. There is nothing so malignant that hatred will not invent, or folly believe.

"thentic particulars of my life, to affix to "his translation of 'Cain,' and thus con- "tradict the German stories circulated "about me, and which, I understand, "even Goëthe believes. Why don't you "write something for him, Medwin? I "believe you know more of me than any "one else,—things even that are not in "*the book.*"

I said, "My friend the Baron is a great enthusiast about you, and I am sure you would like him."

"Taafe told me the other day," he replied, "a noble trait of him, which per- "haps you have not heard, and which "makes me highly respect him. An only "child of his was dangerously ill of a "malignant fever:—it was supposed by

"the physicians that he might be saved by "bleeding; but blood would not follow the "lancet, and the Baron breathed the vein "with his mouth. The boy died, and the "father took the contagion, and was near "following his child to the grave."

"Well then," said I, "shall I bring the Baron?"

"I have declined," replied Lord Byron, "going to Court; and as he belongs to "it, must also decline his visit. I neither "like princes nor their satellites; though "the Grand Duke is a very respectable "tyrant—a kind of Leopold. I will make "my peace with your amiable friend by "sending him a 'Cain' and 'Don Juan' "as a present, and adding to the first page "of the latter an impression of my seal,

"with the motto *'Elle vous suit partout.'**
"This will please a German sentimen-
"talist."

"There is an acquaintance of mine here," said I, "who has made a translation of a passage in De la Martine, relating to you, which I will shew you. He compares you to an eagle feeding on human hearts, and lapping their blood, &c."

"Why, we have got a little nest of "singing birds here," said he; "I should "like to see it. I never met with the "*'Méditations Poétiques:'* bring it to-"morrow."

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* See 'Don Juan,' Canto I. Stanza 198.

The next day I shewed him the lines, which he compared with the original, and said they were admirable, and that he considered them on the whole very complimentary!! "Tell your friend so, and "beg him to make my compliments to "Mr. De la Martine, and say that I thank "him for his verses."

"Harrow," said he, "has been the "nursery of almost all the politicians of "the day."

"I wonder," said I, "that you have never had the ambition of being one too."

"I take little interest," replied he, "in "the politics at home. I am not made "for what you call a politician, and should

"never have adhered to any party.* I "should have taken no part in the petty "intrigues of cabinets, or the pettier fac- "tions and contests for power among par- "liamentary men. Among our statesmen, "Castlereagh is almost the only one whom "I have attacked; the only public cha- "racter whom I thoroughly detest, and "against whom I will never cease to level "the shafts of my political hate.

"I only addressed the House twice, "and made little impression. They told "me that my manner of speaking was "not dignified enough for the Lords, but

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* "The consequence of being of no party,
I shall offend all parties. Never mind!"

Don Juan, Canto IX. Stanza 26.

"was more calculated for the Commons. "I believe it was a Don Juan kind of "speech. The two occasions were, the "Catholic Question,* and (I think he said) "some Manchester affair.

"Perhaps, if I had never travelled,— "never left my own country young,—my "views would have been more limited. "They extend to the good of mankind "in general—of the world at large. Per-"haps the prostrate situation of Portugal

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* A gentleman who was present at his maiden speech, on the Catholic Question, says, that the Lords left their seats and gathered round him in a circle; a proof, at least, of the interest which he excited: and that the same style was attempted in the Commons the next day, but failed.

"and Spain—the tyranny of the Turks in "Greece—the oppressions of the Austrian "Government at Venice—the mental de-"basement of the Papal States, (not to "mention Ireland,)—tended to inspire "me with a love of liberty. No Italian "could have rejoiced more than I, to "have seen a Constitution established on "this side the Alps. I felt for Romagna "as if she had been my own country, "and would have risked my life and for-"tune for her, as I may yet for the "Greeks.* I am become a citizen of the

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* "And I will war, at least in words, (and—should
My chance so happen,—deeds) with all who war
With Thought. And of Thought's foes by far most rude
Tyrants and Sycophants have been and are.

"world. There is no man I envy so much "as Lord Cochrane. His entrance into "Lima, which I see announced in to-day's "paper, is one of the great events of the "day. Maurocordato, too, (whom you "know so well,) is also worthy of the best "times of Greece. Patriotism and virtue "are not quite extinct."

I told him that I thought the finest lines he had ever written were his "Address to Greece," beginning—

"Land of the unforgotten brave!"

I know not who may conquer: if I could
Have such a prescience, it should be no bar
To this my plain, sworn, downright detestation
Of every despotism in every nation!"
Don Juan, Canto IX. Stanza 24.

"I should be glad," said he, "to think "that I have added a spark to the flame.* "I love Greece, and take the strongest "interest in her struggle."

"I did not like," said I, "the spirit of Lambrino's ode; it was too desponding."

"That song," replied he, "was written "many years ago, though published only "yesterday. Times are much changed "since then. I have learned to think "very differently of the cause,—at least

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* "But words are things;—and a small drop of ink,
Falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."
Don Juan, Canto III. Stanza 88.

"of its success. I look upon the Morea "as secure. There is more to be appre- "hended from friends than foes. Only "keep the Vandals out of it; they would "be like the Goths here."

"What do you think of the Turkish power," I asked, "and of their mode of fighting?"

"The Turks are not so despicable an "enemy as people suppose. They have "been carrying on a war with Russia, or "rather Russia with them, since Peter "the Great's time;—and what have they "lost, till lately, of any importance? In "1788 they gained a victory over the "Austrians, and were very nearly making "the Emperor of Austria prisoner, though "his army consisted of 80,000 men.

"They beat us in Egypt, and took one "of our generals. Their mode of fight-"ing is not unformidable. Their cavalry "falls very little short of ours, and is "better mounted — their horses better "managed. Look, for instance, at the "Arab the Turkish Prince here rides!— "They are divided into parties of sixty, "with a flag or standard to each. They "come down, discharge their pieces, and "are supplied by another party; and so "on in succession. When they charge, "it is by troops, like our successive "squadrons."

"I reminded you," said I, "the other day of having said, in 'Childe Harold,' that the Greeks would have to fight their own battles,—work out their own emancipation. That was your prophetic age;

Voltaire and Alfieri had theirs, and even Goldsmith."

Shelley, who was present, observed :— "Poets are sometimes the echoes of words of which they know not the power,—the trumpet that sounds to battle, and feels not what it inspires."

"In what year was it," I asked, "that you wrote that line,

'Will Frank or Muscovite assist you?—No!'"

"Some time in 1811. The ode was "written about the same time. I ex- "pressed the same sentiments in one of "its stanzas.*

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* The lines to which he alluded were—

"Trust not for freedom to the Franks;
They have a King who buys and sells:

In

"I will tell you a plan I have in em-"bryo. I have formed a strong wish to "join the Greeks. Gamba is anxious to "be of the party. I shall not, however, "leave Italy without proper authority "and full power from the Patriot Govern-"ment. I mean to write to them, and "that will take time;—besides, the Guic-"cioli!*"

In native swords and native ranks,
The only hope of freedom dwells!"
Don Juan, Canto III. page 51.

* I have heard Lord Byron reproached for leaving the Guiccioli. Her brother's accompanying him to Greece, and his remains to England, prove at least that the family acquitted him of any blame. The disturbed state of the country rendered her embarking with him out of the

"I have received," said he, "from my "sister, a lock of Napoleon's hair, which "is of a beautiful black. If Hunt were "here, we should have half-a-dozen son-"nets on it. It is a valuable present; "but, according to my Lord Carlisle, I "ought not to accept it. I observe, in the "newspapers of the day, some lines of "his Lordship's, advising Lady Holland

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question; and the confiscation of her father's property made her jointure, and his advanced age her care, necessary to him.—It required all Lord Byron's interest with the British Envoy, as well as his own guarantee, to protect the Gambas at Genoa. But his own house at length ceased to be an asylum for them, and they were banished the Sardinian States a month before he sailed for Leghorn; whence, after laying in the supplies for his voyage, he directed his fatal course to the Morea.

"not to have any thing to do with the "snuff-box left her by Napoleon, for fear "that horror and murder should jump "out of the lid every time it is opened! "It is a most ingenious idea—I give him "great credit for it."

He then read me the first stanza, laughing in his usual suppressed way,—

"Lady, reject the gift," &c.

and produced in a few minutes the following parody on it:

"Lady, accept the box a hero wore,
In spite of all this elegiac stuff:
Let not seven stanzas written by a bore,
Prevent your Ladyship from taking snuff!"

"When will my wise relation leave off "verse-inditing?" said he. "I believe,

" of all manias, authorship is the most " inveterate. He might have learned by " this time, indeed many years ago, (but " people never learn any thing by expe- " rience,) that he had mistaken his *forte*. " There was an epigram, which had some " logic in it, composed on the occasion of " his Lordship's doing two things in one " day,—subscribing 1000*l*. and publish- " ing a sixpenny pamphlet! It was on " the state of the theatre, and dear " enough at the money. The epigram I " think I can remember:

'Carlisle subscribes a thousand pound
Out of his rich domains;
And for a sixpence circles round
The produce of his brains.
'Tis thus the difference you may hit
Between his fortune and his wit.'

"A man who means to be a poet should "do, and should have done all his life, "nothing else but make verses. There 's "Shelley has more poetry in him than "any man living; and if he were not so "mystical, and would not write Utopias "and set himself up as a Reformer, his "right to rank as a poet, and very highly "too, could not fail of being acknow-"ledged. I said what I thought of him "the other day; and all who are not "blinded by bigotry must think the same. "The works he wrote at seventeen are "much more extraordinary than Chatter-"ton's at the same age."

A question was started, as to which he considered the easiest of all metres in our language.

"Or rather," replied he, "you mean, "which is the least difficult? I have "spoken of the fatal facility of the octo-"syllabic metre. The Spenser stanza is "difficult, because it is like a sonnet, and "the finishing line must be good. The "couplet is more difficult still, because "the last line, or one out of two, must "be good. But blank verse is the most "difficult of all, because every line must "be good."

"You might well say then," I observed, "that no man can be a poet who does any thing else."

During our evening ride the conversation happened to turn upon the rival Reviews.

"I know no two men," said he, "who "have been so infamously treated, as "Shelley and Keats. If I had known "that Milman had been the author of "that article on 'The Revolt of Islam,' "I would never have mentioned 'Fazio' "among the plays of the day,—and "scarcely know why I paid him the com- "pliment. In consequence of the shame- "less personality of that and another "number of 'The Quarterly,' every one "abuses Shelley,—his name is coupled "with every thing that is opprobrious: "but he is one of the most moral as well "as amiable men I know. I have now "been intimate with him for years, and "every year has added to my regard for "him.—Judging from Milman, Christia- "nity would appear a bad religion for a

"poet, and not a very good one for a "man. His 'Siege of Jerusalem' is one "*cento* from Milton; and in style and "language he is evidently an imitator "of the very man whom he most abuses. "No one has been puffed like Mil-"man: he owes his extravagant praise "to Heber. These Quarterly Reviewers "scratch one another's backs at a pro-"digious rate. Then as to Keats, though "I am no admirer of his poetry, I do not "envy the man, whoever he was, that "attacked and killed him. Except a "couplet of Dryden's,

> 'On his own bed of torture let him lie,
> Fit garbage for the hell-hound infamy,'

"I know no lines more cutting than those

"in 'Adonais,'* or more feeling than the
"whole elegy.

"As Keats is now gone, we may speak
"of him. I am always battling with *the*
"*Snake* about Keats, and wonder what
"he finds to make a god of, in that
"idol of the Cockneys: besides, I always
"ask Shelley why he does not follow

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* The lines to which he referred were these:—

" Expect no heavier chastisement from me,
But ever at thy season be thou free
To spill their venom when thy fangs o'erflow.
Remorse and self-contempt shall cling to thee;
Hot shame shall burn upon thy Cain-like brow,
And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt as
now."

Adonais.

" his style, and make himself one of the " school, if he think it so divine. He " will, like me, return some day to admire " Pope, and think 'The Rape of the " Lock' and its sylphs worth fifty 'Endy-" mions,' with their faun and satyr ma-" chinery. I remember Keats some-" where says that 'flowers would not " blow, leaves bud,' &c. if man and wo-" man did not kiss. How sentimental!"

I remarked that 'Hyperion' was a fine fragment, and a proof of his poetical genius.

"'Hyperion!'" said he: 'why, a man " might as well pretend to be rich who " had one diamond. 'Hyperion' indeed! " 'Hyperion' to a satyr! Why, there is a " fine line in Lord Thurlow (looking to

"the West that was gloriously golden "with the sunset) which I mean to bor- "row some day:

'And all that gorgeous company of clouds' —

"Do you think they will suspect me of "taking from Lord Thurlow?"

Speaking to him of 'Lalla Rookh,' he said:

"Moore did not like my saying that "I could never attempt to describe the "manners or scenery of a country that I "had not visited. Without this it is "almost impossible to adhere closely to "costume. Captain Ellis once asked him "if he had ever been in Persia. If he

"had, he would not have made his Parsee "guilty of such a profanity. It was an "Irishism to make a Gheber die by fire."

"I have been reading," said I, "'The Lusiad,' and some of Camoens' smaller poems. Why did Lord Strangford call his beautiful Sonnets, &c. translations?"

"Because he wrote," said Lord Byron, "in order to get the situation at the Bra-"zils, and did not know a word of Portu-"guese when he commenced."

"Moore was suspected of assisting his Lordship," said I. Was that so?"

"I am told not," said Lord Byron. "They are great friends; and when Moore "was in difficulty about the Bermuda af-

"fair, in which he was so hardly used, "Lord Strangford offered to give him "500*l.*; but Moore had too much inde-"pendence to lay himself under an obli-"gation. I know no man I would go "further to serve than Moore.

"'The Fudge Family' pleases me as "much as any of his works. The letter "which he versified at the end was given "him by Douglas Kinnaird and myself, "and was addressed by the Life-guards-"man, after the battle of Waterloo, to "Big Ben. Witty as Moore's epistle is, "it falls short of the original. 'Doubling "up the *Mounseers* in brass,' is not so "energetic an expression as was used by "our hero,—all the alliteration is lost.

"Moore is one of the few writers who

"will survive the age in which he so de-"servedly flourishes. He will live in his "'Irish Melodies;' they will go down to "posterity with the music; both will last "as long as Ireland, or as music and poe-"try."

I took leave of Lord Byron on the 15th of March, to visit Rome for a few weeks. Shortly after my departure an affray happened at Pisa, the particulars of which were variously stated. The *Courier François* gave the following account of it:—

"A superior officer went to Lord Byron a few days ago. A very warm altercation, the reason of which was unknown, occurred between this officer and the English poet. The threats of the officer became so violent, that Lord Byron's servant ran

to protect his master. A struggle ensued, in which the officer was struck with a poniard by the servant, and died instantly. The servant fled."

This was one among many reports that were circulated at Rome, to which I was forced one day to give a somewhat flat contradiction. But the real truth of the story cannot be better explained than by the depositions before the Governor of Pisa, the copies of which were sent me, and are in my possession.* They state that

"Lord Byron, in company with Count Gamba, Captain Hay, Mr. Trelawney, and

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* See the Appendix for the original depositions.

Mr. Shelley, was returning from his usual ride, on the 21st March, 1822, and was perhaps a quarter of a mile from the Piaggia gate, when a man on horseback, in a hussar uniform, dashed at full speed through the midst of the party, violently jostling (*urtando*) one of them. Shocked at such ill-breeding, Lord Byron pushed forward, and all the rest followed him, and pulled up their horses on overtaking the hussar. His Lordship then asked him what he meant by the insult? The hussar, for first and only answer, began to abuse him in the grossest manner; on which Lord Byron and one of his companions drew out a card with their names and address, and passed on. The hussar followed, vociferating and threatening, with his hand on his sabre, that he would draw it, as he had often done, effectually.

They were now about ten paces from the Piaggia gate. Whilst this altercation was going on, a common soldier of the artillery interfered, and called out to the hussar, 'Why don't you arrest them? Command us to arrest them!' Upon which the hussar gave the word to the guard at the gate, 'Arrest—arrest them!' still continuing the same threatening gestures, and using language, if possible, more offensive and insulting.

"His Lordship, hearing the order given for their arrest, spurred on his horse, and one of the party did the same; and they succeeded in forcing their way through the soldiers, who flew to their muskets and bayonets, whilst the gate was closed on the rest, together with the courier, who was foremost.

"Mr. Trelawney now found his horse seized by the bridle by two soldiers, with their swords drawn, and himself furiously assaulted by the hussar, who made several cuts at him with his sabre, whilst the soldiers struck him about the thighs. He and his companions were all unarmed, and asked this madman the reason of his conduct; but his only reply was blows.

"Mr. Shelley received a sabre-stroke on the head, which threw him off his horse. Captain Hay, endeavouring to parry a blow with a stick that he used as a whip, the edge of the weapon cut it in two, and he received a wound on his nose. The courier also suffered severely from several thrusts he received from the hussar and the rest of the soldiers. After all this,

the hussar spurred on his horse, and took the road to the Lung' Arno.

"When his Lordship reached the palace, he gave directions to his secretary to give immediate information to the police of what was going on; and, not seeing his companions come up, turned back towards the gate. On the way he met the hussar, who rode up to him, saying, 'Are you satisfied?' His Lordship, who knew nothing or hardly any thing of the affray that had taken place at the gate, answered, 'No, I am not! Tell me your name!'—'Serjeant-Major Masi,' said he. One of his Lordship's servants came up at the moment, and laid hold of the bridle of the Serjeant's horse. His Lordship commanded him to let it go; when the Serjeant spurred his horse, and rushed through an

immense crowd collected before the Lanfranchi palace, where, as he deposes, he was wounded and his *chaco* found, but how or by whom they knew not, seeing that they were either in the rear or in their way home. They had further to depose that Captain Hay was confined to his house by reason of his wound; also that the courier had spit blood from the thrust he received in the breast, as might be proved by the evidence of the surgeons."

There was also another deposition from a Mr. James Crawford. It stated that "the dragoon would have drawn his sabre against Lord Byron, in the Lung' Arno, had it not been for the interposition of the servant; and that Signor Major Masi was knocked off his horse as he galloped past the Lanfranchi palace, Lord Byron and his

servants being at a considerable distance therefrom at the time."

It appears that Signor Major Masi was wounded with a pitchfork, and his life was for some time in danger; but it was never known by whom the wound had been given. One of the Countess's servants, and two of Lord Byron's, were arrested and imprisoned. It was suspected by the police that, being Italians and much attached to their master,* they had revenged his quarrel; but no proof was adduced to justify the suspicion.

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* Lord Byron was the best of masters, and was perfectly adored by his servants. His kindness was extended even to their children. He liked them to have their families with them: and I remember one day, as we were entering the hall

During the time that the examination was taking place before the police, Lord Byron's house was beset by the dragoons belonging to Signor Major Masi's troop, who were on the point of forcing open the doors, but they were too well guarded within to dread the attack. Lord Byron, however, took his ride as usual two days after.

"It is not the first time," said he, "that "my house has been a *bender*, and may "not be the last."

All Lord Byron's servants were banished

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after our ride, meeting a little boy, of three or four years old, of the coachman's, whom he took up in his arms and presented with a ten-Paul piece.

from Pisa, and with them the Counts Gamba, father and son.

Lord Byron was himself advised to leave it; and as the Countess accompanied her father, he soon after joined them at Leghorn, and passed six weeks at Monte Nero. His return to Pisa was occasioned by a new persecution of the Gambas. An order was issued for them to leave the Tuscan States in four days; and on their embarkation for Genoa, the Countess and himself took up their residence (for the first time together) at the Lanfranchi palace, where Leigh Hunt and his family had already arrived.

18th August, 1822.—On the occasion of Shelley's melancholy fate I revisited

Pisa, and on the day of my arrival learnt that Lord Byron was gone to the sea-shore, to assist in performing the last offices to his friend.* We came to a spot

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* It is hoped that the following memoir, as it relates to Lord Byron, may not be deemed misplaced here.

Percy Bysshe Shelley was removed from a private school at thirteen, and sent to Eton. He there shewed a character of great eccentricity, mixed in none of the amusements natural to his age, was of a melancholy and reserved disposition, fond of solitude, and made few friends. Neither did he distinguish himself much at Eton, for he had a great contempt for modern Latin verses, and his studies were directed to any thing rather than the exercises of his class. It was from an early acquaintance with German writers that he

marked by an old and withered trunk of a fir-tree; and near it, on the beach, stood

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probably imbibed a romantic turn of mind; at least, we find him before fifteen publishing two Rosa-Matilda-like novels, called 'Justrozzi' and 'The Rosicrucian,' that bore no marks of being the productions of a boy, and were much talked of, and reprobated as immoral by the journalists of the day. He also made great progress in chemistry. He used to say, that nothing ever delighted him so much as the discovery that there were no *elements* of earth, fire, or water: but before he left school he nearly lost his life by being blown up in one of his experiments, and gave up the pursuit. He now turned his mind to metaphysics, and became infected with the materialism of the French school. Even before he was sent to University College, Oxford, he had entered into an epistolary theological controversy with a dignitary of the Church, under

a solitary hut covered with reeds. The situation was well calculated for a poet's

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the feigned name of a woman; and, after the second term, he printed a pamphlet with a most extravagant title, 'The Necessity of Atheism.' This silly work, which was only a recapitulation of some of the arguments of Voltaire and the philosophers of the day, he had the madness to circulate among the bench of Bishops, not even disguising his name. The consequence was an obvious one:—he was summoned before the heads of the College, and, refusing to retract his opinions, on the contrary preparing to argue them with the examining Masters, was expelled the University. This disgrace in itself affected Shelley but little at the time, but was fatal to all his hopes of happiness and prospects in life; for it deprived him of his first love, and was the eventual means of alienating him for ever from his family. For some weeks after this expulsion his

grave. A few weeks before I had ridden with him and Lord Byron to this very spot,

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father refused to receive him under his roof; and when he did, treated him with such marked coldness, that he soon quitted what he no longer considered his home, went to London privately, and thence eloped to Gretna Green with a Miss Westbrook, — their united ages amounting to thirty-three. This last act exasperated his father to such a degree, that he now broke off all communication with Shelley. After some stay in Edinburgh, we trace him into Ireland; and, that country being in a disturbed state, find him publishing a pamphlet, which had a great sale, and the object of which was to soothe the minds of the people, telling them that moderate firmness, and not open rebellion, would most tend to conciliate, and to give them their liberties.

He also spoke at some of their public meetings with great fluency and eloquence. Returning

which I afterwards visited more than once. In front was a magnificent extent of the

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to England the latter end of 1812, and being at that time an admirer of Mr. Southey's poems, he paid a visit to the Lakes, where himself and his wife passed several days, at Keswick. He now became devoted to poetry, and after imbuing himself with 'The Age of Reason,' 'Spinosa,' and 'The Political Justice,' composed his 'Queen Mab,' and presented it to most of the literary characters of the day—among the rest to Lord Byron, who speaks of it in his note to 'The Two Foscari' thus:—"I shewed it to Mr. "Sotheby as a poem of great power and ima-"gination. I never wrote a line of the Notes, "nor ever saw them except in their published "form. No one knows better than the real "author, that his opinions and mine differ ma-"terially upon the metaphysical portion of that "work; though, in common with all who are

blue and windless Mediterranean, with the Isles of Elba and Gorgona,—Lord Byron's

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"not blinded by baseness and bigotry, I highly "admire the poetry of that and his other pro-"ductions." It is to be remarked here, that 'Queen Mab' eight or ten years afterwards fell into the hands of a knavish bookseller, who published it on his own account; and on its publication and subsequent prosecution Shelley disclaimed the opinions contained in that work, as being the crude notions of his youth.

His marriage, by which he had two children, soon turned out (as might have been expected) an unhappy one, and a separation ensuing in 1816, he went abroad, and passed the summer of that year in Switzerland, where the scenery of that romantic country tended to make Nature a passion and an enjoyment; and at Geneva he formed a friendship for

yacht at anchor in the offing: on the other side an almost boundless extent of sandy

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Lord Byron, which was destined to last for life. It has been said that the perfection of every thing Lord Byron wrote at Diodati, (his Third Canto of 'Childe Harold,' his 'Manfred,' and 'Prisoner of Chillon,') owed something to the critical judgment that Shelley exercised over those works, and to his dosing him (as he used to say) with Wordsworth. In the autumn of this year we find the subject of this Memoir at Como, where he wrote 'Rosalind and Helen,' an eclogue and an ode to the Euganean Hills, marked with great pathos and beauty. His first visit to Italy was short, for he was soon called to England by his wife's melancholy fate, which ever after threw a cloud over his own. The year subsequent to this event he married Mary Wolstonecraft Godwin, daughter of the celebrated Mary Wolstonecraft and Godwin. Finding, soon after

wilderness, uncultivated and uninhabited, here and there interspersed in tufts with

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his coming of age, that he was entitled to some reversionary property in fee, he sold it to his father for an annuity of 1000*l*. a-year, and took a house at Marlow, where he persevered more than ever in his poetical and classical studies. It was during his residence in Buckinghamshire that he wrote his 'Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude;' perhaps one of the most perfect specimens of harmony in blank verse that our language possesses, and full of the wild scenes which his imagination had treasured up in his Alpine excursions. In this poem he deifies Nature much in the same way that Wordsworth did in his earlier productions.

Inattentive to pecuniary matters, and generous to excess, he soon found that he could not live on his income; and, still unforgiven by his family,

underwood curved by the sea-breeze, and stunted by the barren and dry nature of

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he came to a resolution of quitting his native country, and never returning to it. There was another circumstance also that tended to disgust him with England: his children were taken from him by the Lord Chancellor, on the ground of his Atheism. He again crossed the Alps, and took up his residence at Venice. There he strengthened his intimacy with Lord Byron, and wrote his 'Revolt of Islam,' an allegorical poem in the Spenser stanza. Noticed very favourably in Blackwood's Magazine, it fell under the lash of 'The Quarterly,' which indulged itself in much personal abuse of the author, both openly in the review of that work, and insidiously under the critique of Hunt's 'Foliage.' Perhaps little can be said for the philosophy of 'The Loves of Laon and Cythra.' Like Mr. Owen of Lanark, he believed in the perfectibility of human nature,

the soil in which it grew. At equal distances along the coast stood high square

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and looked forward to a period when a new golden age would return to earth,—when all the different creeds and systems of the world would be amalgamated into one,—crime disappear,—and man, freed from shackles civil and religious, bow before the throne " of his own aweless soul," or " of the Power unknown."

Wild and visionary as such a speculation must be confessed to be in the present state of society, it sprang from a mind enthusiastic in its wishes for the good of the species, and the amelioration of mankind and of society: and however mistaken the means of bringing about this reform or " revolt" may be considered, the object of his whole life and writings seems to have been to develope them. This is particularly observable in his next work ' The Prometheus Unbound,' a bold attempt

towers for the double purpose of guarding the coast from smuggling, and en-

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to revive a lost play of Æschylus. This drama shews an acquaintance with the Greek tragedy-writers which perhaps no other person possessed in an equal degree, and was written at Rome amid the flower-covered ruins of the Baths of Caracalla. At Rome also he formed the story of 'The Cenci' into a tragedy, which, but for the harrowing nature of the subject, and the prejudice against any thing bearing his name, could not have failed to have had the greatest success,—if not on the stage, at least in the closet.

After passing several months at Naples, he finally settled with his lovely and amiable wife in Tuscany, where he passed the last four years in domestic retirement and intense application to study.

forcing the quarantine laws. This view was bounded by an immense extent of the

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His acquirements were great. He was, perhaps, the first classic in Europe. The books he considered the models of style for prose and poetry were Plato and the Greek dramatists. He had made himself equally master of the modern languages. Calderon in Spanish, Petrarch and Dante in Italian, and Goëthe and Schiller in German, were his favourite authors. French he never read, and said he never could understand the beauty of Racine.

Discouraged by the ill success of his writings—persecuted by the malice of reviewers, to which he was not indifferent—for the last three years, though he continued to write, he had almost given up publishing. There were two occasions, however, that induced him to break through his resolution. His ardent love of liberty inspired him to write 'Hellas,

Italian Alps, which are here particularly picturesque from their volcanic and ma-

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or the Triumph of Greece,' a drama, since translated into Greek, and which he inscribed to his friend Prince Maurocordato; and his attachment to Keats led him to publish an elegy, which he entitled 'Adonais.'

This last is perhaps the most perfect of all his compositions, and the one he himself considered so. Among the mourners at the funeral of his poet-friend he draws this portrait of himself; (the stanzas were afterwards expunged from the Elegy :)

" 'Mid others of less note came one frail form,—
A phantom among men,—companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm,
Whose thunder is its knell. He, as I guess,
Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness

nifold appearances, and which being composed of white marble, give their summits the resemblance of snow.

Actæon-like ; and now he fled astray
With feeble steps on the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts along that rugged way
Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and
their prey.

His head was bound with pansies overblown,
And faded violets, white and pied and blue ;
And a light spear, topp'd with a cypress cone,
(Round whose rough stem dark ivy tresses shone,
Yet dripping with the forest's noonday dew,)
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
Shook the weak hand that grasp'd it. Of that
crew
He came the last, neglected and apart,—
A herd-abandon'd deer, struck by the hunter's
dart !"

As a foreground to this picture appeared as extraordinary a group. Lord Byron

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The last eighteen months of Shelley's life were passed in daily intercourse with Lord Byron, to whom the amiability, gentleness, and elegance of his manners, and his great talents and acquirements, had endeared him. Like his friend, he wished to die young: he perished in the twenty-ninth year of his age, in the Mediterranean, between Leghorn and Lerici, from the upsetting of an open boat. The sea had been to him, as well as Lord Byron, ever the greatest delight; and as early as 1813, in the following lines written at sixteen, he seems to have anticipated that it would prove his grave.

"To-morrow comes:
Cloud upon cloud with dark and deep'ning mass
Roll o'er the blacken'd waters; the deep roar
Of distant thunder mutters awfully:

and Trelawney were seen standing over the burning pile, with some of the soldiers

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Tempest unfolds its pinions o'er the gloom
That shrouds the boiling surge; the pitiless fiend
With all his winds and lightnings tracks his
prey;
The torn deep yawns,—the vessel finds a grave
Beneath its jagged jaws."

For fifteen days after the loss of the vessel his body was undiscovered; and when found, was not in a state to be removed. In order to comply with his wish of being buried at Rome, his corpse was directed to be burnt; and Lord Byron, faithful to his trust as an executor, and duty as a friend, superintended the ceremony which I have described.

The remains of one who was destined to have little repose or happiness here, now sleep, with

of the guard; and Leigh Hunt, whose feelings and nerves could not carry him through the scene of horror, lying back in the carriage,—the four post-horses ready to drop with the intensity of the noonday sun. The stillness of all around was yet more felt by the shrill scream of a solitary curlew, which, perhaps attracted by the body, wheeled in such narrow circles round the pile that it might have been struck with the hand, and was so fearless that it could not be driven away. Looking at the corpse, Lord Byron said,

"Why, that old black silk handker-

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those of his friend Keats, in the burial-ground near Caius Cestus's Pyramid;—"a spot so beautiful," said he, that it might almost make one in love with death."

"chief retains its form better than that "human body!"

Scarcely was the ceremony concluded, when Lord Byron, agitated by the spectacle he had witnessed, tried to dissipate, in some degree, the impression of it by his favourite recreation. He took off his clothes therefore, and swam off to his yacht, which was riding a few miles distant. The heat of the sun and checked perspiration threw him into a fever, which he felt coming on before he left the water, and which became more violent before he reached Pisa. On his return he immediately ordered a warm bath.

"I have been very subject to fevers," said he, "and am not in the least alarmed

"at this. It will yield to my usual re-"medy, the bath."

The next morning he was perfectly recovered. When I called, I found him sitting in the garden under the shade of some orange-trees, with the Countess. They are now always together, and he is become quite domestic. He calls her *Piccinina*, and bestows on her all the pretty diminutive epithets that are so sweet in Italian. His kindness and attention to the Guiccioli have been invariable. A three years' constancy proves that he is not altogether so unmanageable by a sensible woman as might be supposed. In fact no man is so easily led: but he is not to be driven. His spirits are good, except when he speaks of Shelley and Williams.

He tells me he has not made one voyage in his yacht since their loss, and has taken a disgust to sailing.

"I have got Hunt with me," said he. "I will tell you how I became acquainted "with him.

"One of the first visits I paid to Hunt "was in prison. I remember Lady Byron "was with me in the carriage, and I made "her wait longer than I intended at the "gate of the King's Bench.

"When party feeling ran highest against "me, Hunt was the only editor of a paper, "the only literary man, who dared say a "word in my justification. I shall always "be grateful to him for the part he took

"on that occasion. It was manly in him "to brave the obloquy of standing alone.

"Shelley and myself furnished some "time ago a suite of apartments in my "house for him, which he now occupies. "I believe I told you of a plan we had in "agitation for his benefit. His principal "object in coming out was to establish "a literary journal, whose name is not yet "fixed.

"I have promised to contribute, and "shall probably make it a vehicle for some "occasional poems;—for instance, I mean "to translate Ariosto. I was strongly ad- "vised by Tom Moore, long ago, not to "have any connection with such a com- "pany as Hunt, Shelley, and Co.; but I "have pledged myself, and besides could

" not now, if I had ever so great a dis-
" inclination for the scheme, disappoint
" all Hunt's hopes. He has a large fa-
" mily, has undertaken a long journey,
" and undergone a long series of per-
" secutions.

" Moore tells me that it was proposed
" to him to contribute to the new pub-
" lication, but that he had declined it.
" You see I cannot get out of the
" scrape. The name is not yet decided
" upon,—half-a-dozen have been rejected.

" Hunt would have made a fine writer,
" for he has a great deal of fancy and feel-
" ing, if he had not been spoiled by cir-
" cumstances. He was brought up at
" the Blue-coat foundation, and had never
" till lately been ten miles from St. Paul's.

"What poetry is to be expected from "such a course of education? He has "his school, however, and a host of dis- "ciples. A friend of mine calls 'Rimini,' "*Nimini Pimini*; and 'Foliage,' Folly- "age. Perhaps he had a tumble in "'climbing trees in the Hesperides!'* "But 'Rimini' has a great deal of merit. "There never were so many fine things "spoiled as in 'Rimini.'"

"Since you left us," said he, "I have "had serious thoughts of visiting Ame- "rica; and when the Gambas were or- "dered out of Tuscany, was on the point "of embarkation for the only country "which is a sanctuary for liberty.

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* The motto to his book entitled 'Foliage.'

"Since I have been abroad, I have "received many civilities from the Ame- "ricans*; among the rest, I was ac- "quainted with the captain of one of "their frigates lying in the Leghorn "roads, and used occasionally to dine on "board his ship. He offered to take me

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* I have been favoured with a sight of a letter addressed by Lord Byron to Mr. Church, one of the American Consuls, in which he thus speaks of his Grecian project a few months after:

"The accounts are so contradictory, as to "what mode will be best for supplying the "Greeks, that I have deemed it better to take up "(with the exception of a few supplies) what "cash and credit I can muster, rather than lay "them out in articles that might be deemed "superfluous or unnecessary. Here we can learn

"with him to America. I desired time "to consider; but at last declined it, not "wishing to relinquish my Grecian project.

"Once landed in that country, perhaps "I should not have soon left it;—I might "have settled there, for I shall never

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"nothing but from some of the refugees, who "appear chiefly interested for themselves. My "accounts from an agent of the Committee, an "English gentleman lately gone up to Greece, "are hitherto favourable; but he had not yet "reached the seat of the Provisional Government, "and I am anxiously expecting further advice.

"An American has a better right than any "other to suggest to other nations the mode "of obtaining that liberty which is the glory of "his own!"

"revisit England. On Lady Noel's death, "I thought I should have been forced to "go home (and was for a moment bent "on doing so on another occasion, which "you know); but I told Hanson that I "would rather make any sacrifice.

"The polite attentions of the American "sailor were very different from the treat-"ment I met with from the captain of a "sloop of war belonging to our Navy, "who made the gentleman command-"ing my yacht haul down my pennant. "They might have respected the name of "the great navigator.* In the time of

* His grandfather, Admiral Byron. I have heard him more than once speak of Campbell's having named him in 'The Pleasures of Hope.'

"peace, and in a free port, there could "have been no plea for such an insult. "I wrote to the captain of the vessel "rather sharply, and was glad to find "that his first lieutenant had acted with-"out his orders, and when he was on "shore; but they had been issued, and "could not be reversed.

"You see I can't go any where without "being persecuted. I am going to Genoa "in a few days."

"I have almost finished," said he, "ano-"ther play, which I mean to call 'Wer-"ner.' The story is taken from Miss "Lee's 'Kruitzner.' There are fine "things in 'The Canterbury Tales;' but "Miss Lee only wrote two of them: the

" others are the compositions of her " sister, and are vastly inferior.

" There is no tale of Scott's finer than " 'The German's Tale.' I admired it " when I was a boy, and have continued " to like what I did then. This tale, I " remember, particularly affected me. I " could not help thinking of the au- " thoress, who destroyed herself. I was " very young when I finished a few scenes " of a play founded on that story. I " perfectly remember many of the lines " as I go on.

" 'Vathek' was another of the tales I " had a very early admiration of. You " may remember a passage I borrowed " from it in 'The Siege of Corinth,' which

"I almost took verbatim.* No French-"man will believe that 'Vathek' is the "work of a foreigner. It was written at "seventeen. What do you think of the "Cave of Eblis, and the picture of Eblis "himself? There is poetry. I class it "in merit with (though it is a diffe-"rent sort of thing from) 'Paul and "Virginia,' and Mackenzie's 'Man of

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* "There is a light cloud by the moon;
'Tis passing, and will pass full soon.
If by the time its vapoury sail
Hath ceased the shaded orb to veil,
Thy heart within thee is not changed,
Then God and man are both avenged,—
Dark will thy doom be—darker still
Thine immortality of ill."

Siege of Corinth.

"Feeling,' and 'La Roche' in 'The "Mirror.'"

'Werner' was written in twenty-eight days, and one entire act at a sitting. The MS. had scarcely an alteration in it for pages together. I remember retaining in my memory one passage, which he repeated to me, and which I consider quite Shakspearian.

"Four—
Five—six hours I have counted, like the guard
Of outposts, on the never-merry clock,—
That hollow tongue of time, which, even when
It sounds for joy, takes something from enjoyment
With every clang. 'Tis a perpetual knell,
Though for a marriage-feast it rings : each stroke
Peals for a hope the less ; the funeral note
Of love deep-buried without resurrection

In the grave of possession; whilst the knoll
Of long-lived parents finds a jovial echo
To triple time in the son's ear."

"What can be expected," said I to him, "from a five-act play, finished in four weeks?"

"I mean to dedicate 'Werner,'" said he, "to Goëthe. I look upon him as the "greatest genius that the age has pro-"duced. I desired Murray to inscribe "his name to a former work; but he pre-"tends my letter containing the order "came too late.—It would have been "more worthy of him than this."

"I have a great curiosity about every "thing relating to Goëthe, and please

"myself with thinking there is some ana-
"logy between our characters and writ-
"ings. So much interest do I take in
"him, that I offered to give 100*l.* to any
"person who would translate his 'Me-
"moirs,' for my own reading.* Shelley
"has sometimes explained part of them
"to me. He seems to be very supersti-
"tious, and is a believer in astrology,—
"or rather was, for he was very young
"when he wrote the first part of his Life.
"I would give the world to read 'Faust'
"in the original. I have been urging
"Shelley to translate it; but he said
"that the translator of 'Wallenstein' was
"the only person living who could ven-

* An English translation of this interesting work has lately appeared, in 2 vols. 8vo.

"ture to attempt it;—that he had written to Coleridge, but in vain. For a "man to translate it, he must think as "*he* does."

"How do you explain," said I, "the first line,—

'The sun thunders through the sky'?"

"He speaks of the music of the spheres "in Heaven," said he, "where, as in Job, "the first scene is laid."

"Since you left us," said Lord Byron, "I have seen Hobhouse for a few days. "Hobhouse is the oldest and the best "friend I have. What scenes we have "witnessed together! Our friendship began at Cambridge. We led the same

" sort of life in town, and travelled in " company a great part of the years " 1809, 10, and 11. He was present at " my marriage, and was with me in 1816, " after my separation. We were at Ve- " nice, and visited Rome together, in " 1817. The greater part of my 'Childe " Harold' was composed when we were " together, and I could do no less in " gratitude than dedicate the complete " poem to him. The First Canto was " inscribed to one of the most beautiful " little creatures I ever saw, then a mere " child: Lady Charlotte Harley was my " Ianthe.

" Hobhouse's Dissertation on Italian " literature is much superior to his Notes " on 'Childe Harold.' Perhaps he under- " stood the antiquities better than Nibbi,

"or any of the Cicerones; but the know-"ledge is somewhat misplaced where it "is. Shelley went to the opposite ex-"treme, and never made any notes.

"Hobhouse has an excellent heart: he "fainted when he heard a false report "of my death in Greece, and was won-"derfully affected at that of Matthews—a "much more able man than the *Invalid*. "You have often heard me speak of him. "The tribute I paid to his memory was a "very inadequate one, and ill expressed "what I felt at his loss."

It may be asked *when* Lord Byron writes. The same question was put to Madame de Staël: "*Vous ne comptez pas*

sur ma chaise-à-porteur," said she. I am often with him from the time he gets up till two or three o'clock in the morning, and after sitting up so late he must require rest; but he produces, the next morning, proofs that he has not been idle. Sometimes when I call, I find him at his desk; but he either talks as he writes, or lays down his pen to play at billiards till it is time to take his airing. He seems to be able to resume the thread of his subject at all times, and to weave it of an equal texture. Such talent is that of an *improvisatore.* The fairness too of his manuscripts (I do not speak of the hand-writing) astonishes no less than the perfection of every thing he writes. He hardly ever alters a word for whole pages, and never corrects a line in subsequent editions. I do not believe

that he has ever read his works over since he examined the proof-sheets; and yet he remembers every word of them, and every thing else worth remembering that he has ever known.

I never met with any man who shines so much in conversation. He shines the more, perhaps, for not seeking to shine. His ideas flow without effort, without his having occasion to think. As in his letters, he is not nice about expressions or words; — there are no concealments in him, no injunctions to secresy. He tells every thing that he has thought or done without the least reserve, and as if he wished the whole world to know it; and does not throw the slightest gloss over his errors. Brief himself, he is impatient

of diffuseness in others, hates long stories, and seldom repeats his own. If he has heard a story you are telling, he will say, "You told me that," and with good humour sometimes finish it for you himself.

He hates argument, and never argues for victory. He gives every one an opportunity of sharing in the conversation, and has the art of turning it to subjects that may bring out the person with whom he converses. He never shews the author, prides himself most on being a man of the world and of fashion, and his anecdotes of life and living characters are inexhaustible. In spirits, as in every thing else, he is ever in extremes.

Miserly in trifles—about to lavish his

whole fortune on the Greeks; to-day diminishing his stud—to-morrow taking a large family under his roof, or giving 1000*l.* for a yacht;* dining for a few Pauls when alone—spending hundreds when he has friends. "*Nil fuit unquam sic impar sibi.*"

I am sorry to find that he has become more indolent. He has almost discontinued his rides on horseback, and has starved himself into an unnatural thinness; and his digestion is become weaker. In order to keep up the stamina that he requires, he indulges somewhat too freely in wine, and in his favourite beverage,

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* He sold it for 300*l.* and refused to give the sailors their jackets; and offered once to bet Hay that he would live on 60*l.* a-year!

Hollands, of which he now drinks a pint almost every night.

He said to me humorously enough—

" Why don't you drink, Medwin ? Gin-" and-water is the source of all my inspi-" ration. If you were to drink as much " as I do, you would write as good verses : " depend on it, it is the true Hippocrene."

On the 28th of August I parted from Lord Byron with increased regret, and a sadness that looked like presentiment. He was preparing for his journey to Genoa, whither he went a few days after my departure. I shall, I hope, be excused in presenting the public with the following sketch of his character, drawn and

sent to a friend a few weeks after his death, and to which I adapted the following motto :*

Αστηρ πριν μεν ελαμπες ενι ζωοισιν Εωος,
Νυν δε θανων λαμπεις Ἑσπερος εν φθιμενοις.

" Born an aristocrat, I am naturally one by temper," said Lord Byron. Many of

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* The following passage in an unpublished life of Alfieri, which I lately met with, might not inaptly be applied to Lord Byron :

" Dès son enfance tous les symptômes d'un caractère fier, indomtable et mélancolique se manifestèrent. Taciturne et tranquille à l'ordinaire, mais quelquefois très babillard, très vif, et presque toujours dans les extrêmes—obstiné et rebelle à la force, très soumis aux avis donnés par amitié ; contenu plutôt par la crainte d'être grondé, que par toute autre chose ; inflexible quand on voudroit le prendre à rebours ;—tel fut-il dans ses jeunes années."

the lines in 'The Hours of Idleness,' particularly the Farewell to Newstead, shew that in early life he prided himself much on his ancestors: but it is their exploits that he celebrates; and when he mentioned his having had his pennant hauled down, he said they might have respected a descendant of the great navigator. Almost from infancy he shewed an independence of character, which a long minority and a maternal education contributed to encourage. His temper was quick, but he never long retained anger. Impatient of control, he was too proud to justify himself when right, or if accused, to own himself wrong; yet no man was more unopiniated, more open to conviction, and more accessible to advice,*

* " Perhaps of all his friends Sir Walter Scott

when he knew that it proceeded from friendship, or was motived by affection or regard.

"Though opposed to the foreign policy of England, he was no revolutionist. The best proof of his prizing the constitution of his own country, was that he wished to see it transplanted on the Continent, and over the world: and his first and last as-

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had the most influence over him. The sight of his hand-writing, he said, put him in spirits for the day. Shelley's disapprobation of a poem caused him to destroy it. In compliance with the wishes of the public, he relinquished the drama. Disown it as he may, he is ambitious of fame, and almost as sensitive as Voltaire or Rousseau: even the gossip of this little town annoys him."

Extract from a Letter to a Friend, written at Pisa.

pirations were for Greece, her liberty and independence.

"Like Petrarch, disappointed love, perhaps, made him a poet. You know my enthusiasm about him. I consider him in poetry what Michael Angelo was in painting: he aimed at sublime and effect, rather than the finishing of his pictures; he flatters the vanity of his admirers by leaving them something to fill up. If the eagle flights of his genius cannot always be followed by the eye, it is the fault of our weak vision and limited optics. It requires a mind particularly organized to dive into and sound the depths of his metaphysics. What I admire is the hardihood of his ideas—the sense of power that distinguishes his writings from all others. He told me that, when he wrote,

he neither knew nor cared what was coming next.* This is the real inspiration of the poet.

"Which is the finest of his works?— It is a question I have often heard discussed. I have been present when 'Childe Harold,' 'Manfred,' 'Cain,' 'The Corsair,' and even 'Don Juan,' were named;—a proof, at least, of the versatility of his powers, and that he succeeded in many styles of writing. But I do not mean to canvass the merits of these works,—a work on his poetical character and writings is already before the public.†

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* ———— "But, note or text,
I never know the word which will come next."
Don Juan, Canto IX. Stanza 41.

† I alluded to Sir E. Brydges' Letters.

"Lord Byron's has been called *the Satanic school of poetry.* It is a name that never has stuck, and never will stick, but among a faction.

"To superficial or prejudiced readers he appeared to confound virtue and vice; but if the shafts of his ridicule fell on mankind in general, they were only *levelled* against the hypocritical cant, the petty interests, and despicable cabals and intrigues of the age. No man respected more the liberty from which the social virtues emanate. No writings ever tended more to exalt and ennoble the dignity of man and of human nature. A generous action, the memory of patriotism, self-sacrifice, or disinterestedness, inspired him with the sublimest emotions, and the most glowing thoughts and images to express

them; and his indignation of tyranny, vice, or corruption, fell like a bolt from Heaven on the guilty. We need look no further for the cause of the hate, private and political, with which he has been assailed. But 'in defiance of politics,—in defiance of personality,—his strength rose with oppression; and, laughing his opponents to scorn, he forced the applause he disdained to solicit.'

"That he was not perfect, who can deny? But how many men are better?—how few have done more good, less evil, in their day?

> 'Bright, brave, and glorious was his young
> career!'

And on his tomb may be inscribed, as is on that of Raleigh—

'Reader! should you reflect on his errors,
Remember his many virtues,
And that he was a mortal!'"

The high admiration in which Lord Byron was held in Germany may be appreciated by the following communication, and tribute to his memory, which I have just received from the illustrious and venerable Goëthe, who, at the advanced age of seventy-five, retains all the warmth of his feelings, and fire of his immortal genius.

"*Weimar*, 16*th July*, 1824.

"It has been thought desirable to have some details relative to the communication that existed between Lord Noel Byron, alas! now no more! and Goëthe: a few words will comprise the whole subject.

" The German poet, who, up to his advanced age, has habituated himself to weigh with care and impartiality the merit of illustrious persons of his own time, as well as his immediate contemporaries, from a consideration that this knowledge would prove the surest means of advancing his own, might well fix his attention on Lord Byron ; and, having watched the dawn of his great and early talents, could not fail to follow their progress through his important and uninterrupted career.

" It was easy to observe that the public appreciation of his merit as a poet increased progressively with the increasing perfection of his works, one of which rapidly succeeded another. The interest which they excited had been productive of a more unmingled delight to his friends,

if self-dissatisfaction and the restlessness of his passions had not in some measure counteracted the powers of an imagination all-comprehensive and sublime, and thrown a blight over an existence which the nobleness of his nature gifted him with a more than common capacity for enjoying.

"His German admirer, however, not permitting himself to come to a hasty and erroneous conclusion, continued to trace, with undiminished attention, a life and a poetical activity equally rare and irreconcileable, and which interested him the more forcibly, inasmuch as he could discover no parallel in past ages with which to compare them, and found himself utterly destitute of the elements necessary to calculate respecting an orb so eccentric in its course.

"In the mean while, the German and his occupations did not remain altogether unknown or unattended to by the English writer, who not only furnished unequivocal proofs of an acquaintance with his works, but conveyed to him, through the medium of travellers, more than one friendly salutation.

"Thus I was agreeably surprised by indirectly receiving the original sheet of a dedication of the tragedy of 'Sardanapalus,' conceived in terms the most honourable to me, and accompanied by a request that it might be printed at the head of the work.

"The German poet, in his old age, well knowing himself and his labours, could not but reflect with gratitude and diffi-

dence on the expressions contained in this dedication, nor interpret them but as the generous tribute of a superior genius, no less original in the choice than inexhaustible in the materials of his subjects; —and he felt no disappointment when, after many delays, 'Sardanapalus' appeared without the preface: he, in reality, already thought himself fortunate in possessing a fac-simile in lithograph*, and attached to it no ordinary value.

"It appeared, however, that the Noble Lord had not renounced his project of shewing his contemporary and companion in letters a striking testimony of his friendly intentions, of which the tragedy

* Goëthe does not mention of what nature the lithograph was.

of 'Werner' contains an extremely precious evidence.

"It might naturally be expected that the aged German poet, after receiving from so celebrated a person such an unhoped-for kindness (proof of a disposition so thoroughly amiable, and the more to be prized from its rarity in the world), should also prepare, on his part, to express most clearly and forcibly a sense of the gratitude and esteem with which he was affected.

"But this undertaking was so great, and every day seemed to make it so much more difficult,—for what could be said of an earthly being whose merit could not be exhausted by thought, or comprehended by words?

"But when, in the spring of 1823, a young man of amiable and engaging manners, a Mr. S——, brought, direct from Genoa to Weimar, a few words under the hand of this estimable friend, by way of recommendation, and when shortly after there was spread a report that the Noble Lord was about to consecrate his great powers and varied talents to high and perilous enterprize, I had no longer a plea for delay, and addressed to him the following hasty stanzas:

"One friendly word comes fast upon another
From the warm South, bringing communion sweet,—
Calling us amid noblest thoughts to wander
Free in our souls, though fetter'd in our feet.

How shall I, who so long his bright path traced,
Say to him words of love sent from afar?—

To him who with his inmost heart hath struggled,
  Long wont with fate and deepest woes to war?

May he be happy!—*thus* himself esteeming,
  He well might count himself a favoured one!
By his loved Muses all his sorrows banish'd,
  And he *self-known*,—e'en as to *me* he 's known!"

"These lines arrived at Genoa, but found him not. This excellent friend had already sailed; but, being driven back by contrary winds, he landed at Leghorn, where this effusion of my heart reached him. On the eve of his departure, July 23d, 1823, he found time to send me a reply, full of the most beautiful ideas and the divinest sentiments, which will be treasured as an invaluable testimony of worth and friendship among the choicest documents which I possess.

"What emotions of joy and hope did not that paper once excite!—but now it has become, by the premature death of its noble writer, an inestimable relic, and a source of unspeakable regret; for it aggravates, to a peculiar degree in me, the mourning and melancholy that pervade the whole moral and poetical world,—in me, who looked forward (after the success of his great efforts) to the prospect of being blessed with the sight of this master-spirit of the age,—this friend so fortunately acquired; and of having to welcome, on his return, the most humane of conquerors.

"But still I am consoled by the conviction, that his country will at once *awake*, and shake off, like a troubled dream, the partialities, the prejudices, the injuries,

and the calumnies with which he has been assailed,—that these will subside and sink into oblivion,—that she will at length universally acknowledge that his frailties, whether the effect of temperament, or the defect of the times in which he lived, (against which even the best of mortals wrestle painfully,) were only momentary, fleeting, and transitory; whilst the imperishable greatness to which he has raised her now and for ever remains, and will remain, illimitable in its glory, and incalculable in its consequences. Certain it is, that a nation who may well pride herself on so many great sons, will place Byron, all radiant as he is, by the side of those who have done most honour to her name."

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

COPIA DEL RAPPORTO

Fatto a sua Eccellenza il Sig. Governatore di Pisa, sopra l'accaduto al Nobile Lord Noel Byron, ed altri, come dalle sottoscrizioni qui appiedi, il giorno 24 Marzo, 1822.

Lord Byron, con i suoi compagni qui sottoscritti, tornava cavalcando dalla sua solita passeggiata, ed era forse lungi un quarto di miglio dalla Porta *le Piaggie*, quando un uomo a cavallo in uniforme di Ussero passò a tutta carriera in mezzo alla compagnia, urtando villanamente uno dei cavalieri. Lord Byron, adontato di tale villania, gli mosse dietro il suo cavallo, e tutti gli altri

lo seguirono. Passati innanzi a costui, ognuno s' arrestò, e Milord lo richiese perchè avesse fatto quell' insulto. L' Ussero, per prima e tutta risposta, cominciò a gridare con urli, con bestemmie, e con parole ingiuriose. Allora il nobile Lord, ed un altro suo compagno gli presentarono un bigli-etto, dov' era scritto il suo nome e la sua direzione. Quegli seguitò, gridando e minacciando che poteva trar la sciabola; che l' avrebbe ben tirata, ed anche vi pose la mano.

Erano prossimi di dieci passi alla porta. In mezzo all' alterco si meschiò un semplice soldato in uniforme, credesi, da Cannoniere; e gridò all' Ussero, "Comanda alla guardia della porta —arrestateli, arrestateli"—e sempre con modi e con parole le più villane e le più insultanti.

Ciò udendo il nobile Lord, spinse il suo cavallo, e un suo compagno di seguito, e in mezzo alle guardie che mettevano mano ai fucili e baionette,

gli riuscì di varcare la porta e prendere la Strada del Corso verso Casa Lanfranchi. Gli altri tre col corriere venivan dietro, allorchè il Signor Trelawney, che era il primo, si trovò il cavallo afferrato alla briglia da due soldati con le spade sguainate, e assalito forsennatamente da quell' Ussero che gli scagliò molti colpi di sciabola, mentre quei soldati lo percuottevano sulla coscia. Egli e i suoi compagni erano tutti inermi, e chiedevano a quel furibondo ragione di una tale infame condotta. Ma egli rispondeva con i colpi. Il Signor Shelley s' interpose per farsi scudo all' amico, e fu percosso gravemente sul capo col pomo della sciabola, per cui cadde rovesciato da cavallo. Il Capitano Hay volle pure parare un colpo al compagno con un bastoncello che aveva ad uso di *fouët*, ma il colpo tagliò il bastone e giunse a ferirlo sul naso. Il corriere fu anche mal concio con molte percosse dall' Ussero e dagl' altri soldati—Dopo ciò l' Ussero spronò il cavallo e prese la via di Lung' Arno.

Il nobile Lord giunto a casa, fece ordinare al suo segretario che corresse subito a dar conto di ciò alla Polizia; poscia, non vedendo i compagni, tornò verso la porta, e per via incontrò l' Ussero che gli si indrizzò dicendo, "Siete voi soddisfatti?" Il nobile Lord come che ignaro della zuffa accaduta sotto la porta, gli rispose "Non sono soddisfatto—ditemi il vostro nome." Costui rispose, "Masi, Sergente Maggiore." Un servo di Milord giunse in quell' istante dal Palazzo, e afferrò la briglia al cavallo del Sergente. Milord gli comandò di lasciarlo. Il Sergente allora spronò il cavallo e si lanciò Lung' Arno, in mezzo ad un' immensa folla che innanzi al Palazzo Lanfranchi erasi adunata. Ivi, come ci si riportò, fu ferito; ma noi ignoriamo come e da chi, poichè ognuno di noi trovavasi o in casa o indietro. Solamente fu recato in casa di Milord il *bonnet* di questo Sergente.

È da notare inoltre, che il Capitano Hay si

trova confinato in casa per la ferita ricevuta, e che il corriere ha sputato sangue per i colpi avuti nel petto, come si puo assicurare dalla relazione dei Chirurghi.

Questo è il rapporto preciso di ciò che è passato frà noi e il Sergente Maggiore Masi, coi soldati, &c. In fede di che noi sottoscritti comproviamo, &c. &c.

(Signed) NOEL BYRON.
H. HAY.
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.
EDWARD TRELAWNEY.
COUNT PIETRO GAMBA.

Pisa, 25 Marzo, 1822.

SECONDO RAPPORTO.

Io osservai Lord Byron venir Domenica sera cavalcando Lung' Arno verso la sua casa, e appena giuntovi ritornare senza esser smontato: poscia dirimpetto alla Chiesa di S. Matteo incontrò un Dragone, col quale cavalcò lungo la strada. Lord Byron aveva in mano una canna. Il Dragone minacciò di trarre la sciabola. Giunti sotto le nostre finestre, Lord Byron stese la mano al Dragone, e gli domandò il nome e l' indirizzo suo. Vennero stringendosi le mani per pochi passi, quando uno dei domestici di Lord Byron s'intromise e respinse il Dragone dal suo padrone. Il Dragone allora spronò al galoppo, e traversando innanzi alla casa di Lord Byron fu ferito sul destro fianco da un bastone lungo sei piedi circa,

che quasi lo rovesciò dal cavallo. In quell' istante Lord Byron e il suo domestico si trovavano ad una considerabile distanza dal Dragone.

(Signed) GIACOMO CRAWFORD, Inglese,
Casa Remediotti, No. 666, Lung' Arno.

Pisa, 27 Marzo, 1822.

GOËTHE'S BEITRAG ZUM ANDENKEN LORD BYRON'S.

Man hat gewünscht einige Nachrichten von dem Verhältnis zu erlangen, welches zwischen dem, leider zu früh abgeschiedenen Lord Noel Byron und Herrn von Goëthe bestanden; hiervon wäre kürzlich soviel zu sagen.

Der deutsche Dichter, bis ins hohe Alter bemüht die Verdienste früherer und mitlebender Männer sorgfältig und rein anzuerkennen, indem er dies als das sicherste Mittel eigener Bildung von jeher betrachtete, musste wohl auch auf das grosse Talent des Lords, bald nach dessen erstem Erscheinen aufmerksam werden, wie er denn auch die Fortschritte jener bedeutenden Leistungen und eines ununterbrochenen Wirkens unablässig begleitete.

Hierbey war denn leicht zu bemerken, dass die allgemeine Anerkennung des dichterischen Verdienstes mit Vermehrung und Steigerung rasch auf einander folgender Productionen in gleichem Maase fortwuchs. Auch wäre die diesseitige frohe Theilnahme hieran, hörhst vollkommen gewesen, hätte nicht der geniale Dichter eine leidenschaftlicke Lebensweise, durch inneres Misbehagen und ein so geistreiches als gränzenloses Hervorbringen sich selbst und seinen Freunden den reizenden Genuss an seinem hohen Daseyn einigermassen verkümmert.

Der deutsche Bewunderer jedoch, hiedurch nicht geirrt, folgte mit Aufmerksamkeit einem so seltenen Leben und Dichten in aller seiner Excentricität, die freilich um desto auffallender seyn muste, als ihres Gleichen in vergangenen Jahrhunderten nicht wohl zu entdecken gewesen und uns die Elemente zu Berechnung einer solchen Bahn völlig abgingen.

Indessen waren die Bemühungen des Deutschen dem Engländer nicht unbekannt geblieben, der daron in seinen Gedichten unzweirdeutige Beweise darlegte, nicht weniger sich durch Reisende mit manchem freundlichen Gruss vernehmen lies.

Sodann aber folgte, überraschend, gleichfals durch Vermittelung, das Original—Blatt einer Dedication des Trauerspiels *Sardanapalus* in den ehrenreichsten Ausdrücken und mit der freundlichen Anfrage, ob solche gedachtem Stück vorgedruckt werden könnte.

Der Deutsche, mit sich selbst und seinen Leistungen im hohen Alter wohlbekannte Dichter durfte den Inhalt jener Widmung nur als Aeusserung eines trefflichen, hochfühlenden, sich selbst seine Gegenstände schaffenden, unerschöpflichen Geistes mit Dank und Bescheidenheid betrachten; auch fühlte er sich nicht unzufrieden,

als, bei mancherley Verspätung, *Sardanapal* ohne ein solches Vorwort gedruckt wurde und fand sich schon glücklich im Besitz eines lithographirten Fac simile, zu höchst werthem Andenken.

Doch gab der edle Lord seinen Vorsatz nicht auf, dem deutschen Zeit-und Geist Genossen eine bedeutende Freundlichkeit zu erweisen; wie denn das Trauerspiel *Werner* ein höchst schätzbares Denkmal an der Stirne führt.

Hiernach wird man denn wohl dem deutschen Dichtergreise zutrauen, dass er einen so gründlich guten Willen, welcher uns auf dieser Erde selten begegnet, von einem so hoch gefeyerten Manne ganz unverhofft erfahrend, sich gleichfals bereitete mit Klarheit und Kraft auszusprechen, von welcher Hochachtung er für seinen unübertroffenen Zeitgenossen durchdrungen, von welchem theilnehmenden Gefühl für ihn er belebt sey. Aber die Aufgabe fand sich so gross, und

erschien immer grösser, jemehr man ihr näher trat; denn was soll man von einem Erdgebornen sagen, dessen Verdienste durch Betrachtung und Wort nicht zo erschöpfen sind?

Als daher ein junger Mann, Herr Sterling, augenehm von Person und rein von Sitten, im Frühjahr 1823, seinen Weg von Genua gerade nach Weimar nahm, und auf einem kleinen Blatte wenig eigenhändige Worte des verehrten Mannes als Empfehlung überbrachte, als nun bald darauf das Gerücht verlautete, der Lord werde seinen grossen Sinn, seine manigfaltigen Kräfte, an erhabengefährliche Thaten über Meer verwenden, da war nicht länger zu zaudern und eilig nachstehendes Gedicht geschrieben:

Ein freundlich Wort kommt eines nach dem andern,
Von Süden her und bringt uns frohe Stunden;
Es ruft uns auf zum Edelsten zu wandern,
Nicht ist der Geist, doch ist der Fuss gebunden.

Wie soll ich dem, den ich so lang' begleitet
  Nun etwas Traulich's in die Ferne sagen?
Ihm, der sich selbst im Innersten bestreitet,
  Stark angewohnt, das tiefste Weh zutragen.

Wohl sey ihm! doch wenn er sich selbst empfindet,
  Er wage selbst sich hoch beglückt zu nennen,
Wenn Musenkraft die Schmerzen überwindet,
  Und wie ich ihn erkannt, mög' er sich kennen.

Weimar, den 22 *Juny*, 1823.

Es gelangte nach Genua, fand in aber nicht mehr daselbst, schon war der trefliche Freund abgesegelt und schien einem jeden schon weit entfernt; durch Stürme jedoch zurückgehalten, landete er in Livorno, wo ihn das herzlich gesendete gerade noch traf, um es im Augenblicke seiner Abfahrt, den 24 July, 1823, mit einem reinen, schön-gefühlten Blatt erwiedern zu können; als werthestes Zeugnis eines würdigen Ver-

hältnisses unter den kostbarsten Documenten vom Besitzer auf zubewahren.

So sehr uns nun ein solches Blatt erfreuen und rühren und zu der schönsten Lebenshoffnung aufregen musste, so erhält es gegenwärtig durch das unzeitige Ableben des hohen Schreibenden den grössten schmerzlichsten Werth, indem es die algemeine Trauer der Sitten—und Dichterwelt über seinen Verlust, für uns leider ganz insbesondere, schärft, die wir nach vollbrachtem grossen Bemühen hoffen durften den vorzüglichsten Geist, den glücklich erworbenen Freund und zugleich den menschlichsten Sieger, persönlich zu begrüssen.

Nun aber erhebt uns die Ueberzeugung, dass seine Nation, aus dem, theilweise gegen ihn aufbrausenden, tadelnden, scheltenden Taumel plötzlich zur Nüchternheit erwachen und algemein begreifen werde, dass alle Schaalen und Schlacken

der Zeit und des Individuums, durch welche sich auch der beste hindurch und heraus zu arbeiten hat, nur augenblicklich, vergänglich und hinfällig gewesen, wogegen der staunungswürdige Ruhm, zo dem er sein Vaterland für ietzt und künftig erhebt, in seiner Herrlichkeit gränzenlos und in seinen Folgen unberechenbar bleibt. Gewiss, diese Nation, die sich so vieler grosser Namen rühmen darf, wird ihn verklärt zu denjenigen stetten, durch die sie sich immerfort selbst zu ehren hat.

[In the absence of the Author, who is in Switzerland, the London Editor has ventured to add a few Documents, which he trusts will be considered as a desirable Supplement. The following Letter in particular, relative to Lord Byron's great contemporary Sir Walter Scott, will no doubt be read with universal admiration :]

To M. H. Beyle,
Rue de Richelieu, Paris.

Genoa, May 29, 1823.

Sir,

At present, that I know to whom I am indebted for a very flattering mention in the "Rome, Naples, and Florence in 1817, by Mons. Stendhal," it is fit that I should return my thanks (however undesired or undesirable) to Mons. Beyle, with whom I had the honour of being acquainted at Milan in 1816. You only did me too much honour in what you were pleased to say in that work ; but it has hardly given me less pleasure than the praise itself, to become at length aware (which I have done by mere accident) that I am

indebted for it to one of whose good opinion I was really ambitious. So many changes have taken place since that period in the Milan circle, that I hardly dare recur to it;—some dead, some banished, and some in the Austrian dungeons.—Poor Pellico! I trust that, in his iron solitude, his Muse is consoling him in part—one day to delight us again, when both she and her Poet are restored to freedom.

Of your works I have only seen "Rome," &c., the Lives of Haydn and Mozart, and the *brochure* on Racine and Shakspeare. The "Histoire de la Peinture" I have not yet the good fortune to possess.

There is one part of your observations in the pamphlet which I shall venture to remark upon;—it regards Walter Scott. You say that "his character is little worthy of enthusiasm," at the same time that you mention his productions in the manner they deserve. I have known Walter Scott long and well, and in occasional situations which call forth the *real* character—and I can assure you that his character *is* worthy of admiration—that of all men he is the most *open*, the most *honourable*, the most *amiable*. With his politics I have nothing to do: they differ from mine,

which renders it difficult for me to speak of them. But he is *perfectly sincere* in them; and Sincerity may be humble, but she cannot be servile. I pray you, therefore, to correct or soften that passage. You may, perhaps, attribute this officiousness of mine to a false affectation of *candour*, as I happen to be a writer also. Attribute it to what motive you please, but *believe* the *truth*. I say that Walter Scott is as nearly a thorough good man as man can be, because I *know* it by experience to be the case.

If you do me the honour of an answer, may I request a speedy one?—because it is possible (though not yet decided) that circumstances may conduct me once more to Greece. My present address is Genoa, where an answer will reach me in a short time, or be forwarded to me wherever I may be.

I beg you to believe me, with a lively recollection of our brief acquaintance, and the hope of one day renewing it,

Your ever obliged

And obedient humble servant,

(Signed) NOEL BYRON.

SOME ACCOUNT

OF

LORD BYRON'S RESIDENCE IN GREECE.

[The Editor is indebted for the following interesting Account of Lord Byron's Residence in Greece, &c. to "The Westminster Review," a publication which has already justly acquired a high name in the periodical literature of England.]

THE motives which induced Lord Byron to leave Italy and join the Greeks struggling for emancipation from the yoke of their ignorant and cruel oppressors, are of so obvious a nature, that it is scarcely worth while to allude to them. It was in Greece that his high poetical faculties had been first most powerfully developed; and they who know the delight attendant, even in a very inferior degree, upon this intellectual process, will know how to appreciate the tender associations which,

"soft as the memory of buried love," cling to the scenes and the persons that have first stimulated the dormant genius. Greece, a land of the most venerable and illustrious history, of a peculiarly grand and beautiful scenery, inhabited by various races of the most wild and picturesque manners, was to him the land of excitement, —never-cloying, never-wearying, ever-changing excitement:—such must necessarily have been the chosen and favourite spot of a man of powerful and original intellect, of quick and sensible feelings, of a restless and untameable spirit, of warm affections, of various information,—and, above all, of one satiated and disgusted with the formality, hypocrisy, and sameness of daily life. Dwelling upon that country, as it is clear from all Lord Byron's writings he did, with the fondest solicitude, and being, as he was well known to be, an ardent though perhaps not a very systematic lover of freedom, we may be certain that he was no unconcerned spectator of its recent revolution: and as soon as it appeared to him that his presence might be useful, he prepared to visit once more the shores of Greece. The imagination of Lord Byron, however, was the subject and servant of his reason—in this instance he did not act, and perhaps never did, under the influence of the delusions of a wild enthusiasm, by which poets, very erroneously as regards great poets, are supposed to be generally led. It was not until after very serious deliberation of the advantages to be derived from this step, and after acquiring all possible information on the subject, that he de-

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termined on it; and in this as in every other act regarding this expedition, as we shall find, proved himself a wise and practical philanthropist. Like all men educated as he had been, Lord Byron too often probably obeyed the dictates of impulse, and threw up the reins to passions which he had never been taught the necessity of governing; but the world are under a grievous mistake if they fancy that Lord Byron embarked for Greece with the ignorant ardour of a schoolboy, or the flighty fanaticism of a crusader. It appeared to him that there was a good chance of his being useful in a country which he loved—a field of honourable distinction was open to him, and doubtless he expected to derive no mean gratification from witnessing so singular and instructive a spectacle as the emancipation of Greece.—A glorious career apparently presented itself, and he determined to try the event. When he had made up his mind to leave Italy for Greece, he wrote from Genoa to one of his most intimate friends, and constant companions, then at Rome, saying,

"T——, you must have heard I am going to Greece; why do you not come to me? I am at last determined—Greece is the only place I ever was contented in—I am serious—and did not write before, as I might have given you a journey for nothing. They all say I can be of great use in Greece; I do not know how, nor do they, but at all events let us try!"

He had, says this friend, who knew him well, become ambitious of a name as distinguished for deeds, as it

was already by his writings. It was but a short time before his decease, that he composed one of the most beautiful and touching of his songs on his 36th birth-day, which remarkably proves the birth of this new passion. One stanza runs as follows:

If thou regret thy youth, why live?
The land of honourable death
Is here—Up to the field, and give
Away thy breath—
Awake *not* Greece—*She* is awake,
Awake *my* spirit!—

Lord Byron embarked from Leghorn and arrived in Cephalonia in the early part of August, 1823, attended by a suite of six or seven friends in an English vessel (the Hercules, Captain Scott), which he had hired for the express purpose of taking him to Greece. His Lordship had never seen any of the volcanic mountains, and for this purpose the vessel deviated from its regular course in order to pass the island of Stromboli. The vessel lay off this place a whole night in the hopes of witnessing the usual phenomena, when, for the first time within the memory of man, the volcano emitted no fire—the disappointed poet was obliged to proceed in no good humour with the fabled forge of Vulcan.

Lord Byron was an eager and constant observer of nature, and generally spent the principal part of the night in solitary contemplation of the objects that present themselves in a sea voyage. "For many a joy

could he from night's soft presence glean." He was far above any affectation of poetical ecstasy, but his whole works demonstrate the sincere delight he took in feeding his imagination with the glories of the material world. Marine imagery is more characteristic of his writings than those of any other poet, and it was to the Mediterranean and its sunny shores that he was indebted for it all.

> —— As the stately vessel glided slow
> Beneath the shadow of that ancient mount,
> He watched the billows' melancholy flow,
> And, sunk albeit in thought as he was wont,
> More placid seem'd his eye, and smooth his pallid front.

It was a point of the greatest importance to determine on the particular part of Greece to which his Lordship should direct his course—the country was afflicted by intestine divisions, and Lord Byron thought that if he wished to serve it, he must keep aloof from faction. The different parties had their different seats of influence, and to choose a residence, if not in fact, was in appearance to choose a party. In a country where communication is impeded by natural obstacles and unassisted by civilized regulations, which had scarcely succeeded in expelling a barbarian master, and where the clashing interests of contending factions often make it advantageous to conceal the truth, the extreme difficulty of procuring accurate information may be easily supposed. It, therefore, became necessary to

make some stay in a place which might serve as a convenient post of observation, and from which assistance could be rendered where it appeared to be most needed. Cephalonia was fixed upon; where Lord Byron was extremely well received by the English civil and military authorities, who, generally speaking, seemed well inclined to further the objects of his visit to Greece. Anxious, however, to avoid involving the government of the island in any difficulty respecting himself, or for some other cause, he remained on board the vessel until further intelligence could be procured.

At the time of Lord Byron's arrival in the Ionian Islands, Greece, though even then an intelligent observer could scarcely entertain a doubt of her ultimate success, was in a most unsettled state. The third campaign had commenced, and had already been marked by several instances of distinguished success. Odysseus and Niketas had already effectually harassed and dispersed the two armies of Yusuff Pasha, and Mustapha Pasha, who had entered Eastern Greece, by the passes of Thermopylæ. Corinth, still held by the Turks, was reduced to the greatest extremities—and, indeed, surrendered in the course of the autumn.—The Morea might almost be said to be thoroughly emancipated. Patras, Modon, and Coron, and the Castle of the Morea, did then and still hold out against the combined assaults of famine and the troops of the besiegers. But the ancient Peloponnesus had, at this moment, more to fear from the dissensions of its chiefs, than the

efforts of the enemy—they had absolutely assumed something like the character of a civil war. The generals had been ordered on different services, when it appeared that the funds destined for the maintenance of their armies were already consumed in satisfying old demands for arrears. Much confusion arose, and a bloody conflict actually took place in the streets of Tripolitza, between a troop of Spartiates and another of Arcadians, the followers of rival leaders. The military chiefs, at the head of whom was the able but avaricious Colocotronis, at that time Vice-president of the Executive Government, were jealous of the party which may be termed the civil faction. Over this party presided Mavrocordatos, who, as a Constantinopolitan, was considered as a foreigner, and who, on account of his being a dexterous diplomatist, a good letter-writer, and a lover of intrigue, was regarded with feelings of jealousy and hatred by the rude and iron-handed generals of the Morea. Mavrocordatos was Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and was accused of holding correspondence with foreign Courts without the knowledge of the Government, and of aiming at getting himself elected the President of the Legislative Body. It turned out that the actual President fled from the seat of government, and that Mavrocordatos was elected into the office. He too was soon obliged to retreat, and had just resigned the office and retired to the island of Hydra, where the *civil* and commercial party was strong, and where

he was held in considerable estimation, when Lord Byron arrived at Cephalonia.

At this moment, too, Western Greece was in a very critical situation—Mustapha, Pasha of Scutari, was advancing into Acarnania in large force, and was on the point of being resisted by the chivalrous devotion of the brave Marco Botzaris. This chief, worthy of the best days of Greece, succeeded on the 9th of August (O.S.) by his famous night-attack, in cutting off a considerable part of the Turkish army, and fell a sacrifice to his generous efforts. In spite of this check, however, the Pasha advanced and proceeded towards Anatolicon and Messolonghi; the latter place was invested by Mustapha, and the Albanian chief, Omer-Vriones, by the early part of October. The Turkish fleet had arrived in the waters of Patras about the middle of June, and continued to blockade (at least nominally) Messolonghi, and all the other ports of Western Greece, up to the arrival of Lord Byron.

Previous to Marco Botzari's arrival at Carpenissi, the little village where he discomfited the Turks, he had heard of Lord Byron's arrival in Greece; and it is not a little remarkable that the last act he did before proceeding to the attack, was to write a warm invitation for his Lordship to come to Messolonghi, offering to leave the army, and to give him a public reception in a manner suitable to the occasion and serviceable to the cause.

To all who know the circumstances of that memo-

rable battle and the character of this heroic man, this letter cannot fail to be interesting. We will translate the part which relates to Lord Byron. It is dated at the "piccolo villagio" of Carpenissi on the $\frac{8}{20}$ of August.

"I am delighted," he says to a friend in Cephalonia, "with your account of Lord Byron's disposition with respect to our country. The advice you have given his Lordship to direct his attention to Western Greece, has caused us the greatest satisfaction; and I feel obliged by your continued exertions in the service of our country. I am not a little pleased at his Lordship's peculiar attention to my fellow-countrymen the Suliotes, on whom he has conferred the honour of selecting them for his guards. Avail yourself of this kindness of his Lordship, and persuade him to come as speedily as possible to Messolonghi, where we will not fail to receive him with every mark of honour due to his person; and as soon as I hear of his arrival, I will leave the army here and proceed to join him with a few companions. All will soon be right; the disturbances in Roumelia are only temporary and will be easily settled. I trust you are informed of all that has occurred here —that the Pacha of Scutari has advanced to Aspropotamos and Agrapha, and has penetrated to Carpenissi. We are going to meet him; we have possession of all the strong posts, and trust that the enemy will be properly resisted."

Botzaris alludes to almost the first act of Lord Byron in Greece, which was the arming and provisioning of forty Suliotes whom he sent to join in the defence of Messolonghi. After the battle he transmitted bandages and medicines, of which he had brought a large store

from Italy, and pecuniary succour to those who had been wounded in the battle.

He had already made a very generous offer to the Government, to which he himself alludes, as well as to the dissensions in Greece, in a letter of which this is an extract:

"I offered to advance a thousand dollars a month for the succour of Messolonghi, and the Suliotes under Botzaris (since kill'd); but the Government have answered me through ——— ———— of this island, that they wish to confer with me previously, which is in fact saying they wish me to expend my money in some other direction. I will take care that it is for the public cause, otherwise I will not advance a para. The opposition say they want to cajole me, and the party in power say the others wish to seduce me; so between the two I have a difficult part to play: however, I will have nothing to do with the factions, unless to reconcile them, if possible——"

Though strongly solicited in the most flattering manner by Count Metaxa, the Exarch of Messolonghi, and others to repair to that place, Lord Byron had too reasonable a fear of falling into the hands of a party to take a decided step in his present state of information.—He determined to communicate alone with the established Government: for this purpose he despatched two of the friends who had accompanied him to Greece, Mr. Trelawney and Mr. Hamilton Browne, in order to deliver a letter from him to the Government, and to collect intelligence respecting the real state of things. The extreme want of money which was at that time felt in

Greece, and the knowledge that Lord Byron had brought large funds with the intention of devoting them to the cause, made all parties extremely eager for his presence. He, however, yielded to none of the pressing entreaties that were made to him; but, after waiting undecided six weeks in his vessel, he took up his residence on shore. Avoiding the capital of Cephalonia he retired to the small village of Metaxata, within five or six miles of Argostoli, where he remained all the time he was on the island. It is difficult for one unacquainted with the European reputation of Lord Byron's writings, and with the peculiar wants, and the peculiar character of the Greeks, to conceive a just idea of the sensation which his arrival created in Greece. It is impossible to read the letters which were addressed to him at this time from every quarter, and not be struck with the glorious sphere of action which presented itself, and at the same time not proportionately lament the stroke which deprived the country of his assistance before he had comparatively effected any thing of importance.

Established at Metaxata as a convenient place of observation, he resumed his usual occupations, while he kept a watchful eye on all the transactions of Greece, and carried on a very active intercourse with every part of it. Those who know Lord Byron's character, know that he rarely resisted the impulse of his feelings, and that fortunately these impulses were generally of the most benevolent kind. As usual, the neighbourhood of his residence never ceased to experience some kind

and munificent exertion of his unfailing, but by no means indiscriminate or ill applied, generosity. His physician says, that the day seemed sad and gloomy to him when he had not employed himself in some generous exertion. He provided even in Greece for many Italian families in distress, and indulged the people of the country even in paying for the religious ceremonies which they deemed essential to their success. Our informant mentions one circumstance in particular which affords some idea of the way in which he loved to be of service. While at Metaxata, the fall of a large mass of earth had buried some persons alive. He heard of the accident while at dinner, and starting up from the table, ran to the spot accompanied by his physician, who took with him a supply of medicines. The labourers, who were engaged in digging out their companions, soon became alarmed for themselves, and refused to go on, saying, they believed they had dug out all the bodies which had been covered by the ruins. Lord Byron endeavoured to induce them to continue their exertions; but finding menaces in vain, he seized a spade and began to dig most zealously: at length the peasantry joined him, and they succeeded in saving two more persons from certain death.

It was to Metaxata that Dr. Kennedy, a methodistical physician then residing in Cephalonia, used to resort for the purpose of instilling the importance of religious meditation and certain scriptural truths into the mind of Lord Byron, who had the reputation of not holding them.

in sufficient reverence. These conferences we are informed by an auditor of them, if not of the most instructive, were yet of a very amusing kind. The Doctor, though he is said to be an able man in this his *lay* profession, seldom brought his arguments to bear upon his Lordship; who having the advantage in quickness of intellect, and often in the clearness of his logic, would frequently put Dr. Kennedy's ideas in disorder by a single vigorous onset. Lord Byron shewed a most remarkable acquaintance with the Bible, and by his quotations, aptly applied to the question in dispute, very often brought his antagonist to a stand; when, turning down the page, for he generally brought a little library of theology to the contest, he would promise to return to the next meeting with a full and satisfactory answer to the argument. The disputes chiefly turned upon the questions which are agitated between the different sects of Christians in England; and the audience do not seem to think that the Doctor had the advantage; he, however, flattered himself that he had made the desired impression; for we are informed that he afterwards made particular inquiries of his Lordship's suite, into any change that might have taken place in his antagonist's manner of thinking and acting after he had left Cephalonia. It has been said, maliciously, we think, that Lord Byron merely entered into these discussions, in order to master the *cant* of this religious sect, as it was his intention in some future Canto to make Don Juan a Methodist. This is a very gratuitous supposition. Lord Byron

had, when not irritated, the most courteous and affable manners; he carried himself towards all who had access to him with the most scrupulous delicacy, and it was quite sufficient for Dr. Kennedy to desire these interviews, to procure them.

Although some ludicrous scenes occurred, the admonitory party was treated with the utmost kindness, and full credit given to him for the purity of his intentions.

The two friends whom Lord Byron had despatched to the Government proceeded to the Morea, and crossed the country to Tripolitza, from which place it appeared that the two assemblies had removed to Salamis. At Tripolitza, however, they had an opportunity of seeing Colocotronis, some of the other distinguished chiefs, as well as the confidential officers of Mavrocordatos' suite, whom he had left behind him in his precipitate retreat from the chair of the legislative assembly. Here, consequently, they were able to collect a considerable quantity of information, and procure answers to the questions with which Lord Byron had charged them; after doing which, they proceeded onwards to the place where the assembly was collecting. The queries are of a very searching and judicious nature, and, like the other extracts which we shall have to make from his correspondence, prove the aptitude of his intellect and the benevolence of his designs; the answers to them, collected with considerable care and discrimination, were complete enough to afford a very accurate idea of the state, resources, and intentions of the country. From the let-

ters also he would be able to form a good idea of the contending factions, and the men who headed them: Colocotronis was found to be in great power; his palace was filled with armed men, like the castle of some ancient feudal chief, and a good idea of his character may be formed from the language he held. He declared, that he had told Mavrocordatos, that unless he desisted from his intrigues, he would put him on an ass and whip him out of the Morea; and that he had only been withheld from doing it by the representations of his friends, who had said that it would injure the cause. He declared his readiness to submit to a democratic government if regularly constituted; but swore that he and the other chiefs and their followers would shed the last drop of their blood, rather than submit to the intrigues of a foreigner. He himself at that time intended to proceed to the Congress at Salamis to settle the affairs of the country, and he invited Lord Byron and all the other British Philhellenes to communicate with the general Government, and to send their succours to them alone. His sentiments were shared by the other chiefs, and the name of Mavrocordatos was never mentioned with respect in the Peloponnesus, where it seemed he had lost all influence. His influence reigned in another quarter, and for that reason his suite were very solicitous that Lord Byron's friends should proceed to Hydra, instead of Salamis, and expressed a hope that Lord Byron himself would act in the difference between the Prince and Colocotronis, not as a simple mediator, but in a

decisive manner, "*avec une main de fer*," as they were convinced that the former character would be useless.

The Congress met at Salamis to deliberate on the most important questions—the form of the government, and the measures of the future campaign. The legislative assembly consisted of fifty, and the executive of five. Every thing is described as wearing the appearance of reality—the chiefs and people acknowledging and, as far as strangers could judge, obeying the Government and its decrees. They received the agents of Lord Byron in the most friendly manner, and opened every thing to them without reserve—and enabled them to convey to him a very instructive account of the real state of affairs. Ulysses, (Odysseus) a brave and dexterous mountain-chief of great power and consummate military skill at that time, and still in command of Athens, was about to lead 5000 Albanians into Negropont, whither Mr. Trelawney agreed to accompany him as his aide-de-camp, being promised any number of men he chose under his command, and under the expectation of passing the winter there very agreeably between Turk and woodcock shooting. Colocotronis and his son, a fine, spirited young man, with all their forces, were to undertake the siege of Patras. Tombasi, the admiral of Hydra, was in command at Candia, where active warfare was expected. Staicos was to remain at Corinth, which surrendered in October, very soon after the Congress. Marco Botzari's brother with his Suliotes, and Mavrocordatos, were to take charge of Messolonghi, which at that time

(October 1823), was in a very critical state, being blockaded both by land and sea.

"There have been," says Mr. Trelawney, "thirty battles fought and won by the late Marco Botzari and his gallant tribe of Suliotes, who are shut up in Messolonghi. If it fall, Athens will be in danger, and thousands of throats cut. A few thousand dollars would provide ships to relieve it—a portion of this sum is raised"—and Mr. Trelawney adds, in a spirit worthy of him and his deceased friend, *"I would coin my heart to save this key of Greece!"*

A report like this was sufficient to show the point where succour was most needed; and Lord Byron's determination to relieve Messolonghi was still more decidedly confirmed by a letter which he received from Mavrocordatos from Hydra (Oct. 21), in answer to one which his Lordship had addressed to him on the subject of the dissensions which reigned in the Government, and the Prince's desertion of his post. In this very able and creditable letter Mavrocordatos attempts to set Lord Byron right with respect to the dissensions in the Morea, and points out with great justice that though the Government may be divided, the *nation* is *not;* and that whatever at any time may have been the difference of opinion, all parties have joined hand and heart, and fought to the last extremity against the common enemy. He attributes such dissensions as do exist to the want of money; and predicts their immediate disappearance when means are found to pay the fleets and armies. He goes on to speak of Lord Byron's intentions:—

"I should do myself an injustice, my Lord, if I were not to speak to you with the frankness which you expect from me; I cannot agree with you when you say your best plan is to rest in observation. I will never advise you to run the risk of appearing to embrace the interests of a party; but all the world knows, and no one better than myself, that you are come here with the firm intention of succouring Greece—this Greece is now before you, under your eyes; you may see at the first glance which is the part in danger,—that Messolonghi is blockaded by land and by sea, that it is destitute of provisions, and on the point of falling into the hands of the Turks; who afterwards will have no difficulty in penetrating into the Morea and seizing upon its most fertile provinces, from whence it will be hard, nay, impossible to dislodge them. To carry succour to this place, to save it, is to save Greece itself. Is this declaring for a party? Is it not rather to do that which the feelings of honour and humanity dictate to us all? Influenced by these and other reasons, I never know when to leave off inviting you to come to the succour of Messolonghi."

At this time Mavrocordatos was endeavouring to collect a fleet for the relief of Messolonghi. Lord Byron's intentions, under the circumstances to which this letter alludes, may be seen from the following extract of a letter from him, dated the 29th Oct. 1823.

"Corinth is taken, and a Turkish squadron is said to be beaten in the Archipelago—the public progress of the Greeks is considerable, but their internal dissensions still continue. On arriving at the seat of Government I shall endeavour to mitigate or extinguish them—though neither is an easy task. I have remained here partly in expectation of the squadron in

relief of Messolonghi, partly of Mr. Parry's detachment, and partly to receive from Malta or Zante the sum of four hundred thousand piastres, which, at the desire of the Greek Government, I have advanced for the payment of the expected squadron. The Bills are negociating, and will be cashed in a short time, as they could have been immediately in any other mart, but the miserable Ionian merchants have little money and no great credit, and are besides *politically shy* on this occasion, for although I had the letters of ———, one of the strongest houses of the Mediterranean, also of ———, there is no business to be done on *fair* terms except through *English* merchants; these, however, have proved both able, and willing, and upright, as usual." He continues—

"It is my intention to proceed by sea to Nauplia di Romania, as soon as I have managed this business—I mean the advance of the 400,000 piastres for the fleet. My time here has not been entirely lost; indeed you will perceive by some former documents that any advantage from my *then* proceeding to the Morea was doubtful. We have at last named the Deputies, and I have written a strong remonstrance on their divisions to Mavrocordatos, which I understand was forwarded to the legislative body by the Prince."

He did not, however, depart for the Government at the time he had expected, and conceived it necessary to address the Government again on the subject of their dissensions. The following extract is a translation of the concluding part of this very admirable letter:

"The affair of the loan,—the expectation, so long and vainly indulged, of the arrival of the Greek fleet, and the

dangers to which Messolonghi is still exposed, have detained me here, and will still detain me till some of them are removed. But when the money shall be advanced for the fleet, I will start for the Morea, not knowing, however, of what use my presence can be in the present state of things. We have heard some rumours of new dissensions—nay, of the existence of a civil war. With all my heart I desire that these reports may be false or exaggerated, for I can imagine no calamity more serious than this; and I must frankly confess, that unless union and order are confirmed, all hopes of a loan will be vain, and all the assistance which the Greeks could expect from abroad—an assistance which might be neither trifling nor worthless—will be suspended or destroyed; and what is worse, the great powers of Europe, of whom no one was an enemy to Greece, but seemed inclined to favour her in consenting to the establishment of an independent power, will be persuaded that the Greeks are unable to govern themselves, and will perhaps themselves undertake to arrange your disorders in such a way as to blast the brightest hopes you indulge, and which are indulged by your friends.

"And allow me to add, once for all, I desire the well-being of Greece and nothing else; I will do all I can to secure it; but I cannot consent—I never will consent, to the English public, or English individuals, being deceived as to the real state of Greek affairs. The rest, gentlemen, depends on you—you have fought gloriously—act honourably towards your fellow-citizens and towards the world; and then it will be no more said, as has been repeated for 2,000 years with the Roman historian, that Philopœmen was the last of the Grecians. Let not calumny itself (and it is

difficult to guard against it in so difficult a struggle) compare the Turkish Pasha with the patriot Greek in peace, after you have exterminated him in war.

"30th *Nov.* 1823." "N. B."

In another letter, written a few days after this, we find a circumstance mentioned which probably turned his views from the Morea to Western Greece. It must be remembered that the Suliotes were his old favourites, and that their late bravery had raised them still higher in his estimation.

"The Suliotes (now in Acarnania) are very anxious that I should take them under my direction, and go over and *put things to rights* in the Morea, which without a force seems impracticable; and really though very reluctant, as my letters will have shown you, to take such a measure, there seems hardly any milder remedy. However, I will not do any thing rashly, and have only continued here so long in the hope of seeing things reconciled, and have done all in my power there-for. Had I gone sooner they would have forced me into one party or the other, and I doubt as much now. But we will do our best. Dec. 7. 1823."

His Lordship seems to have been too sensitive on this point, and, as we think, attached too great an importance to these dissensions. We may quote against him a sentence from a letter of one of his intimate friends.

"I am convinced if they (the Greeks) succeed in getting the loan, the liberty of Greece will be definitively founded on a firm basis. True, there is much difference of opinion exist-

ing amongst the people in authority here, as well as in every other country, and some little squabbling for place and power, but they all unite against the common enemy. Love of liberty and execration of their barbarous oppressors actuate them. What they want, to ensure success and consolidate the Government, is money—money—money."

Lord Byron in his correspondence, however, continues to allude to these unfortunate differences, and is pleasant upon the gasconading which distinguishes the Greek of this day as it did the Greek of the age of Cleon.

"C—— will tell you the recent special interposition of the Gods in behalf of the Greeks, who seem to have no enemies in heaven or earth to be dreaded but their own tendency to discord among themselves. But these too, it is to be hoped, will be mitigated; and then we can take the field on the offensive, instead of being reduced to the 'petite guerre' of defending the same fortresses year after year, and taking a few ships, and starving out a castle, and making more fuss about them than Alexander in his cups, or Buonaparte in a bulletin. Our friends have done something in the way of the Spartans, but they have not inherited their style.—Dec. 10, 1823."

Soon after the date of this letter the long desired squadron arrived in the waters of Messolonghi; and in a letter written three days after the date of the last, (Dec. 13th.) his Lordship says,

"I momentarily expect advices from Prince Mavrocordatos, who is on board, and has (I understand) despatches from the

legislative to me; in consequence of which, after paying the squadron, I shall probably join him at sea or on shore."

In the same light and agreeable manner in which he touches upon every subject, he proceeds to speak of the Committee supplies, which had been sent out to him as its agent; an office which he had taken upon himself with great readiness, and executed with considerable judgment and discrimination.

"The mathematical, medical, and musical preparations of the Committee have arrived in good condition, abating some damage from wet, and some ditto from a portion of the letter-press being spilt in landing (I ought not to have omitted the press, but forgot it at the moment—excuse the same); they are pronounced excellent of their kind, but till we have an engineer, and a trumpeter (we have chirurgeons already), mere 'pearls to swine,' as the Greeks are ignorant of mathematics, and have a bad ear for *our* music; the maps, &c. I will put into use for them, and take care that *all* (with proper caution) are turned to the intended uses of the Committee."

He speaks again of the supplies, however, with more pleasantry than foresight; for the very articles which he seems to have thought thrown away, proved of remarkable service, more particularly the trumpets. The Turks are so apprehensive of the skill and well directed valour of the *Franks*, that even the supposed presence of a body of such troops, is sufficient to inspire a panic The Greeks, aware of this, have frequently put their enemy in disorder by sounding these same despised bugles. The Greeks know this weak side of the Turks

so well, that they sometimes consider a collection of old European *hats* a piece of ammunition more effectual than much heavier artillery. The *sight* of a *hat*, if well-cocked, in the occidental fashion, espied among the Greek forces, is often as terrific as the sound of a trumpet.

"The supplies of the Committee are very useful, and all excellent in their kind, but occasionally hardly *practical* enough in the present state of Greece; for instance, the mathematical instruments are thrown away; none of the Greeks know a problem from a poker—we must conquer first, and plan afterwards. The use of the trumpets, too, may be doubted, unless Constantinople were Jericho; for the Hellenists have no ears for bugles, and you must send somebody to listen to them." He goes on, "We will do our best; and I pray you to stir your English hearts at home to more general exertion; for my part I will stick by the cause while a plank remains which can be honourably clung to—if I quit it, it will be by the Greeks' conduct—and not the Holy Allies, or the holier Mussulmans."

This determination never to desert the Greeks, as long as he could be of any service to them, is repeatedly expressed in his correspondence. He concludes a letter to his banker, in Cephalonia, on business, with this sentence, "I hope things here will go well, some time or other—I will stick by the cause as long as a cause exists, *first* or *second*."

Lord Byron had the more merit in the zeal and energy with which he espoused the interests of the Hellenic cause, for he had not suffered himself to be dis-

gusted by the real state of things, when stripped of their romance by actual experience; and he was too wise to be led away by a blind enthusiasm. He seems to have been actuated, *in the main*, for we must not expect perfection either in Lord Byron or the Greeks, by a steady desire to benefit a people who deserved the assistance and sympathy of every lover of freedom and the improvement of mankind. He speaks to this point himself; and here we may remark, as in almost every line he ever wrote, the total absence of *cant*,—which unfortunately colours the writings and conversations of almost every man who imagines himself to live in the eye of the world.

"I am happy to say that —— ——— and myself are acting in perfect harmony together: he is likely to be of great service both to the cause and to the Committee, and is publicly as well as personally a very valuable acquisition to our party, on every account. He came up (as they all do who have not been in the country before) with some high-flown notions of the 6th form at Harrow and Eton, &c.; but Col. ——— and I set him to rights on those points, which was absolutely necessary to prevent disgust, or perhaps return—but now we can set our shoulders *soberly* to the *wheel*, without quarrelling with the mud which may clog it occasionally. I can assure you that Col. ——— and myself are as decided for the cause as any German student of them all—but, like men who have seen the country and human life, there and elsewhere, we must be permitted to view it in its truth—with its defects as well as beauties, more especially as success will remove the former—*gradually*.—(Dec. 26, 1823.)"

Lord Byron had by this time yielded to the solicitations of Mavrocordatos, who repeatedly urged him in the most pressing manner to cross over to Messolonghi, and who offered to send, and did send, ship after ship to Cephalonia, to bring him over. He seems to have been chiefly delayed by the difficulty in procuring money for his Italian bills. His anxiety to procure supplies is a constant subject of his correspondence.

"I have written," he says, in a letter dated 13th Oct. 1823, "to our friend Douglas Kinnaird, on my own matters, desiring him to send me out all the further credits he can command (and I have a year's income and the sale of a manor besides, he tells me, before me); for till the Greeks get their loan, it is probable I shall have to stand partly paymaster, as far as I am 'good upon 'Change,' that is to say.—I pray you to repeat as much to *him;* and say that I must in the interim draw on Messrs. R—— most formidably—to say the truth, I do not grudge it, now the fellows have begun to fight again: and still more welcome shall they be, if they will go on—but they have had, or are to have four thousand pounds (besides some private extraordinaries for widows, orphans, refugees, and rascals of all descriptions) of mine at one 'swoop,' and it is to be expected the next will be at least as much more, and how can I refuse if they will fight? and especially if I should happen to be in their company? I therefore request and require, that you should apprize my trusty and trustworthy trustee and banker, and crown and sheet anchor, Douglas Kinnaird the honourable, that he prepare all monies of mine, including the purchase money of Rochdale manor, and mine income for the year A. D. 1824, to answer and anticipate any orders, or drafts of mine, for

the good cause, in good and lawful money of Great Britain, &c. &c. &c. May you live a thousand years! which is 999 longer than the Spanish Cortes' Constitution."

When the supplies were procured, and his other preparations made for departure, two Ionian vessels were hired, and embarking his horses and effects, his Lordship sailed from Argostoli on the 29th of December. Anchoring at Zante the same evening, the whole of the following day was occupied in making his pecuniary arrangements with Mr. ———, and after receiving a quantity of specie on board, he proceeded towards Messolonghi. Two accidents occurred on this short passage, which might have been attended with very serious consequences. Count Gamba, an intimate friend who had accompanied his Lordship from Leghorn, had been charged with the vessel in which the horses and part of the money were embarked: when off Chiarenza, a point which lies between Zante and the place of their destination, they were surprised at day-light on finding themselves under the bows of a Turkish frigate. Owing, however, to the activity displayed on board Lord Byron's vessel, and her superior sailing, she escaped, while the second was fired at, brought to, and carried into Patras. Gamba and his companions, being taken before Yusuff Pasha, fully expected to share the fate of the unfortunate men whom that sanguinary chief sacrificed last year at Prevesa, though also taken under the Ionian flag; and their fears would most probably have been realized, had it not been for the presence of mind displayed by the Count. Aware that nothing but

stratagem and effrontery could save him, he no sooner saw himself in the Pasha's power, than assuming an air of hauteur and indifference, he accused the captain of the frigate of a scandalous breach of neutrality, in firing at and detaining a vessel under English colours, and concluded by informing Yusuff, that he might expect the vengeance of the British Government in thus interrupting a nobleman who was merely on his travels, and bound to Calamos!* Whether the Turkish chief believed Gamba's story, or being aware of the real state of the case, did not wish to proceed to extremities, he not only consented to the vessel's release, but treated the whole party with the utmost attenion, and even urged them to take a day's shooting in the neighbourhood. Count Gamba gladly availed himself of these unexpected hospitalities, and sailing the next day, passed over to Messolonghi, where, to his great surprise, Lord Byron had not yet arrived.

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* The treatment of Gamba and the crew, while on board the Turkish ship of war, was scarcely less courteous than that which they experienced on landing. This arose from a very singular coincidence. On their first mounting the frigate's deck, the captain gave orders to put them all in irons, and might have proceeded to further extremities, when the master of the vessel went up to him, and asked "whether he did not recollect Spiro, who had saved his life in the Black Sea fifteen years before?" Upon which the Turk, looking stedfastly at him for a few moments, exclaimed—"What! can it be Spiro?" and springing forward, embraced his former deliverer with the greatest transport. This unlooked-for reception was followed by a promise that every effort would be made to obtain his speedy liberation on their arrival at Patras.

Owing to the wind's becoming contrary, Lord Byron's vessel took shelter at the Scrofes, a cluster of rocks within a few miles of Messolonghi; but as this place afforded no means of defence in the event of an attack, it was thought adviseable to remove to Dagromestre, where every preparation in their power was made, should any of the enemy's ships pursue them.

Having remained three days at Dagromestre, the wind came round and allowed his Lordship once more to set sail. On hearing what had happened, Prince Mavrocordatos despatched a gun-boat to accompany his Lordship's vessel; while a portion of the Greek squadron, stationed at Messolonghi, were also ordered to cruize in the offing, and prevent the Turkish vessels from approaching the coast. One of these coming up, the captain sent a boat on board, inviting his Lordship to make the remainder of his voyage on board of his ship; this offer was, however, declined. As if the whole voyage was destined to be ominous of some future calamity, the vessel had not proceeded many miles before she grounded on a shoal near the Scrofes, and would probably have remained there, had it not been for the activity of his Lordship's attendants, who jumped into the water and assisted to push the vessel off; whilst their master urged the captain and crew to exert themselves, instead of invoking the Saints, as is customary with Greek sailors on such occasions.* As the

* His Lordship is described by his physician as conducting himself with admirable coolness. We will give the anecdote in his

wind continued to blow directly against their getting to Messolonghi, the vessel was again anchored between two of the numerous islets which line this part of the coast. Several gun-boats having arrived early the following morning, despatched from Messolonghi to accompany his Lordship, and assist him if required; the vessel accordingly sailed, but was forced to anchor in the evening, nor did she reach the town before the following day.

We can, however, give Lord Byron's account of his situation on the Scrofes, which we find in a hasty letter written on board the Cephaloniote vessel in which he sailed from Argostoli.

"We are just arrived here (the letter is dated 31st Dec. 1823), that is, part of my people and I, with some things,

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own words: "Ma nel di lui passaggio marittimo una fregata Turca insegui la di lui nave, obligandola di ricoverarsi dentro le *Scrofes*, dove per l'impeto dei venti fù gettata sopra i scogli: tutti i marinari e' l'equipaggio saltarono a terra per salvare la loro vita: Milord solo col di lui Medico Dottr. Bruno rimasero sulla nave che ognuno vedeva colare a fondo: ma dopo qualche tempo non essendosi visto che ciò avveniva, le persone fuggite a terra respinsero la nave nell' acque: ma il tempestoso marè la ribastò una secondo volta contro i scogli, ed allora si aveva per certo che la nave coll' illustre personaggio, una gran quantità di denari, e molti preziosi effetti per i Greci anderebbero a fondo: Tuttavia Lord Byron non si perturbò per nulla, anzi disse al di lui medico che voleva gettarsi al nuoto onde raggiongere la spiaggia: 'non abbandonate la nave finchè abbiamo forze per direggerla; allorchè saremo coperti dall' acque, allora gettatevi pure, che io vi salvo.'"

&c., and which it may be as well not to specify in a letter (which has a risk of being intercepted): but Gamba, and my horses, negro, steward, and the press and all the committee things—also some eight thousand dollars of mine (but never mind, we have more left—do you understand?)* are taken by the Turkish frigate—and my party and myself in another boat, have had a narrow escape last night (being close under their stern and hailed, but we would not answer and hove away) as well as this morning. Here we are with snow and blowing weather, within a pretty little port enough; but whether our Turkish friends may not send in their boats and take us out (for we have no arms except two carbines and some pistols—and—I suspect—not more than four fighting people on board), is another question—especially if we remain long here—since we are blockaded out of Messolonghi by the direct entrance. You had better send my friend George Drako, and a body of Suliotes to escort us by land or by the canals, with all convenient speed. Gamba and all on board are taken into Patras, I suppose—and we must have a turn at the Turks to get them out; but where the devil is the fleet gone? the Greek I mean, leaving us to get in without the least intimation to take heed that the Moslems were out again. Make my respects to Mavrocordatos and say, that I am here at his disposal. I am uneasy at being here, not so much on my own account, as on that of the Greek boy with me—for you know what his fate would be—and I would sooner cut him in pieces and myself, than have him taken out by those barbarians."

* He wished to convey that he had these 8000 dollars *with him* in his present awkward situation.

Lord Byron was received at Messolonghi with the most enthusiastic demonstrations of joy: no mark of honour or welcome which the Greeks could devise was omitted. The ships anchored off the fortress fired a salute as he passed. Prince Mavrocordatos and all the authorities, with all the troops and the population collected together, met him on his landing, and accompanied him to the house which had been prepared for him, amidst the shouts of the multitude and the discharge of cannon. Nothing could exceed the eagerness with which he had been expected, except the satisfaction which was displayed on his arrival.

One of the first objects to which Lord Byron naturally turned his attention was to mitigate the ferocity with which the war had been carried on. This ferocity, not only excusable in the first instance, but absolutely necessary and unavoidable, had now in a great measure effected its object. The Greeks were by this time in a condition to be merciful; and Lord Byron in the most judicious manner set about producing an improvement in the system of warfare on both sides.

The very first day of his Lordship's arrival was signalized by his rescuing a Turk, who had fallen into the hands of some Greek sailors. The individual thus saved, having been clothed by his orders, was kept in the house until an opportunity occurred of sending him to Patras.*

* Inseguendo un giorno un corsaro Greco, una nave carica di Turchi, uno di essi nell' affrettarsi ad accomodare una vela per

His Lordship had not been long at Messolonghi, before an opportunity presented itself for showing his sense of Yusuff Pasha's moderation in releasing Count Gamba. Hearing that there were four Turkish prisoners in the town, he requested that Prince Mavrocordatos would place them in his hands; this being immediately granted, they were sent to the castle of the Morea,

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fuggire più presto, cadde in mare, e gli riuscì di portarsi a terra nuotando, ma due soldati Greci lo inseguivano per ammazzarlo; la fortuna volle che il Turco fuggisse appunto nella casa d'abitazione di Milord, il quale lo accolse subito, e lo nascose: giunti i due soldati Greci, chiedono furibondi coll' armi alla mano e colle minaccie la restituzione della loro preda che volevano sacrificare; Milord gli offre qual somma volessero per riscattare il Turco; ma i due soldati insistono, colle armi in atto di ferire, a voler il prigioniero per ammazzarlo; allora Milord rispose, giacchè è cosi, me piuttosto ammazzerete che quel povero infelice perisca! Barbari che siete, è questo l'esempio che date di essere Christiani come voi dite? Olà fuggite dalla mia presenza, se non volete che vi faccia pagar caro il fio della vostra barbarie.—Lo tenne seco nascosto per alquanti giorni: lo fece curare dal suo medico d'una malattia che la paura gli aveva cagionato, e poi caricatolo di doni, lo mandò a Patrasso in seno della sua famiglia. Aveva Milord pure raccolto in Messolonghi una donna Turca colla di lei figlia, che dall' apice de la fortuna si trovavano nella più grande miseria. Fece dei ricchissimi doni alla figlia ancor bambina, ed aveva divisato di mandarla educare in Italia, il che si effettuava anche dopo la di lui morte; ma la madre e figlia Turche giunte a Zante vollevano per forza andare a Prevesa, dicendo, *che siccome avevano perduto in Milord il loro padre, volevano ritirarsi nel lor nativo paese, e piangerne colà per sempre la perdita.*—Dr. Bruno.

near Patras, with the following letter addressed to the Turkish chief;

"Highness!—A vessel in which a friend and some domestics of mine were embarked, was detained a few days ago, and released by order of your Highness. I have now to thank you, not for liberating the vessel, which, as carrying a neutral flag, and being under British protection, no one had a right to detain, but for having treated my friends with so much kindness while they were in your hands.

"In the hope, therefore, that it may not be altogether displeasing to your Highness, I have requested the Governor of this place to release four Turkish prisoners, and he has humanely consented to do so. I lose no time, therefore, in sending them back, in order to make as early a return as I could for your courtesy on the late occasion. These prisoners are liberated without any conditions; but, should the circumstance find a place in your recollection, I venture to beg, that your Highness will treat such Greeks as may henceforth fall into your hands with humanity, more especially since the horrors of war are sufficiently great in themselves, without being aggravated by wanton cruelties on either side.

"*Messolonghi*, 23 *January*, 1824."

"NOEL BYRON."

The above act was followed by another not less entitled to praise, while it proves how anxious his Lordship felt to give a new turn to the system of warfare hitherto pursued. A Greek cruizer having captured a Turkish boat, in which there were a number of passengers, chiefly women and children, they were also placed in the hands of Lord Byron, at his particular request:

upon which a vessel was immediately hired, and the whole of them, to the number of twenty-four, sent to Prevesa, provided with every requisite for their comfort during the passage. The letter which accompanied these poor people was answered by the English Consul Mr. Meyer, who thanked his Lordship in the name of Beker Aga the Turkish Governor of that place, and concluded by an assurance that he would take care equal attention should be in future shown to the Greeks who became prisoners.

Another grand object with Lord Byron, and one which he never ceased to forward with the most anxious solicitude, was to reconcile the quarrels of the native Chiefs, to make them friendly and confiding to one another, and submissive to the orders of the Government. He had neither time nor much opportunity before his decease to carry this point to any great extent; much good was however done; and if we may judge from a few observations we find respecting the treatment of Sisseni, a fractious chief of Gastouni, we may be certain that it was done with a wise and healing hand.

"If Sisseni is sincere, he will be treated with, and *well* treated: if he is not, the sin and the shame may lie at his own door. One great object is, to heal these internal dissensions for the *future,* without exacting a too rigorous account of the past. The Prince Mavrocordatos is of the same opinion, and whoever is disposed to act fairly will be fairly dealt with. I *have heard* a *good deal* of Sisseni, but not a *deal* of *good.* However, I never judge by report, particularly in a revolution: *personally* I am rather obliged to

him, for he has been very hospitable to all friends of mine who have passed through his district. You may therefore answer him, that any overtures for the advantage of Greece and its internal pacification will be readily and sincerely met here. I hardly think he would have ventured a deceitful proposition to *me* through *you*, because he must be sure that in such case it would be eventually exposed. At any rate, the healing of these dissensions is so important a point, that something must be risked to obtain it."

* Sisseni is the *Capitano* of the rich and fertile plain of Gastouni, who at first paid but a very uncertain obedience to the Government; but now, observing its increase in power and apparent security, had begun to make overtures for a regular submission to its decrees. The manners of all these oligarchs of the Morea, like those of Sisseni, are *Turkish*: they live surrounded by a mixture of splendour and misery, with a sort of court like those of other petty monarchs, filled with soldiers, harlots, and buffoons.

Mavrocordatos in his invitations to Lord Byron had dwelt on the importance of his Lordship's presence at Messolonghi, and had no doubt fired his imagination by the anticipations of success, and the scenes of brilliant achievement which he laid before him. "Soyez persuadé, Milord," he says, among much of the same kind, "qu'il ne dépendra que de vous, d'assurer le sort de la Grèce. Lepante et Patras, cernés par terre et par mer, ne tarderont pas de capituler; et maîtres de ces deux places, nous pouvons former des projets de l'occupation de Thessalie!" Accordingly, Lord Byron landed at

Messolonghi, animated with military ardour, and became, as one of the letters from the place, dated soon after his landing, expresses it, *soldier-mad*. After paying the fleet, which indeed had only come out under the expectation of receiving its arrears from the loan which he promised to make to the Provisional Government, he set about forming a brigade of Suliotes. Five hundred of these, the bravest and most resolute of the soldiers of Greece, were taken into his pay on the 1st Jan. 1824, and an object worthy of them and their leader was not difficult to be found.

The castle of Lepanto, which commands the gulf of that name, was the only fortress occupied by the Turks in Western Greece. Its position at the mouth of the gulf is one of great importance, and enables it to keep up a constant communication with Patras; and while this was the case, it was impossible to reduce it in the ordinary mode of starvation. The garrison consisted of 500 Turks, and a considerable number of Albanians; the soldiers were clamorous for their pay, and much confusion was said to reign in the place. It was understood that the Albanians would surrender on the approach of Lord Byron, and on being paid their arrears, which amounted to 23,000 dollars. In every point of view the place was of the highest importance, and the most sanguine hopes were entertained that a vigorous attack upon it would prove successful. Lord Byron was raised to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and spent his whole time in preparing for the expe-

dition. It was first intended that a body of 2500 men should form the main body, and that Lord Byron should join them with his 500 Suliotes, and with a corps of artillery under Mr. Parry, which had been raised by the Greek Committee in London. At the latter end of January, however, Lord Byron was appointed by the Greek Government to the sole command of all the (3000) troops destined to act against Lepanto. He mentions this circumstance himself:

"The expedition of about two thousand men is planned for an attack on Lepanto; and for reasons of policy with regard to the native Capitani, who would rather be (nominally at least) under the command of a foreigner, than one of their own body, the direction, it is said, is to be given to me. There is also another reason, which is, that if a capitulation should take place, the Mussulmans might perhaps rather have *Christian* faith with a Frank than with a Greek, and so be inclined to concede a point or two. These appear to be the most obvious motives for such an appointment, as far as I can conjecture; unless there be *one* reason more, viz. that under present circumstances, no one else (not even Mavrocordatos himself) seems disposed to accept such a nomination—and though my desires are as far as my deserts upon this occasion, I do not decline it, being willing to do as I am bidden; and as I pay a considerable part of the clans, I may as well see what they are likely to do for their money; besides, I am tired of hearing nothing but talk."

He adds in a note, that Parry, who had been delayed, and had been long eagerly expected with his artillery and stores, had not arrived; and says, "I

presume from the retardment that he is the same Parry who attempted the *North Pole*, and is (it may be supposed) now essaying the *South*."

The expedition, however, had to experience delay and disappointment from much more important causes than the non-appearance of the engineer. The Suliotes, who conceived that they had found a patron whose wealth was inexhaustible, and whose generosity was as boundless, determined to make the most of the occasion, and proceeded to make the most extravagant demands on their leader for arrears, and under other pretences. Suliotes, untameable in the field, and equally unmanageable in a town, were at this moment peculiarly disposed to be obstinate, riotous, and mercenary. They had been chiefly instrumental in preserving Messolonghi when besieged the previous autumn by the Turks, had been driven from their abodes, and the whole of their families were at this time in the town destitute of either home or sufficient supplies. Of turbulent and reckless character, they kept the place in awe; and Mavrocordatos having, unlike the other captains, no soldiers of his own, was glad to find a body of valiant ercenaries, especially if paid for out of the funds of another; and, consequently, was not disposed to treat them with harshness. Within a fortnight after Lord Byron's arrival, a burgher refusing to quarter some Suliotes who rudely demanded entrance into his house, was killed, and a riot ensued in which some lives were ost. Lord Byron's impatient spirit could ill brook the

delay of a favourite scheme, and he saw, with the utmost chagrin, that the state of his favourite troops was such as to render any attempt to lead them out at present impracticable.

The project of proceeding against Lepanto being thus suspended, at a moment when Lord Byron's enthusiasm was at its height, and when he had fully calculated on striking a blow which could not fail to be of the utmost service to the Greek cause, it is no wonder that the unlooked-for disappointment should have preyed on his spirits, and produced a degree of irritability, which, if it was not the sole cause, contributed greatly to a severe fit of epilepsy, with which he was attacked on the 15th of February. His Lordship was sitting in the apartment of Colonel Stanhope, (the active and enlightened representative of the Greek Committee in Greece, who had gone out to co-operate with Lord Byron,) and was talking in a jocular manner with Mr. Parry the engineer, when it was observed, from occasional and rapid changes in his countenance, that he was suffering under some strong emotion. On a sudden he complained of a weakness in one of his legs, and rose; but finding himself unable to walk, he cried out for assistance. He then fell into a state of nervous and convulsive agitation, and was placed on a bed. For some minutes his countenance was much distorted. He however quickly recovered his senses; his speech returned, and he soon appeared perfectly well, although enfeebled and exhausted by the violence of the struggle. Du-

ring the fit he behaved with his usual remarkable firmness, and his efforts in contending with and attempting to master the disease are described as gigantic. In the course of the month the attack was repeated four times; the violence of the disorder at length yielded to the remedies which his physicians advised; such as bleeding, cold bathing, perfect relaxation of mind, &c., and he gradually recovered. An accident, however, happened a few days after his first illness, which was ill calculated to aid the efforts of his medical advisers. A Suliote, accompanied by the late Marco Botzari's little boy and another man, walked into the Seraglio—a place which before Lord Byron's arrival had been used as a sort of fortress and barrack for the Suliotes, and out of which they were ejected with great difficulty for the reception of the Committee stores, and for the occupation of the engineers, who required it for a laboratory. The sentinel on guard ordered the Suliotes to retire; which being a species of motion to which Suliotes are not accustomed, the man carelessly advanced; upon which the sergeant of the guard (a German) demanded his business, and receiving no satisfactory answer, pushed him back. These wild warriors, who will dream for years of a blow if revenge is out of their power, are not slow to follow up a push. The Suliote struck again—the sergeant and he closed and struggled, when the Suliote drew a pistol from his belt. The sergeant wrenched it out of his hand, and blew the powder out of the pan. At this moment Captain Sass, a

Swede, seeing the fray, came up and ordered the man to be taken to the guard-room. The Suliote was then disposed to depart, and would have done so if the sergeant would have permitted him. Unfortunately, Captain Sass did not confine himself to merely giving the order for his arrest; for when the Suliote struggled to get away, Captain Sass drew his sword and struck him with the flat part of it; whereupon the enraged Greek flew upon him with a pistol in one hand, and the sabre in the other; and at the same moment nearly cut off the captain's right arm, and shot him through the head with the pistol. Captain Sass, who was remarkable for his mild and courageous character, expired in a few minutes. The Suliote also was a man of distinguished bravery. This was a serious affair, and great apprehensions were entertained that it would not end here. The Suliotes refused to surrender the man to justice, alleging that he had been struck, which, in Suliote law, justifies all the consequences which may follow.

In a letter dated a few days after Lord Byron's first attack, to a friend in Zante, he speaks of himself as rapidly recovering:

"I am a good deal better, tho' of course weakly; the leeches took too much blood from my temples the day after, and there was some difficulty in stopping it; but I have been up daily, and out in boats or on horseback; to-day I have taken a warm bath, and live as temperately as well can be, without any liquid but water, and without any animal food." He then adds, "Besides the four Turks sent

to Patras, I have obtained the release of four-and-twenty women and children, and sent them to Prevesa, that the English Consul-general may consign them to their relatives. I did this at their own desire." After recurring to some other subjects, the letter concludes thus:—"Matters are here a little embroiled with the Suliotes, foreigners, &c., but I still hope better things, and will stand by the cause so long as my health and circumstances will permit me to be supposed useful."

Notwithstanding Lord Byron's improvement in health, his friends felt from the first that he ought to try a change of air. Messolonghi is a flat, marshy, and pestilential place, and, except for purposes of utility, never would have been selected for his residence. A gentleman of Zante wrote to him early in March, to induce him to return to that Island for a time; to his letter the following answer was received on the 10th:

"I am extremely obliged by your offer of your country-house, as for all other kindness, in case my health should require my removal; but I cannot quit Greece while there is a chance of my being of (even *supposed*) utility,—there is a stake worth millions such as I am,—and while I can stand at all, I must stand by the cause. While I say this, I am aware of the difficulties, and dissensions, and defects, of the Greeks themselves; but allowance must be made for them by all reasonable people."

It may well be supposed after so severe a fit of illness, and that in a great measure superinduced by the conduct of the troops he had taken into his pay and

treated with the height of generosity, that he was in no humour to pursue his scheme against Lepanto—supposing that his state of health had been such as to bear the fatigue of a campaign in Greece. The Suliotes, however, shewed some signs of repentance, and offered to place themselves at his Lordship's disposal. They had, however, another objection to the nature of the service. In a letter which Colonel Stanhope wrote to Lord Byron on the 6th of March, from Athens, he tells his Lordship that he had bivouacked on the 21st of February in the hut of the Prefect of the Lepanto district, who had just had a conference with the garrison of that place. This man said, that if Lord Byron would march there with a considerable force, and the arrears due to the troops, the fortress would be surrendered; and Colonel S. adds a pressing entreaty that Lord Byron would proceed there immediately, and take advantage of this disposition on the part of the garrison. To this his Lordship has appended this note:—" The Suliotes have declined marching against Lepanto, saying, that 'they would not fight against stone walls.' Colonel S. also knows their conduct here, in other respects, lately."—We may conclude that the expedition to Lepanto was not thought of after this time.

This same letter, which communicated to Lord Byron the facility with which Lepanto might be taken, also announced the intention of Ulysses (Odysseus) to summon a Congress of chiefs at Salona, to consider of a

mode of uniting more closely the interests of Eastern and Western Greece, and arranging between them some method of strict co-operation. The whole of these two districts are subordinate to their respective governments, and as the Turkish army was expected to come down, it was supposed by Odysseus that some plan of acting in concert might be hit upon, which would not only enable them to resist the enemy with greater effect, but likewise rapidly advance the progress of civilization, and the authority of the government and constitution. Odysseus, who had the most influence in Eastern Greece, and was able to collect all the chiefs of his own district, was most desirous of prevailing upon Mavrocordatos and Lord Byron, who were all-powerful in the opposite territory, to be present at this Congress, which he proposed to hold at Salona, a town nearly on the confines of the two departments. Two agents were sent to persuade them to join in the design, and repair to Salona. Odysseus himself first despatched Mr. Finlay; and after him Captain Humphries went over to Messolonghi with all haste, by desire of Colonel Stanhope. The latter succeeded. Lord Byron, as may be supposed, was well disposed to the measure; but his consent was for some time held back by the Prince, who had reasons for not approving the Congress. Mavrocordatos was always averse to meeting Odysseus, a man of a very different character from himself: nor did he relish the idea of Lord Byron's quit-

ting the seat of his government. It was, however, apparently settled that both should attend at Salona, as we learn from a letter from his Lordship to Colonel Stanhope, at Athens, directly accepting the invitation on the part of both; as well as from another, dated the 22d March, to his agent, of which the following is an extract:—

"In a few days P. Mavrocordatos and myself with a considerable escort, intend to proceed to Salona at the request of Ulysses and the chiefs of Eastern Greece; and to take measures offensive and defensive for the ensuing campaign. Mavrocordatos is almost recalled by the *new* Government to the Morea (to take the lead I rather think), and they have written to propose to me, to go either to the Morea with him, or to take the general direction of affairs in this quarter with General Londos, and any other I may choose to form a council. Andrea Londos is my old friend and acquaintance since we were in Greece together. It would be difficult to give a positive answer till the Salona meeting is over; but I am willing to serve them in any capacity they please, either commanding or commanded—it is much the same to me as long as I can be of any presumed use to them. Excuse haste—it is late—and I have been several hours on horseback in a country so miry after the rains, that every hundred yards brings you to a brook or ditch, of whose depth, width, colour, and contents, both my horses and their riders have brought away many tokens."

They did not, however, set out in a few days, as it seems to have been intended. In the Government,

which since Lord Byron's arrival at Messolonghi had been changed, the civil and island interest now greatly preponderated; and consequently by it a Congress of military chiefs was looked upon with some jealousy, and most unjustly styled an unconstitutional measure. Mavrocordatos's views were now those of the Government; so that, in addition to his private motives, he had also a public interest in withholding Lord Byron from Salona. Various pretexts were urged for delay; among others, whether a true or a pretended one is not exactly ascertained, a design of delivering up Messolonghi to the Turks was alleged against the Suliotes. But at last came Lord Byron's fatal illness, and all schemes of congresses and campaigns were for a time forgotten in the apprehensions entertained for his life, and in the subsequent lamentations over his death: the meeting took place at Salona, on the 16th of April. Mavrocordatos was not there; and Lord Byron was on his death-bed.

Mr. FLETCHER'S ACCOUNT of LORD BYRON'S LAST MOMENTS.

The last moments of great men have always been a subject of deep interest, and are thought to be pregnant with instruction. Surely, if the death-bed of any man will fix attention, it is that of one upon whose most trifling action the eyes of all Europe have been fixed for ten years with an anxious and minute curiosity, of which the annals of literature afford no previous example. We are enabled to present our readers with a very detailed report of Lord Byron's last illness. It is collected from the mouth of Mr. Fletcher, who has been for more than twenty years his faithful and confidential attendant. It is very possible that the account may contain inaccuracies: the agitation of the scene may have created some confusion in the mind of an humble but an affectionate friend: memory may, it is possible, in some trifling instances, have played him false: and some of the thoughts may have been changed either in the sense or in the expression, or by passing through the mind of an uneducated man. But we are convinced of the general accuracy of the whole, and consider ourselves very fortunate in being the means of preserving so affecting and interesting a history of the last days of

the greatest and the truest poet that England has for some time produced.

"My master," says Mr. Fletcher, "continued his usual custom of riding daily when the weather would permit, until the 9th of April. But on that ill-fated day he got very wet; and on his return home his Lordship changed the whole of his dress; but he had been too long in his wet clothes, and the cold, of which he had complained more or less ever since we left Cephalonia, made this attack be more severely felt. Though rather feverish during the night, his Lordship slept pretty well, but complained in the morning of a pain in his bones and a head-ache: this did not, however, prevent him from taking a ride in the afternoon, which I grieve to say was his last. On his return, my master said that the saddle was not perfectly dry, from being so wet the day before, and observed that he thought it had made him worse. His Lordship was again visited by the same slow fever, and I was sorry to perceive, on the next morning, that his illness appeared to be increasing. He was very low, and complained of not having had any sleep during the night. His Lordship's appetite was also quite gone. I prepared a little arrow-root, of which he took three or four spoonfuls, saying it was very good, but could take no more. It was not till the third day, the 12th, that I began to be alarmed for my master. In all his former colds he always slept well, and was never affected by this slow fever. I therefore went to Dr. Bruno and Mr. Millin-

gen, the two medical attendants, and inquired minutely into every circumstance connected with my master's present illness: both replied that there was no danger, and I might make myself perfectly easy on the subject, for all would be well in a few days.—This was on the 13th. On the following day I found my master in such a state, that I could not feel happy without supplicating that he would send to Zante for Dr. Thomas. After expressing my fears lest his Lordship should get worse, he desired me to consult the doctors; which I did, and was told there was no occasion for calling in any person, as they hoped all would be well in a few days.—Here I should remark, that his Lordship repeatedly said, in the course of the day, he was sure the doctors did not understand his disease; to which I answered, 'Then, my Lord, have other advice by all means.'—'They tell me,' said his Lordship, 'that it is only a common cold, which, you know, I have had a thousand times.'—'I am sure, my Lord,' said I, 'that you never had one of so serious a nature.'—'I think I never had,' was his Lordship's answer. I repeated my supplications that Dr. Thomas should be sent for, on the 15th, and was again assured that my master would be better in two or three days. After these confident assurances, I did not renew my entreaties until it was too late. With respect to the medicines that were given to my master, I could not persuade myself that those of a strong purgative nature were the best adapted for his complaint, concluding that, as he had nothing on his stomach, the only effect

would be to create pain: indeed this must have been the case with a person in perfect health. The whole nourishment taken by my master, for the last eight days, consisted of a small quantity of broth at two or three different times, and two spoonfuls of arrow-root on the 18th, the day before his death. The first time I heard of there being any intention of bleeding his Lordship was on the 15th, when it was proposed by Dr. Bruno, but objected to at first by my master, who asked Mr. Millingen if there was any very great reason for taking blood?—The latter replied that it might be of service, but added that it could be deferred till the next day;—and accordingly my master was bled in the right arm, on the evening of the 16th, and a pound of blood was taken. I observed at the time, that it had a most inflamed appearance. Dr. Bruno now began to say he had frequently urged my master to be bled, but that he always refused. A long dispute now arose about the time that had been lost, and the necessity of sending for medical assistance to Zante; upon which I was informed, for the first time, that it would be of no use, as my master would be better, or no more, before the arrival of Dr. Thomas. His Lordship continued to get worse: but Dr. Bruno said, he thought letting blood again would save his life; and I lost no time in telling my master how necessary it was to comply with the doctor's wishes. To this he replied by saying, he feared they knew nothing about his disorder; and then, stretching out his arm, said, 'Here, take my arm, and

do whatever you like.' His Lordship continued to get weaker; and on the 17th he was bled twice in the morning, and at two o'clock in the afternoon. The bleeding at both times was followed by fainting fits, and he would have fallen down more than once, had I not caught him in my arms. In order to prevent such an accident, I took care not to let his Lordship stir without supporting him. On this day my master said to me twice, 'I cannot sleep, and you well know I have not been able to sleep for more than a week: I know,' added his Lordship, 'that a man can only be a certain time without sleep, and then he must go mad, without any one being able to save him; and I would ten times sooner shoot myself than be mad, for I am not afraid of dying,—I am more fit to die than people think.' I do not, however, believe that his Lordship had any apprehension of his fate till the day after, the 18th, when he said, 'I fear you and Tita will be ill by sitting up constantly night and day.' I answered, 'We shall never leave your Lordship till you are better.' As my master had a slight fit of delirium on the 16th, I took care to remove the pistols and stiletto, which had hitherto been kept at his bedside in the night. On the 18th his Lordship addressed me frequently, and seemed to be very much dissatisfied with his medical treatment. I then said, 'Do allow me to send for Dr. Thomas;' to which he answered, 'Do so, but be quick. I am sorry I did not let you do so before, as I am sure they have mistaken my disease. Write yourself, for I know they would not

like to see other doctors here.' I did not lose a moment in obeying my master's orders; and on informing Dr. Bruno and Mr. Millingen of it, they said it was very right, as they now began to be afraid themselves. On returning to my master's room, his first words were, 'Have you sent?'—'I have, my Lord,' was my answer; upon which he said, 'You have done right, for I should like to know what is the matter with me.' Although his Lordship did not appear to think his dissolution was so near, I could perceive he was getting weaker every hour, and he even began to have occasional fits of delirium. He afterwards said, 'I now begin to think I am seriously ill; and, in case I should be taken off suddenly, I wish to give you several directions, which I hope you will be particular in seeing executed.' I answered I would, in case such an event came to pass; but expressed a hope that he would live many years to execute them much better himself than I could. To this my master replied, 'No, it is now nearly over;' and then added, 'I must tell you all without losing a moment!' I then said, 'Shall I go, my Lord, and fetch pen, ink, and paper?'—'Oh, my God! no, you will lose too much time, and I have it not to spare, for my time is now short,' said his Lordship; and immediately after, 'Now, pay attention!' His Lordship commenced by saying, 'You will be provided for.' I begged him, however, to proceed with things of more consequence. He then continued, 'Oh, my poor dear child!—my dear Ada! My God! could I but have

seen her! Give her my blessing—and my dear sister Augusta and her children;—and you will go to Lady Byron, and say ——— tell her every thing;—you are friends with her.' His Lordship appeared to be greatly affected at this moment. Here my master's voice failed him, so that I could only catch a word at intervals; but he kept muttering something very seriously for some time, and would often raise his voice and say, 'Fletcher, now if you do not execute every order which I have given you, I will torment you hereafter if possible.' Here I told his Lordship, in a state of the greatest perplexity, that I had not understood a word of what he said; to which he replied, 'Oh, my God! then all is lost, for it is now too late! Can it be possible you have not understood me?'—'No, my Lord,' said I; 'but I pray you to try and inform me once more.'—'How can I?' rejoined my master; 'it is now too late, and all is over!'—I said, 'Not our will, but God's be done!'—and he answered, 'Yes, not mine be done—but I will try——' His Lordship did indeed make several efforts to speak, but could only repeat two or three words at a time—such as, 'My wife! my child! my sister!—you know all—you must say all—you know my wishes:' the rest was quite unintelligible. A consultation was now held (about noon), when it was determined to administer some Peruvian bark and wine. My master had now been nine days without any sustenance whatever, except what I have already mentioned. With the exception of a few words which can only interest those to whom they

were addressed, and which, if required, I shall communicate to themselves, it was impossible to understand any thing his Lordship said after taking the bark. He expressed a wish to sleep. I at one time asked whether I should call Mr. Parry; to which he replied, 'Yes, you may call him.' Mr. Parry desired him to compose himself. He shed tears, and apparently sunk into a slumber. Mr. Parry went away, expecting to find him refreshed on his return—but it was the commencement of the lethargy preceding his death. The last words I heard my master utter were at six o'clock on the evening of the 18th, when he said, 'I must sleep now;' upon which he laid down never to rise again!—for he did not move hand or foot during the following twenty-four hours. His Lordship appeared, however, to be in a state of suffocation at intervals, and had a frequent rattling in the throat: on these occasions I called Tita to assist me in raising his head, and I thought he seemed to get quite stiff. The rattling and choaking in the throat took place every half-hour; and we continued to raise his head whenever the fit came on, till six o'clock in the evening of the 19th, when I saw my master open his eyes and then shut them, but without showing any symptom of pain, or moving hand or foot. 'Oh! my God!' I exclaimed, 'I fear his Lordship is gone!' The doctors then felt his pulse, and said, 'You are right—he is gone!'"

The Editor thinks it right to add here, from "The Examiner," Dr. Bruno's Answer to Mr. Fletcher's Statement.

"Mr. Fletcher has omitted to state, that on the second day of Lord Byron's illness, his physician, Dr. Bruno, seeing the sudorific medicines had no effect, proposed blood-letting, and that his Lordship refused to allow it, and caused Mr. Millingen to be sent for, in order to consult with his physician, and see if the rheumatic fever could not be cured without the loss of blood.

"Mr. Millingen approved of the medicines previously prescribed by Dr. Bruno, and was not opposed to the opinion that bleeding was necessary; but he said to his Lordship that it might be deferred till the next day. He held this language for three successive days, while the other physician (Dr. Bruno) every day threatened Lord Byron that he would die by his obstinacy in not allowing himself to be bled. His Lordship always answered, 'You wish to get the reputation of curing my disease,—that is why you tell me it is so serious; but I will not permit you to bleed me.'

"After the first consultation with Mr. Millingen, the domestic Fletcher asked Dr. Bruno how his Lordship's complaint was going on? The physician replied that, if he would allow the bleeding, he would be cured in a few days. But the surgeon, Mr. Millingen, assured Lord Byron, from day to day, that it could wait till to-

morrow; and thus four days slipped away, during which the disease, for want of blood-letting, grew much worse. At length Mr. Millingen, seeing that the prognostications which Dr. Bruno had made respecting Lord Byron's malady were more and more confirmed, urged the necessity of bleeding, and of no longer delaying it a moment. This caused Lord Byron, disgusted at finding that he could not be cured without loss of blood, to say that it seemed to him that the doctors did not understand his malady. He then had a man sent to Zante to fetch Dr. Thomas. Mr. Fletcher having mentioned this to Dr. Bruno, the latter observed, that if his Lordship would consent to lose as much blood as was necessary, he would answer for his cure; but that if he delayed any longer, or did not entirely follow his advice, Dr. Thomas would not arrive in time:—in fact, when Dr. Thomas was ready to set out from Zante, Lord Byron was dead.

"The pistols and stiletto were removed from his Lordship's bed,—not by Fletcher, but by the servant Tita, who was the only person that constantly waited on Lord Byron in his illness, and who had been advised to take this precaution by Dr. Bruno, the latter having perceived that my Lord had moments of delirium.

"Two days before the death, a consultation was held with three other doctors, who appeared to think that his Lordship's disease was changing from inflammatory

diathesis to languid, and they ordered china*, opium, and ammonia.

"Dr. Bruno opposed this with the greatest warmth, and pointed out to them that the symptoms were those, not of an alteration in the disease, but of a fever flying to the brain, which was violently attacked by it; and that the wine, the china, and the stimulants would kill Lord Byron more speedily than the complaint itself could; while, on the other hand, by copious bleedings and the medicines that had been taken before, he might yet be saved. The other physicians, however, were of a different opinion; and it was then that Dr. Bruno declared to his colleagues that he would have no further responsibility for the loss of Lord Byron, which he pronounced inevitable if the china were given him. In effect, after my Lord had taken the tincture, with some grains of carbonate of ammonia, he was seized by convulsions. Soon afterwards they gave him a cup of very strong decoction of china, with some drops of laudanum: he instantly fell into a deep lethargic sleep, from which he never rose.

"The opening of the body discovered the brain in a state of the highest inflammation; and all the six physicians who were present at that opening were convinced that my Lord would have been saved by the

* This is a French term, sometimes used for the smilax china; but we have no doubt it means here the Jesuit's bark.

bleeding, which his physician Dr. Bruno had advised from the beginning with the most pressing urgency and the greatest firmness." F. B.

Of Lord Byron's friends in Greece, those whom one should have wished to have been present during his last illness, were scattered about the country: Colonel Stanhope was at Salona; Mr. Trelawney arrived at Messolonghi very soon after the fatal event. "With all my anxiety," he says, in a letter written immediately after, and dated Messolonghi, "I could not get here before the third day. It was the second, after having crossed the first great torrent, that I met some soldiers from Messolonghi: I then rode back and demanded of a stranger the news from Messolonghi; I heard nothing more than '*Lord Byron is dead,*' and I passed on in gloomy silence."—It was at his desire that Dr. Bruno drew up his report of the examination of Lord Byron's body. This report we shall here insert, though it has been printed in the newspapers. But, partly owing to the vagueness of the original, and partly to the translator's ignorance of anatomy, it has been hitherto perfectly unintelligible.

"1. On opening the body of Lord Byron, the bones of the head were found extremely hard, exhibiting no appearance of suture, like the cranium of an octogenarian, so that the skull had the appearance of one uniform bone: there seemed to be no diploë, and the *sinus frontalis* was wanting.

2. The *dura mater* was so firmly attached to the internal parietes of the cranium, that the reiterated attempts of two strong men were insufficient to detach it, and the vessels of that membrane were completely injected with blood. It was united from point to point by membranous bridles to the *pia mater*.

3. Between the *pia mater* and the convolutions of the brain were found many globules of air, with exudation of lymph and numerous adhesions.

4. The great *falx* of the *dura mater* was firmly attached to both hemispheres by membranous bridles, and its vessels were turgid with blood.

5. On dividing the medullary substance of the brain, the exudation of blood from the minute vessels produced specks of a bright red colour. An extravasation of about 2 oz. of bloody serum was found beneath the *pons Varioli*, at the base of the hemispheres; and in the two superior or lateral ventricles a similar extravasation was discovered at the base of the *cerebellum*, and the usual effects of inflammation were observable throughout the *cerebrum*.

6. The medullary substance was in more than ordinary proportion to the corticle, and of the usual consistency. The *cerebrum* and the *cerebellum*, without the membranes, weighed 6lbs. (*mediche*).

7. The channels or *sulci* of the blood-vessels on the internal surface of the cranium were more numerous than usual, but small.

8. The lungs were perfectly healthy, but of much more than ordinary volume (*gigantiselle*).

9. Between the pericardium and the heart there was about an ounce of lymph, and the heart itself was of greater size

than usual; but its muscular substance was extremely flaccid.

10. The liver was much smaller than usual, as was also the gall-bladder, which contained air instead of bile. The intestines were of a deep bilious hue, and distended with air.

11. The kidneys were very large but healthy, and the *vesica* relatively small.

"Judging from the observations marked 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 10, and 11, the physician who attended Lord Byron concludes, that he might probably have recovered from his illness, had he submitted to the loss of blood which was recommended at the commencement of the disease. He thinks, however, that he can declare with tolerable certainty, from the appearances 1, 8, and 9, that his Lordship could not have survived many years, on account of his habitual exposure to the causes of disease, both from his habitual mental exertion, his excessive occupation, and a constant state of indigestion."

From this account of the examination of the body, it is plain that Lord Byron died in consequence of inflammation of the brain; at least, if the appearances really were as described. The cause of the attack was clearly his exposure to wet and cold on the 9th of April. By this exposure fever was excited. His brain was predisposed to disease, as is evident from the attack of convulsion from which he was scarcely yet recovered; and the fever once produced, excited inflammation in the brain the more readily on account of the predisposition to disease which had already been manifested in that

organ. That he might have been saved by early and copious bleeding, and other appropriate remedies, is certain. That his medical attendants had not, until it was too late to do any thing, any suspicion of the true nature of his disease, we are fully satisfied. Nothing is *known* of any intention to bleed until the 15th, that is, the 6th day of the disease, and then one of the medical attendants expresses in a very vague manner his opinion of the remedy: "it might be of service, but it could be deferred till the next day." Could any man, who was led by the symptoms to suspect such a state of the organ as was revealed by inspection, thus speak? When Dr. Bruno, in his report, speaks of taking blood in the early stage "in grande abbondanza," he speaks instructed by dissection. Were we to place implicit confidence in the accuracy of the report of Lord Byron's attendant, we should doubt, from all the circumstances, his having proposed, in an early stage, copious bleeding to his patient, and his Lordship's refusal to submit to the treatment. He called his complaint a cold, and said the patient would be well in a few days, and no physician would propose copious bleeding under such circumstances. It seems to us that Lord Byron's penetration discovered their hesitation, and suspected the ignorance by which it was caused, and that his suspicion was but too well founded. Without further evidence we should disbelieve in the total obliteration of the sutures; and we may add, that all the inferences deduced from the alleged appearances in 1, 8, 9, &c. are *absurd;* they

do not afford evidence enough to warrant the slightest conjecture relative to the length or the brevity of life. It is, however, but fair to add, that Lord Byron always had a very decided objection to being bled; and Dr. Bruno's own testimony, which we have already quoted, ought to have its due weight. That Lord Byron should have had an insurmountable objection to bleeding is extraordinary, and it in some measure confirms what he himself used to say, that he had no fear of death, but a perfect horror of pain.

Lord Byron's death was a severe blow to the people of Messolonghi, and they testified their sincere and deep sorrow by paying his remains all the honours their state could by any possibility invent and carry into execution. But a people, when really animated by the passion of grief, requires no teaching or marshalling into the expression of its feelings. The rude and military mode in which the inhabitants and soldiers of Messolonghi, and of other places, vented their lamentations over the body of their deceased patron and benefactor, touches the heart more deeply than the vain and empty pageantry of much more civilized states.

Immediately after the death of Lord Byron, and it was instantly known, for the whole town was watching the event, Prince Mavrocordatos published the following proclamation.

'Αρ. 1185.)

ΠΡΟΣΩΡΙΝΗ ΔΙΟΙΚΗΣΙΣ ΤΗΣ ΕΛΛΑΔΟΣ.

Αἱ παροῦσαι χαρμόσυνοι ἡμέραι ἔγιναν διὰ ὅλους ἡμᾶς ἡμέραι πένθους.

Ὁ Λόρδ Νόελ Βυρὼν ἀπέρασε σήμερον εἰς τὴν ἄλλην ζωὴν, περὶ τὰς ἕνδεκα ὥρας τὴν ἑσπέραν μετὰ μίαν ἀσθένειαν φλογιςικοῦ ρευματικοῦ πυρετοῦ 10 ἡμερῶν.

Καὶ πρὶν ἀκόμη χωρισθῇ ἡ ψυχὴ ἀπὸ τὸ σῶμα, ἡ κοινὴ κατήφεια ἔλεγεν ὅσην θλίψιν ἠσθάνετο ἡ καρδία ὅλων, καὶ ὅλοι μικροὶ μεγάλοι, ἄνδρες καὶ γυναῖκες, νικημενοι ἀπὸ τὴν θλίψιν, ἐλησμονήσατε τὸ Πάσχα.

Ἡ ςέρησις αὐτοῦ τοῦ Λαμπροῦ ὑποκειμένου εἶναι βέβαια πολλὰ αἰσθαντικὴ δι' ὅλην τὴν Ἑλλάδα, ἀλλα εἶναι πολὺ περισσότερον ἀξιοθρήνητος διὰ αὐτὴν τὴν Πόλιν, τὴν ὁποίαν ἠγάπησε διαφερόντως, καὶ εἰς αὐτὴν ἐπολιτογράφη, καὶ ἀπόφασιν ςαθερὰν εἶχεν ἂν τὸ ἔφερεν ἡ περίςασις νὰ γενῇ καὶ προσωπικῶς συμμέτοχος τῶν κινδύνων τῆς.

Καθένας βλέπει ἐμπρός τοῦ τὰς πλουσίας πρὸς τὸ κοινὸν εὐεργεσίας τοῦ, καὶ μήτε ἔπαυσε μήτε παύει κανείς μὲ εὐγνώμονα καὶ ἀληθινὴν φωνὴν νὰ τὸν ὀνομάζῃ εὐεργέτην.

Ἕως οὗ νὰ γνωστοποιηθεῦν αἱ διαταγαὶ τῆς Ἐθνικῆς Διοικήσεως περὶ αὐτοῦ τοῦ πολυθρηνήτου συμβάντος,

Δυνάμει τοῦ ὑπ' ἀρ. 314 καὶ ἡμ. 15 Ὀκτωβρίου θεσπίσματος τοῦ Βουλευτικοῦ Σώματος,

Διατάττεται,

α'.) Αὔριον, μόλις ἀνατείλῃ ὁ Ἥλιος, νὰ πέσουν ἀπὸ τὸ μεγάλον κανονοστάσιον τοῦ τείχους αὐτῆς τῆς Πόλεως 37 Κανονιαῖς (μία τὸ κάθε λεπτὸν,) κατὰ τὸν ἀριθμὸν τῶν χρόνων τῆς ζωῆς τοῦ ἀποθανόντος.

β'.) Ὅλα τὰ κοινὰ ὑπουργεῖα, διὰ τρεῖς ἡμέρας κατὰ συνέχειαν, νὰ κλεισθοῦν, ἐμπεριεχομένων καὶ τῶν κριτηρίων.

γ'.) Νὰ κλεισθοῦν ὅλα τὰ ἐργαστήρια ἐκτὸς ἐκείνων, ὅπου πωλοῦνται τροφαὶ, καὶ ἰατρικά· καὶ νὰ λείψουν τὰ μουσικὰ παιγνήδια, οἱ συνειθισμένοι εἰς αὐτὰς τὰς ἡμέρας χοροὶ, νὰ παύσουν τὰ φαγοπότια εἰς τὰ κρασοπωλεῖα, καὶ κάθε ἄλλο εἶδος κεινοῦ ξεφαντώματος.

δ'.) Νὰ γενῇ 21 ἡμέρας Γενικὴ πενθιφορία.

ε'.) Νὰ γένουν ἐπικήδειοι δεήσεις εἰς ὅλας τὰς ἐκκλησίας.

Ἐν Μεσολογγίῳ τὴν 7 Ἀπριλλίου 1824.

Τ. Σ. Α. Μαυροκορδάτος.

Ὁ Γραμματεὺς

Γεώργιος Πραΐδης.

Ἐκ τῆς Τυπογραφίας Δ. Μεσθενέως.

(TRANSLATION.)

Art. 1185. *Provisional Government of Western Greece.*

The present day of festivity and rejoicing is turned into one of sorrow and mourning.

The Lord Noel Byron departed this life at eleven o'clock last night, after an illness of ten days; his death being caused by an inflammatory fever. Such was the effect of his Lordship's illness on the public mind, that all classes had forgotten their usual recreations of Easter, even before the afflicting end was apprehended.

The loss of this illustrious individual is undoubtedly to be deplored by all Greece; but it must be more especially a subject of lamentation at Messolonghi, where his generosity has been so conspicuously displayed, and of which he had even become a citizen, with the ulterior determination of participating in all the dangers of the war.

Every body is acquainted with the beneficent acts of his Lordship, and none can cease to hail his name as that of a real benefactor.

Until, therefore, the final determination of the national Government be known, and by virtue of the powers with which it has been pleased to invest me: I hereby decree,

1st. To-morrow morning at daylight, 37 minute-guns shall be fired from the grand battery, being the number which corresponds with the age of the illustrious deceased.

2d. All the public offices, even to the tribunals, are to remain closed for three successive days.

3d. All the shops, except those in which provisions or medicines are sold, will also be shut: and it is strictly enjoined, that every species of public amusement, and other demonstrations of festivity at Easter, may be suspended.

4th. A general mourning will be observed for twenty-one days.

5th. Prayers and a funeral service are to be offered up in all the churches.

(Signed) A. MAVROCORDATOS.
GIORGIUS PRAIDIS,
Secretary.

Given at Messolonghi, this 19*th day of April,* 1824.

There appears to have been considerable difficulty in fixing upon the place of interment. No directions had been left by Lord Byron—and no one could speak as to the wishes he might have entertained on the point. After the embalmment, the first step was to send the body to Zante, where the authorities were to decide as to its ultimate destination. Lord Sidney Osborne, a relation of Lord Byron by marriage, the Secretary of the Senate at Corfu, repaired to Zante to meet it. It was his wish, and that of some others, that his Lordship should be interred in that island—a proposition which was received with indignation and most decidedly opposed by the majority of the English. By one it was proposed that his remains should have been deposited in the temple of Theseus, or in the Parthenon,

at Athens; and as some importance might have been attached to the circumstance by the Greeks, and as there is something consolatory in the idea of Lord Byron reposing at last in so venerable a spot, thus re-consecrating, as it were, the sacred land of the Arts and the Muses, we cannot but lament that the measure was not listened to. Ulysses sent an express to Messolonghi, to solicit that his ashes might be laid in Athens; the body had then, however, reached Zante, and it appearing to be the almost unanimous wish of the English that it should be sent to England, for public burial in Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's, the Resident of the Island yielded; the Florida was taken up for that purpose—and the whole English public know the result.

It was not only at Messolonghi, but throughout the whole of Greece, that the death of Lord Byron was felt as a calamity in itself, and a bad omen for the future. Lord Byron went to the Greeks not under the same circumstances that any other man of equal genius might have done. He had been the poet of Greece—more than any other man he had turned the attention of Europe on Modern Greece. By his eloquent and spirit-stirring strains, he had himself powerfully co-operated in raising the enthusiasm of regeneration which now reigns in Greece. All this gave to his arrival there, to use the phrase of a letter written while he was expected, something like the character "of the coming of a Messiah." Proportionate, doubtless, was the disappoint-

ment, grief, and depression, when his mission ended before he had effected any thing of importance.—Fortunately the success of Greece depends not upon the efforts of *any* single man. Her fortune is sure, and must be made by the force of uncontrollable circumstances; by the character of the country, by the present ignorance and the former brutality of its oppressors, by Greek ingenuity, dexterity, and perseverance, traits stamped upon them by ages of servitude, now turned with a spirit of stern revenge upon those who made such qualities necessary—by the fortunate accidents which kept a host of consummate generals in the character of bandit robbers and shepherd chiefs, watching the moment when they might assume a more generous trade, and on a larger scale revenge the wrongs of a race of mountain-warriors.—By these and a multitude of other causes which might be enumerated, the fate of Greece is certain. We repeat with the most earnest assurance to those who still doubt, and with the most intimate knowledge of all the facts which have taken place, that the ultimate *independence* of Greece is secure. The only question at stake is the rapidity of the events which may lead to so desirable a consummation—so desirable to those who delight in the happiness and improvement of mankind—so delightful to those who have the increased prosperity of England at heart. It is here that Lord Byron might have been useful; by healing divisions, by exciting dormant energies, by ennobling and ce-

lebrating the cause, he might perhaps have accelerated the progress of Greece towards the wished-for goal. But even here, though his life was not to be spared, his death may be useful—the death-place of such a man must be in itself illustrious. The Greeks will not despair when they think how great a sacrifice has been made for them: the eyes of all Europe are turned to the spot in which he breathed his last. No man who knows that Lord Byron's name and fame were more universal than those of any other then or now existing, can be indifferent to the cause for which he spent his last energies—on which he bent his last thoughts—the cause for which he DIED.

THE ... * ...

FUNERAL ORATION ON LORD NOEL BYRON,

COMPOSED AND DELIVERED

BY M. SPIRIDION TRICOUPI.

(*Printed by Order of Government.*)

Messolonghi, 10*th April*,
Thursday in Easter Week, 1824.

Unlooked-for event! deplorable misfortune! But a short time has elapsed since the people of this deeply suffering country welcomed, with unfeigned joy and open arms, this celebrated individual to their bosoms; to-day, overwhelmed with grief and despair, they bathe his funeral couch with tears of bitterness, and mourn over it with inconsolable affliction. On Easter Sunday, the happy salutation of the day, "Christ is risen," remained but half pronounced on the lips of every Greek; and as they met, before even congratulating one another on the return of that joyous day, the universal demand was, "How is Lord Byron?" Thousands, assembled in the spacious plain outside of the city to commemorate the sacred day, appeared as if they had assembled for the sole purpose of imploring the Saviour of the world to restore to health him who was a partaker with us in our present struggle for the deliverance of our native land.

And how is it possible that any heart should remain unmoved, any lip closed upon the present occasion? Was ever Greece in greater want of assistance than when the ever-to-be-lamented Lord Byron, at the peril of his life, crossed over to Messolonghi? Then, and ever since he has been with us, his liberal hand has been opened to our necessities—necessities which our own poverty would have otherwise rendered irremediable. How many and much greater benefits did we not expect from him!—and to-day, alas! to-day, the unrelenting grave closes over him and our hopes!

Residing out of Greece, and enjoying all the pleasures and luxuries of Europe, he might have contributed materially to the success of our cause, without coming personally amongst us; and this would have been sufficient for us,—for the well-proved ability and profound judgment of our Governor, the President of the Senate, would have ensured our safety with the means so supplied. But if this was sufficient for us, it was not so for Lord Byron. Destined by nature to uphold the rights of man whenever he saw them trampled upon; born in a free and enlightened country; early taught, by reading the works of our ancestors, (which indeed teach all who can read them,) not only what man is, but what he ought to be, and what he may be—he saw the persecuted and enslaved Greek determine to break the heavy chains with which he was bound, and to convert the iron into sharp-edged swords, that he might regain by force what force had torn from him!——He (Lord B.) saw, and leaving

all the pleasures of Europe, he came to share our sufferings and our hardships; assisting us, not only with his wealth, of which he was profuse; not only with his judgment, of which he has given us so many salutary examples;—but with his sword, which he was preparing to unsheath against our barbarous and tyrannical oppressors. He came, in a word, according to the testimony of those who were intimate with him, with the determination to die in Greece and for Greece! How, therefore, can we do otherwise than lament with heartfelt sorrow the loss of such a man! How can we do otherwise than bewail it as the loss of the whole Greek nation!

Thus far, my friends, you have seen him liberal, generous, courageous—a true Philhellenist; and you have seen him as your benefactor. This is, indeed, a sufficient cause for your tears, but it is not sufficient for his honour; it is not sufficient for the greatness of the undertaking in which he had engaged. He, whose death we are now so deeply deploring, was a man who, in one great branch of literature, gave his name to the age in which we live: the vastness of his genius and the richness of his fancy did not permit him to follow the splendid though beaten track of the literary fame of the ancients; he chose a new road—a road which ancient prejudice had endeavoured, and was still endeavouring, to shut against the learned of Europe: but as long as his writings live, and they must live as long as the world exists, this road will remain always open; for it is, as well as the other, a sure road to true knowledge. I will not detain

you at the present time by expressing all the respect and enthusiasm with which the perusal of his writings has always inspired me, and which indeed I feel much more powerfully now than at any other period. The learned men of all Europe celebrate him, and have celebrated him; and all ages will celebrate the poet of our age, for he was born for all Europe and for all ages.

One consideration occurs to me, as striking and true as it is applicable to the present state of our country: listen to it, my friends, with attention, that you may make it your own, and that it may become a generally acknowledged truth.

There have been many great and splendid nations in the world, but few have been the epochs of their true glory: one phenomenon, I am inclined to believe, is wanting in the history of these nations,—and one, the possibility of the appearance of which the all-considering mind of the philosopher has much doubted. Almost all the nations of the world have fallen from the hands of one master into those of another; some have been benefited, others have been injured by the change; but the eye of the historian has not yet seen a nation enslaved by barbarians, and more particularly by barbarians rooted for ages in their soil—has not yet seen, I say, such a people throw off their slavery unassisted and alone. This is the phenomenon; and now, for the first time in the history of the world, we witness it in Greece—yes, in Greece alone! The philosopher beholds it from afar,

and his doubts are dissipated; the historian sees it, and prepares his citation of it as a new event in the fortunes of nations; the statesman sees it, and becomes more observant and more on his guard. Such is the extraordinary time in which we live. My friends, the insurrection of Greece is not an epoch of our nation alone; it is an epoch of all nations: for, as I before observed, it is a phenomenon which stands alone in the political history of nations.

The great mind of the highly gifted and much lamented Byron observed this phenomenon, and he wished to unite his name with our glory. Other revolutions have happened in his time, but he did not enter into any of them—he did not assist any of them; for their character and nature were totally different: the cause of Greece alone was a cause worthy of him whom all the learned [men] of Europe celebrate. Consider then, my friends, consider the time in which you live—in what a struggle you are engaged; consider that the glory of past ages admits not of comparison with yours: the friends of liberty, the philanthropists, the philosophers of all nations, and especially of the enlightened and generous English nation, congratulate you, and from afar rejoice with you; all animate you; and the poet of our age, already crowned with immortality, emulous of your glory, came personally to your shores, that he might, together with yourselves, wash out with his blood the marks of tyranny from our polluted soil.

Born in the great capital of England,* his descent noble, on the side of both his father and his mother, what unfeigned joy did his philhellenick heart feel, when our poor city, in token of our gratitude, inscribed his name among the number of her citizens! In the agonies of death; yes, at the moment when eternity appeared before him; as he was lingering on the brink of mortal and immortal life; when all the material world appeared but as a speck in the great works of Divine Omnipotence; in that awful hour, but two names dwelt upon the lips of this illustrious individual, leaving all the world besides —the names of his only and much beloved daughter, and of Greece: these two names, deeply engraven on his heart, even the moment of death could not efface. "My daughter!" he said; "Greece!" he exclaimed; and his spirit passed away. What Grecian heart will not be deeply affected as often as it recalls this moment!

Our tears, my friends, will be grateful, very grateful to his shade, for they are the tears of sincere affection; but much more grateful will be our deeds in the cause of our country, which, though removed from us, he will observe from the heavens, of which his virtues have doubtless opened to him the gates. This return alone

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* This translation is by a Greek at Messolonghi, from the original modern Greek Gazette. No alterations have been made though a few suggest themselves; one of which is, that Lord Byron was not born in London.

does he require from us for all his munificence; this reward for his love towards us; this consolation for his sufferings in our cause; and this inheritance for the loss of his invaluable life. When your exertions, my friends, shall have liberated us from the hands which have so long held us down in chains; from the hands which have torn from our arms, our property, our brothers, our children;—then will his spirit rejoice, then will his shade be satisfied!—Yes, in that blessed hour of our freedom, the Archbishop will extend his sacred and free hand, and pronounce a blessing over his venerated tomb; the young warrior sheathing his sword, red with the blood of his tyrannical oppressors, will strew it with laurel; the statesman will consecrate it with his oratory; and the poet, resting upon the marble, will become doubly inspired; the virgins of Greece (whose beauty our illustrious fellow-citizen Byron has celebrated in many of his poems,) without any longer fearing contamination from the rapacious hands of our oppressors, crowning their heads with garlands, will dance round it, and sing of the beauty of our land, which the poet of our age has already commemorated with such grace and truth. But what sorrowful thought now presses upon my mind! My fancy has carried me away; I had pictured to myself all that my heart could have desired; I had imagined the blessing of our Bishops, the hymns and laurel crowns, and the dance of the virgins of Greece round the tomb of the benefactor of Greece;—but this tomb will not contain his precious remains; the tomb

will remain void; but a few days more will his body remain on the face of our land—of his new chosen country; it cannot be given over to our arms; it must be borne to his own native land, which is honoured by his birth.

Oh Daughter! most dearly beloved by him, your arms will receive him; your tears will bathe the tomb which shall contain his body;—and the tears of the orphans of Greece will be shed over the urn containing his precious heart, and over all the land of Greece, for all the land of Greece is his tomb. As in the last moment of his life you and Greece were alone in his heart and upon his lips, it was but just that she (Greece) should retain a share of the precious remains. Messolonghi, his country, will ever watch over and protect with all her strength the urn containing his venerated heart, as a symbol of his love towards us. All Greece, clothed in mourning and inconsolable, accompanies the procession in which it is borne; all ecclesiastical, civil and military honours attend it; all his fellow-citizens of Messolonghi and fellow-countrymen of Greece follow it, crowning it with their gratitude and bedewing it with their tears; it is blessed by the pious benedictions and prayers of our Archbishop, Bishop, and all our Clergy. Learn, noble Lady, learn that chieftains bore it on their shoulders, and carried it to the church; thousands of Greek soldiers lined the way through which it passed, with the muzzles of their muskets, which had destroyed so many tyrants, pointed towards the ground, as though

they would war against that earth which was to deprive them for ever of the sight of their benefactor;—all this crowd of soldiers, ready at a moment to march against the implacable enemy of Christ and man, surrounded the funeral couch, and swore never to forget the sacrifices made by your Father for us, and never to allow the spot where his heart is placed to be trampled upon by barbarous and tyrannical feet. Thousands of Christian voices were in a moment heard, and the temple of the Almighty resounded with supplications and prayers that his venerated remains might be safely conveyed to his native land, and that his soul might rest where the righteous alone find rest.

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF LORD BYRON.

FROM A GREEK JOURNAL.

'Ωδὴ εἰς τὸν λόρδ Βύρωνα.

'Ελεγεία.

Τοὺς λαμπροὺς ὕμνους τῆς νίκης ἀφίνων.
Κλαυθμῶν ἠχεῖ ἡρώων ὁ στρατός
Πικρῶς λυποῦντ' αἱ ψυχαὶ τῶν ἑλλήνων
Τ' ἀκούει μακρόθεν καὶ χαίρ' ἐχθρός.

'Ο φίλος ἦλθε, πλὴν μόλις τὸν εἶδον,
Σκάπτουν κλαίοντες τὸν τάφον αὐτοῦ.
'Ιδοὺ τὸ τέλος ἐνδόξων ἐλπίδων
Καὶ τὸ τρόπαιον θανάτου σκληροῦ.

῏Ηλθε νὰ ἐμπνευσ' ὡς ἄλλος Τυρταῖος,
Εἰς κάθε στῆθος πολέμων ὁρμῆν
Πλήν φευ! ὁ Βαρδος ἐλπίσας ματαίως
'Ιδοὺ μένει εἰς αἰώνιον σιωπήν.

'Ως δένδρον κεῖτ' ὁπ' ἐκόσμει μεγάλως
Τὴν κορυφὴν μουσικοῦ Παρνασσοῦ,
Νῦν προποδῶν φθείρουσατου τὸ κάλλος
Πνόη τὸ ἔῤῥιψ' ἀνέμου σφοδροῦ.

'Ελλὰς! ἐὰν τὸ σῶματ' ἡ 'Αγγλία
Νὰ φέρ' εἰς μνῆμα ζητᾶ πατρικὸν
Εἰπὲ, Μουσῶν ὦ μητέρα γλυκεῖα,
Εἶναι τέκνον μοῦ ὁ ὑιὸς τῶν Μουσῶν.

Καταφρονῶν τῶν ἐρώτων τοὺς θρήνους
'Ηδονῆς μὴν ἀκούων τὴν φωνὴν,
'Εζήτ' ἐδῶ ἡρώων τοὺς κινδύνους
Τάφον ἂς ἔχ' ἡρώων εἰς τὴν γῆν.

TRANSLATION.

[FROM THE LITERARY GAZETTE.]

Victorious hymns no longer court the ear;
The hosts of Greece the clouds of grief oppress;
The hardy warrior drops th' unwonted tear,
And distant foes exult at our distress.

He came to succour—but, alas! how soon
With him the light of all our prospects fled!
Our sun has sought the darkness of the tomb,
For Byron, friend of liberty, is dead!

A new Tyrtæus gladden'd all our land,
Inspiring ev'ry soul with ancient fire;
But now, alas! death chills his friendly hand,
And endless silence sits upon his lyre.

So some fair tree which waved its shady head,
And graced the heights where famed Parnassus join'd,
Is torn by tempests from its earthy bed,
And yields its beauties scatter'd to the wind.

Oh, Greece! should England claim her right to lay
His ashes where his valiant sires have lain,
Do thou, sweet mother of the Muses! say
That thou alone those ashes shouldst retain!

Domestic joy he nobly sacrificed,
To shun the path of pleasure was his doom—
These for heroic dangers he despised;
Then Greece, the land of heroes, be his tomb!

THE END.

LONDON:
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ERRATA.

Page 13, *line* 2, *for* " resistless" *read* " restless."
15, — 15, *omit* semicolon after " wonder."
18, — —, *for* " rather fine" *read* " first."
19, — 3, — " five-franc" *read* " five-Paul."
20, — 14, — " forming" *read* " frowning."
36, — 3, a full stop after the word " say."
37, — 2, *after* " Gambas," *add* " who took no part in the affair."
89, — 7, *for* " prime" *read* " grim."
92, — 8, the sentence commencing in this line belongs to the *following* paragraph.
132, — 4, *for* " Troilus' and Cressida's passion," *read* " Troilus and Cressida *passim*."
138, — 16, — " Werner" *read* " Werner's play."
145, — 19, — " Argive" *read* " Argine."
148, — 6, — " Miltiades" *read* " Mithridates."
149, — 14, *after* " do," *instead of* " and was" *read* " Lewis."
153, — —, *for* " wag" *read* " hag."
157, *last line* — " eats" *read* " ate."
177, *line* 8, — " Benyons" *read* " Benzons."
206, — 2, *after* " at Lucca" *insert* " said Shelley."
206, — 12, — " school" *insert* " replied Lord Byron."
208, — 5, *for* " recitation" *read* " recitative."
233, — 10, — " row" *read* " snoring."
249, — 7, *after* " seraglio" a colon—*after* " there" omit the full stop.
291, — 15, *for* " Mrs. Pope" *read* " Mrs. Hope."
295, — 9, — " lasses" *read* " asses."
379 — 17, — " Signor" *read* " Sergeant."
380, 381, do. do.
381, — 11, — " bender" *read* " Bender."
426, — 7, — " sublime and effect" *read* " sublimity and effect."

New Burlington Street, Oct. 27, 1824.

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